LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK

HER LIFE AND WORK

MRS. STEUART ERSKINE



LONDON
T. FISHER UNWIN.

D.B


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BACCHANALS.

From a water-colour drawing by Lady Diana Beauclerk. By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

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MRS. STEUART ERSKINE



LONDON
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JAS: ALLAN DUNCAN



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To

Mr. Walter Shaw-Sparrow



Woolbeding Collection.

Shepherdess.

PREFACE.

"FAME," says Doctor Johnson, "is a shuttlecock. If it be struck only at one end of the room, it will soon fall to the ground"; a saying which is peculiarly applicable to Lady Diana Beauclerk's reputation as an artist.

She was admired and fêted by contemporaries, but in these days her work—although some few specimens of it have been always recognised by connoisseurs—has been suffered as a whole to remain without praise or blame and

consequently without recognition. The shuttlecock of fame, after being tossed sky-high, has certainly fallen in a dusty corner and has been forgotten.

No apology is needed for presenting to the public this volume containing her published and unpublished work, now for the first time collected together, but some few words may not be out of place to explain the shortcomings and omissions in the accompanying Memoir.

It is in no sense a complete life of the artist, or a complete account of her work. Lady Diana left no note-book or diary, she seems to have destroyed all letters and the only material available was to be found scattered over the literature of the day. The Memoir, in such a case, is at best but a patchwork affair and is only offered in the hope that it may present some picture, however dim and unsatisfactory, of this brilliant and accomplished woman, of the people with whom she was associated and of the environment in which she lived.

I should like to express my thanks to those who have so kindly helped me in this undertaking, especially to Count Emil Jenison of Walworth, for allowing me to use the interesting letters which were privately printed in

Heidelberg, to Colonel Lascelles of Woolbeding, for access to his interesting collection of drawings, to the Duke of Marlborough, the Duchess of St. Albans, the Lady Amelius Beauclerk, the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Normanton, for permission to reproduce pictures in their possession; to Mr. Algernon Graves and to Mr. F. Rathbone for kind assistance and to the Dowager Countess of Charlemont for leave to supply some omissions in the Charlemont letters.

BEATRICE ERSKINE.



Woolbeding collection.

Children and Donkey.



From the Holland House Collection. *By kind permission of the Earl of Ilchester.*

Cupids Sporting.

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By kind permission of *Colonel Lascelles.*

Cupids with Dove.

From the Holland House Collection. *By kind permission of the Earl of Ilchester*

Cupids Sporting.

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Colonel Lascelles. *By kind permission.*

Children with Basket.



Lady Diana Beauclerk Delin.t

Engraved by F. Bartolozzi

BACCHANALS.

From an engraving by Bartolozzi, after Lady Diana Beauclerk.

To face page 1.

From Dryden's Fables. *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi.*

Headpiece to "Palamon and Arcite." Book I.

CHAPTER I.

LADY DIANA SPENCER was the elder daughter of Charles, fifth Earl of Sunderland and third Duke of Marlborough and the great-granddaughter of the great Duke and of that remarkable woman Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who, not content with having tyrannised over her Royal Mistress and her husband, appears to have ruled her descendants with a rod of iron and to have kept a tight hold on the money-bags to the last.

Lady Diana, or "Lady Di" as she was always called, was only ten years old when her great-grandmother died at the age of eighty-four and cannot, therefore, have come within the sphere of her personal influence; but as that influence

had its effect on the family fortunes, it may not be without interest to cast a glance backwards over the events which followed the first Duke's death in 1722.

Henrietta, Lady Godolphin, who succeeded as eldest daughter to the title of Duchess in her own right, was a vain, flighty, eccentric creature, who posed as the patroness of art and literature and as the friend of Congreve, to whom she erected a monument in Westminster Abbey * with a somewhat halting but well-intentioned epitaph of her own composition, which provoked the easily-aroused scorn of her mother. On her death without surviving male issue in 1733, she was succeeded by the eldest surviving son of her sister, Lady Sunderland. The young Duke † was handsome, generous and of a charming and affectionate disposition, but he was also extravagant, a quality which did not recommend him to his grandmother. "He had good sense, infinite generosity, and not more economy than was to be expected from a young man of warm passions and such vast expectations," says Horace Walpole. "He was modest and diffident, too, but could not digest total dependence on a capricious and avaricious grandmother."

The position was not a pleasant one for a high-spirited young man and he continued in a state of semi-dependence

* "Mr. William Congreve Dyed Jan. ye 19th, 1728, Aged 56, And was buried near this place, To whose Memory this Monument is Sett up by Henrietta, Dutchess of Marlborough, as a mark how dearly she remembers the happiness and Honour she enjoyed in the Sincere Friendship of so worthy and Honest a Man, whose Virtue, Candour and Witt gained him the love and Esteem of the present age, and whose writings will be the Admiration of the Future."

† Born 1706, died 1758.



Designed by Lady Diana Beauclerk.

Engraved by Mariano Bovi

Bacchus' Favorite.

From a print coloured by hand in the possession of the Earl of Normanton.

even after his succession to the dukedom, the old Duchess having a large fortune at her own disposal, which she afterwards left to his younger brother John,* besides having control of much of the property. It is evident that John



After a drawing by Lady Diana Beauclerk. Cupids. *Engraved by Bartolozzi.*

Spencer, wild and extravagant as he was, was her favourite and that she considered his elder brother a fool, both of which facts she stated frequently, with that plainness of speech for which she was famous; but probably the chief offence of the latter lay in his marriage in 1732 with Elizabeth, the pretty

* Born 1708, died 1746.

daughter of Thomas, Lord Trevor, who had been the avowed enemy of the great Duke. This marriage was arranged chiefly by the instrumentality of his sister Mary, Lady Bateman and of Charles Fox, the first Lord Holland, "the Fox that stole my goose," as the Duchess called him when, later on, he persuaded her grandson to join the Court party against her express commands. There are some very amusing stories told with regard to this marriage. We hear that when Duchess Sarah heard of the wedding, which had taken place without her consent, her rage knew no bounds. She rushed off to the Lodge in Little Windsor Park, which she had lent to her grandson and which he had greatly improved with plantations, "a canall and a serpentine river and a mount that has cost a vast deal of money," and setting to work, aided by a gang of men, she cut, hacked, laid waste and destroyed everything on which she could lay her hands. She then proceeded to "Justice Reeves's; he had pailed in a piece of waste ground that was Mr. Topham's, which will be Lord Sidney Beauclerk's. She had that pulled down and destroyed, for she said, 'Sid the beggar nor none of his family should ever be the better for her,' and told the Justice 'he might go to law about it if he pleased!'" Returning home she had a puppet-show made with wax figures representing the new Duchess and eight female cousins,* the latter tearing up the shrubs and the Duchess walking off with the hen-coop under her arm,

* There were quantities of Trevors at this time. "The Duchess of Marlborough and one of the million Trevors have been here," writes Mrs. Montagu from Bulstrode in 1741.

which reversed the actual order of things and put the blame, as well as the ridicule, on to the shoulders of the innocent. After this ebullition of temper, she blackened the face of Lady Bateman's portrait, which hung in the



By kind permission of the Duke of Marlborough. *Artist unknown.*

Lady Diana Spencer.

room where she usually received visitors and wrote on the frame: "She is blacker within."

Whether the old Duchess was ever reconciled to the match, which proved to be a very happy one, does not

appear; it is certain that relations between herself and the Duke continued strained and that on one occasion he was obliged to go to law to gain possession of a sword set in diamonds, which had been presented to his grandfather by the Emperor of Austria. The Duchess appeared in court in person and, without defending herself, merely remarked: "I retained it lest he should pick out the diamonds and pawn them."

In 1743 she made her will and let it be known that she only left the Duke certain property on condition that he did not accept any post, either military or civil, under the present Government. The Duke, who had just distinguished himself at the battle of Dettingen, where he commanded a brigade of Foot Guards, threw up his commission in order to reinstate himself in the will. "It is very natural," said the old lady; "he listed as soldiers do when they are drunk, and repented when he was sober."

In spite of her often-expressed contempt for the Royal Family, or perhaps on account of it, the Duchess had one scheme which lay very near her heart and which was all but crowned with success. It was nothing less than a marriage between Frederick Prince of Wales* and the Duke's beautiful sister, Lady Diana Spencer. The Prince had quarrelled with his father and was very badly off and he eagerly accepted the offer of a handsome and attractive bride with a dowry of £100,000. Everything was arranged; the wedding was to take place secretly at the Great Lodge, Windsor, when Sir Robert Walpole arrived suddenly like

* Frederick, Prince of Wales, born 1707, died 1751.



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Bacchus and Infant Pans.

a *deus ex machinâ* and put an end to it. Lady Diana married in 1731 Lord John Russell, afterwards fourth Duke of Bedford* and died in 1735, to the great grief of her grandmother, who seems to have really loved her in her own fashion, although, characteristically enough, she sent the day after her death to recover some jewels she had given her, on pretence that they were only lent. All the same, she was found in the greatest distress lying on the ground by a lady who went to see her and who nearly stumbled over her in the dark and is reported to have said that she was praying in that position, being too wicked to kneel; a story which reminds one of the strange vision seen by the Duke of Portland when a little boy at Westminster School. He told his wife that he remembered seeing the Duchess, dressed like a beggar, sitting with the miserable wretches in the Cloister of Westminster Abbey at the time when she was in great distress owing to the death of her only son; † a display of penitence and humility which did not prevent her from declaring that she was not only sure of going to heaven but of obtaining one of the best places. That she was not in any hurry to avail herself of this privilege appears from her tussle with death in the year 1740, when she exclaimed, "I won't be blistered and I won't die," to the doctor who offered her the alternative and recovered by sheer force of will; but death came at last and this strange personality, a mixture of many bad qualities and some good ones, loosed its hold on the material plane. It is

* Born 1710, died 1771.

† He died of small-pox at Cambridge, 20 February, 1702.

only too probable that the surviving members of her family heaved a deep sigh of relief, and proceeded to shape their lives as it appeared best to themselves.

The old Duchess died in 1744, leaving the bulk of her fortune and Althorpe to John Spencer on condition that neither he nor his son would accept any post, military or



By kind permission of the Duke of Marlborough. *By Lady Diana Spencer.*

Pastel Study of a Baby Asleep.

civil, under the present Government. She also left many legacies, some of them of immense value, to friends and relations and the sum of £5000 each to her great-granddaughters, Diana and Elizabeth Spencer, to be paid within five years after their eldest brother obtained his majority. These legacies were indeed "small and illtimed as to payment" as the Author of the Remarks which preface the published edition of her will says and he also

notes the evident animosity she bore the Duke. She imposed no conditions on him however; probably because she left him nothing over which she had personal control, and one of the first acts of his newly-acquired liberty was to go to London to offer his service to the King on



By kind permission of the Duke of Marlborough.

Pastel Study of a Child.

By Lady Diana Spencer, after Rubens.

hearing of the reported rising of Prince Charles Edward in France.

Lady Di's girlhood was probably spent chiefly at Blenheim and there is every reason to suppose that it was a very happy one. The Duke had an affectionate and kind nature and was devoted to his wife and to the children, who in after life were so strongly united to each other by

the bonds of family affection. Blenheim Palace, built by Vanbrugh, under the superintendence of Duchess Sarah, is a pompous and rather unprepossessing abode seen from the outside, but the interior is finely proportioned and decorated with paintings by La Guerre, who also painted the great pictures illustrating the Duke of Marlborough's victories, which are still at Marlborough House. It contained, moreover, in those days, some deathless works of art and the great Sunderland library, besides antiques and *objets d'art* and trophies of all sorts, so that Lady Di, who at a very early age showed signs of possessing that taste for art for which she was afterwards distinguished, had every opportunity for its cultivation. It was before the days of art-schools and she followed the example of the old masters in copying the works of great artists, in studying and assimilating everything that came at all within the sphere of her own genius. There are several pastels in existence which prove that she studied Rubens; the earliest was executed at the age of eleven and is a most direct and clever study. But although her brain and her pencil seem to have been always active, she must have spent many happy and healthy hours in the Park, in exploring the many-roomed bridge that spans the lake, in the paths and among the gardens and shrubberies at Blenheim, or in the old manor of Woodstock, with its romantic associations. She grew up tall and slim, with brown hair and grey eyes and all the traditional beauty of her family.

There were five children. Diana, born 1734; Elizabeth, 1737; George, 1738; Charles, 1740; and Robert, 1747,

and they all appear in the fine picture of the Duke and Duchess and their family painted by Hudson, which hangs over the great staircase at Blenheim. The picture, which is a very fine example of this painter's style, was painted when Lady Di was about nineteen or twenty and she is represented standing with her youngest brother, Lord Robert, who was always her staunch friend in after life. The two make a charming group, and it is unfortunate that, owing to the position of the picture, it has been impossible to reproduce it. A very good idea of Lady Di's own portrait may be obtained, however, by a glance at the illustration, which shows the copy she made herself in pastel and into which she introduced the costume of Rubens' wife, taken from the big picture of the painter's family, from which she had already made several studies. It has been suggested, with much probability, that very likely while making the spirited copy of the baby from this very picture she conceived the idea of introducing the mother's costume into her own portrait as an experiment. The family picture is a very large one and must have taken some time to accomplish. The budding



After a pastel portrait *by herself.*

Lady Diana Spencer.

By kind permission of the Duke of Marlborough.

artist evidently made the best of her opportunities and watched the master at his work, picking up many a hint as the time went on. Hudson, who was the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds, is supposed to have only painted the head of his portraits and to have been incapable of drawing the figure or painting the drapery and accessories. It is very probable that in a picture of this size he employed someone, possibly Vanhaken, to work with him. The result is exceedingly fine and is a very favourable specimen of his style.



Woolbeding Collection.

Boy and Dog.



Francois Lord Rodney

FREDERICK, SECOND VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

From a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Engraved by Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., 6, Pall Mall.



From Dryden's Fables. *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi.*

Headpiece to Sigismonda and Guiscardo.

CHAPTER II.

THE eighteenth century is of all centuries the one of which we have, chiefly by means of the gentle art of letter-writing and the amiable weakness of keeping diaries, the most vivid and complete idea. We have a distinct picture of that brilliant world into which Lady Di was introduced as a young lady of fashion. Gaiety was the order of the day—and indeed of the night; scandal pranced unashamed, fortunes were won and lost in an evening, reputations in the twinkling of an eye; tongues wagged apparently without ceasing, for breakfast parties broke up for loo or hazard, dinner parties began at three or four o'clock and lasted till evening, when routs, ridottos,

festinos, masquerades and fireworks persisted until the small hours of the morning. Was it really as dull as some modern writers would have us believe? Did the ladies sit apart and yawn over their cards while the men drank more than was good for them, and had they absolutely nothing to say to each other when they met? A glance at the record of fully occupied hours in any fine lady or gentleman's day will give an answer to this, although it is certain that there was much more division of the sexes in private life than there is in these days and that the undesirable coarseness of society and of literature was the result.

However this may be, there is certainly much truth in the picture of the eighteenth century as it has always painted itself before our eyes; it is a period of irresponsible gaiety in which pleasure was the god worshipped, a period which seems to hang suspended over the dark chasm of the French Revolution as if by some sort of magic. One touch and the whole fabric of this vision of powder and patches, of gambling and masquerades, of nymphs and shepherdesses playing at Arcadia, is dispersed like the morning mist before a sterner and colder day.

But when Lady Di first came out in society, no warning note had sounded and we can easily, without much stretch of the imagination, see the Duchess of Marlborough with her two beautiful daughters, dressed in the flowing white draperies with which we are familiar, wearing on their heads those towering erections of powdered horsehair which were then beginning to be greatly exaggerated, their bright dark eyes sparkling over

highly rouged cheeks. We can watch them swing slowly through the great gates of Marlborough House in the ponderous family coach and pass through the Mall crowded



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Nymph and Cupid.

with dainty visions in delicate raiment and with young dandies with the long spying-glasses which distinguished the macaroni. We even know the slang of the day and have no doubt that they talked of someone having a "complete boar" with another and of their being "grubbed

up" by a third individual, who was very "glumpy," of things being "monstrous fine," and people "bon-ton."

At this time the Duchess of Bedford might be "at home" in Bloomsbury Square to "take a walk in the fields"; Lady Clermont, living in St. James's Place, would issue invitations to "take tea and walk in the Park"; while Mrs. Montagu, in Hill Street, was opening her doors to those who cared to brave the foot-pads of Hay Hill and the dangerous districts of Berkeley Square, for the sake of those conversational feasts which were to take the place of the inevitable card parties.

It does not appear that Lady Di was ever bitten with the prevailing mania for gambling which was the curse of the day. To many women, indeed, it seemed to be not only a necessity of life, but to take the place of all other occupations and we even hear of an inveterate gambler like the Duchess of Devonshire,* going after the opera to the office for lottery tickets to bet with the attendants on the numbers which would prove successful and losing, on one rather unlucky evening, the sum of three hundred pounds. But if gambling was only too common among women at this time, there were many exceptions to the rule and many eminently gifted even among the ranks of that society which appeared to think of nothing more serious than the lucky number for a lottery ticket, or to have time between the numerous engagements crowded into the day, to do more than effect a change of raiment or

* Lady Georgina Spencer, daughter of 1st Earl Spencer, born 1757, died 1806.

adjust a patch near a becoming dimple. It was an age, to quote Burke, which was "distinguished by producing extraordinary women," and we have only to name a few who stand pre-eminent in their various capacities, such as Angelica Kauffmann, who was then delighting the town



By Lady Diana Beauclerk. *After Sir Peter Lely.*

The Duchesse de Grammont.

By kind permission of W. H. Grenfell, Esq., M.P.

with her graceful art; Fanny Burney, who was to revolu tionise the novel; Hannah More, with her sterling gifts, to show the truth of this assertion.

Of course, in contrast to the whirl of town life, there was often a very solitary existence in the country during a part of the year and the art of the accomplished

letter-writer was eagerly welcomed at this time and was the chief means of conveying gossip and news of all sorts from one place to another. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was a lover of solitude and was exercising her undoubted gifts in the loneliness of Louvere; but Lady Di herself and Mrs. Damer the sculptress, Lady Temple, Lady Spencer, Lady Templeton, Miss Crewe and the host of amateurs, seem to have lived a good deal in the bustle of the great world and yet to have produced a quantity of work.

In the year 1756 there was a rumour of Lady Betty Spencer's approaching marriage with Lord Pembroke,* coupled with another concerning Lady Di and the Duke of Richmond. This, however, was without foundation; the Duke married Lady Mary Bruce, sister to Lord Ailesbury, in the following year and Lady Di became engaged to Frederick, second Viscount Bolingbroke,† nephew and heir to the celebrated Minister of the reign of Queen Anne. He was very handsome and had the reputation of being a confirmed rake—a reputation which, to do him justice, he thoroughly deserved.

There is an account of his proposal given in a letter written from Bath by Mrs. Delany to her sister, Mrs. Dewes. It is dated September 4, 1757, and after describing a party at which she met Miss Egerton, the Maid of Honour, she says: "She told me that the match between Lady Diana Spencer and Lord Bolingbroke is certainly true, and not

* Henry, 10th Earl of Pembroke and 8th Earl of Montgomery, born 1734, died 1794.

† Born 1734, died 1787.

against the lady's consent as was reported. They were together at a party at Vauxhall with the Duchess of Bedford; the company was teasing Lord Bolingbroke to marry, and he turned quick about to Lady Diana and said, 'Will you have me?' 'Yes, to be sure,' she replied. It passed off that night as a joke, but with consideration on his side of the lady's merit (which they say is a great deal), and the persuasion of his friends, he made a serious affair of it and was accepted. £1,500 a year jointure and £500 a year pin-money has cast a veil over the past. If he has sense, he may be happy; for he must then see the absurd figure he has hitherto made, and know how to value a woman of worth, though so long the dupe of beauty and folly."

It seems unlikely that these rather moderate sums should have proved a tempting bait to the Marlboroughs, who were not only accustomed to great riches but to spending those riches with much prodigality; it is far more probable that Lady Di was really taken with the good looks and fascinating manners of "Bully," as his friends called him, when, moved by the most unfortunate impulse, she accepted his proposal. As to his reputation for wildness, it was the fashion to be wild and she probably did not think so very much about it being young and high-spirited herself, or if she thought of it imagined, like many another woman both before and since her time, that her influence would be sufficient to alter the course of his life.

Lord Bolingbroke, who was born in 1734, was consequently twenty-three years old in 1757, being just the

same age as Lady Di herself. He was the eldest son of John, second Viscount St. John and of his wife Anne, daughter and co-heir of Sir Robert Furnese. He succeeded his father in February, 1749 and in 1751 to the honours of his uncle, who had been created Viscount Bolingbroke in 1712 and attainted in 1714, but restored to the estates, without the honours, in 1725. The attainder, however, did not affect his nephew, who became second Viscount Bolingbroke and third Viscount St. John and inherited the beautiful property in Wiltshire known as Lydiard Tregoze or Lydiard Park, as well as the old Manor House at Battersea and the gift of the living of Battersea Church, that ugly building with its pseudo-classical façade and copper-crowned tower, where the remains of the celebrated statesman and his second wife, the Marquise de Villette, niece of Mme. de Maintenon, repose. The first Lord Bolingbroke owned a house in Golden Square, but it is not certain that his nephew lived there or even that he inherited it.

Lord Bolingbroke was certainly a man who made many friends and who retained their friendship; to name only the wit George Selwyn,* the wild Lord March,† Gilly Williams‡ the gossip, the artistic Lord Carlisle§ and Charles James Fox‖ the orator, will show that they were not all of

* George Selwyn, son of Col. John Selwyn, of Matson, who was aide-de-camp to the first Duke of Marlborough. Born 1719, died 1791.

† Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry. Born 1725, died 1810.

‡ Gilly Williams, born 1719, died 1805.

§ Earl of Carlisle, born 1748, died 1825.

‖ Charles James Fox, born 1749, died 1806.

one type and a long letter which he wrote to George Selwyn on the prevalence of vice or virtue in the Roman republic, quoting liberally from the classics, shows that he



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Girl Netting.

could turn his mind to saner things if he tried. But the pity of it was that he did not try. He seems to have inherited his celebrated uncle's partiality for drink and dissipation without that statesman's power of passing from

a night of intemperance to a cool morning of concentrated study, without that charming versatility of mind which allowed him, while directing the affairs of a great nation, to study incidentally cookery, Chinese fireworks and the mysteries of the universe.

Such as he was, he had inspired a passion at the age of nineteen in the breast of the beautiful Lady Coventry* and Horace Walpole tells us that when she danced before the King at a masquerade, she would have asked for "the head of St. John" if he had offered her a gift for her trouble. Apart from the joke and the invaluable gossip must have his joke, the attraction seems to have been mutual and we often find Lord Bolingbroke in attendance up to the time when the ravages of consumption spoiled her beauty and she died in 1760, with the curtains closely drawn round her bed to hide herself from every eye. Gossip said that her death was hastened by the use of cosmetics and that Lord Bolingbroke, on hearing of her end, burst into tears, but whether real or fictitious it were hard to say.

Lord Bolingbroke had three sisters and two brothers. Henry St. John, the elder of these, was a Colonel in the army and afterwards Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York, whom he accompanied in his travels, being with him in 1767 when he died at Monaco. He brought the body home by slow stages and attended the funeral at Westminster Abbey on November 3, but after being profusely thanked for his services, he was relegated to a

* The beautiful Miss Gunning, born 1731, died 1760.

lieut.-colonelcy in Minorca.* He is known in contemporary literature as "the Baptist," and was apparently sincerely attached to his elder brother, though he never tried to conceal or make light of his many faults. He was at one time Member for Wootton Basset. The younger brother John was Member for Eye and Surveyor-General of Crown Lands, and died on October 8, 1793, having roused great expectations and having only succeeded in becoming "an accomplished macaroni."

Engagements appear to have been very short in these days; the marriage took place in the same month in which Mrs. Delany's letter was written.

"Lord Viscount Bolingbroke to the Rt. Hon. Lady Diana Spencer, elder daughter to the Duke of Marlborough," is the somewhat curt announcement in the Annual Register for September, 1757.



Woolbeding Collection.

Child and Squirrel.

* Col. St. John afterwards returned to England and in the year 1771 married the elder daughter of Colonel Bladen, one of the two sisters so much admired for their wit and vivacity by Lord March and Gilly Williams.



From Dryden's Fables. *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi.*

Headpiece to Palamon and Arcite. Book II.

CHAPTER III.

IN 1758, the year following Lady Di's marriage, the Duke of Marlborough was engaged in the war which England, in conjunction with Frederick the Great of Prussia, was carrying on against France, Russia, Austria, Sweden and Saxony. He was at first in command of all land forces fighting against the French Colonies and later, not long before he died of fever at Münster in Westphalia, he was appointed commander-in-chief of all the British forces serving in Germany under the command of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick.

The following letters, which were written to his wife from the seat of war and carefully preserved after his death,



CUPID AND PSYCHE.

From a water-colour drawing by Lady Diana Beauclerk. By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

To face page 28.







By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Girl with Infant Fauns.

will give some account of the hardships and difficulties to which the troops were exposed and of the extreme uncertainty of being able to accomplish manœuvres on land at any fixed time when at the mercy of the elements in a sailing ship. It seems very improbable that there should be any truth in the story of the Duc d'Aiguillon's sending a ship with a flag of truce to the Duke of Marlborough to restore his silver teaspoons with the Blenheim eagles engraved on them, lost during the retreat from S. Malo ; but it is repeated so often in the letters of the day that I give it for what it is worth. It does not seem as if life were very luxurious on board the *Essex*, but as the story caused the sides to shake with laughter of those who stayed at home, we will let it stand.

The letters themselves breathe a charming spirit of affection and show how much attraction the military career had for the Duke ; and if they do not give us an account of thrilling victories, we know that the army was doing its work well and keeping the French occupied on the Rhine, while Frederick was free to turn his attention elsewhere. On August 1, 1759, a great victory was won at Minden by the English troops under the command of Prince Ferdinand, but that was nearly a year after the Duke's premature death, and he must have often fumed inwardly at the perpetual inaction and procrastination of the campaign in which he was engaged. These letters were copied and carefully preserved by his youngest son, Lord Robert Spencer, the "Bo" or "Bob" to whom he so often sends messages.

Concalla Bay, *June* 6, 1758.

My dearest Life,

This is the first opportunity I have had of letting you know that Blan:* and I are perfectly well, not desiring to lett any vessel leave us before landing, which we began last night, and shall land the whole army this morning. We mett with no opposition worth mentioning, only two batterys that the ships batter'd to pieces, the few Militia there were the Grenadiers soon drove away with their bayonotts. The troops behave as silently, orderly and soldierly-like as is possible to wish, far beyond my hopes. I am greatly pleased and elevated hitherto, but don't say so, least more should be expected in England than can be performed.

Ever most truely and tenderly yours,

(Signed) MARLBOROUGH.

My love to Di:† Be:‡ Bo:§ Cha:‖ and Lady Trevor.¶

On board the *Essex*, off Concalla Bay,
June 12, 1758.

My dearest Life,

We are return'd safe and sound, after marching ten miles up to St. Malos throw an inclosed country with very

* George, Marquis of Blandford, afterwards fourth Duke of Marlborough, born 1738, died 1817.

† Viscountess Bolingbroke, born 1734, died 1808.

‡ Countess of Pembroke, born 1737, died 1831.

§ Lord Robert Spencer, born 1747, died 1831.

‖ Lord Charles Spencer, born 1740, died 1820.

¶ Probably the Duchess of Marlborough's mother.

bad and very narrow roads, such as is impossible to gett cannon along, and where the enemy, if they had had the resolution, might have step'd in with a single regiment, as we were obliged to march up the hill from the sea-side, never more than two men in front. When I arrived near St. Malos I found it impossible to gett any morters up to fire on the town and shipping, so order'd the troops at low water to march up to the ships with firebrands and sett them on fire, which they did under the very batterys of the town; and the ships are now all reduced to ashes, one fifty-gun ship, one six-and-thirty guns, about four-and-twenty privateers from six-and-twenty guns to twenty guns each, seventy merchant ships and about forty small craft. I shall now sail a little along the French coast; and I hope soon to see you, which is infinitely the greatest happiness of my life.

Ever most truely and tenderly yours,

(Signed) MARLBOROUGH.

My love to Di: Be: Cha: Bo: and Lady Trevor.

CONCALLA BAY, *June* 19, 1758.

MY DEAREST LIFE,

As we have been detain'd by contrary winds in this bay ever since I wrote to you by the *Speedwell*, I can have nothing new to say, but that both Blan: and I are very well, and long for a wind to gett out from hence. The first night we sailed from St. Helena I was very sea-sick; but am now

so season'd that the motion of the ship, which has been a great deal from very brisk gales, only makes me hungry. As the *Speedwell* was order'd to meet me at another place, we have received no letters from England since I wrote last, which is very unpleasant, as I long beyond expression to hear from you. Pray send the inclosed to Lord Pembroke, who wrote me a very reasonable letter about Betty.

Ever most truely and tenderly yours,

(Signed) MARLBOROUGH.

My love to Di: Be: Cha: Bo: and Lady Trevor.

On board the *Essex*, off La Hague,
June 24, 1758.

My dearest Life,

I receiv'd your letter with inexpressible pleasure this morning at four o'clock. Ever since we re-embarked we have had nothing but contrary winds, which makes this sort of service most extremely unpleasant, for schemes ever so well laid are prevented by mere cursed wind. The ship now roles too much to write plain, but I don't believe I shall ever be sea-sick again. As for money I want none, for I don't know what to do with it. Every time I open my box I see a purse of guineas that I am quite tired of, and tempted to throw it overboard ; I would give it all for a dozen of clean shirts, as we can't spare any water on board to wash. Blan: and I are in perfect health but rather dirty. I won't attempt to say how much I long to see you. Tell Bob I will write to him

by the next ship that sails for England, if the sea is quiet enough.

Ever most tenderly and truely yours,

(Signed) MARLBOROUGH.

Mi love to Di: Be: Cha: Bo: and Lady Trevor.
Dear Blan: gives his duty.

On board the *Essex*, off CHERBOURG,
June 30, 1758.

MY DEAREST LIFE,

We have been excessive unlucky in our winds, as I was prevented three days ago from landing on the coast of Normandy by a gale of wind that obliged us to sheer of. Last night I had everything ready to attack the forte of this place. Just before we step'd into the boats the wind blew so excessive hard that we were forced to desist, and have had great difficulty in preventing some of the transports from being blown on shore. This is very provoking, as I firmly thought last night at eleven o'clock to have landed all the forces this morning by break of day. We have but three days' hay for our horses, the water for the troops very bad, so that I am now sailing for Portsmouth. If I have time before we sail again, I will meet you at Langley or London, if I gett leave; if not, you and Bob may meet me at Mr. Eddewes, Storekeeper at Portsmouth; but you shall hear from me again time enough to settle this.

Ever most truely yours,

(Signed) MARLBOROUGH.

My love to Di: Be: Cha: Bo: and Lady Trevor.

À Havre, *August* 3, 1758.

My dearest Life,

I arrived here the day before yesterday. We have had very hot and long marches, a prodigious heavy rain of eight-and-forty hours. The Foot have march'd the last day allmost up to their middle in water the whole way; I was obliged to stay two days to gett up the artillery and baggage. Prince Ferdinand has recrossed the Rhine, and I shall join him to-morrow. This, I believe, puts an end to all fighting this campaign, which perhaps you are glad of. Don't be angry with me for not agreeing with you in that single point. The messenger who brings this brought me all your letters, together with one from dear Bob, whose predictions I hope and believe will be true. I am extremely sorry that you heard from Capt: Jekyl without having a letter from me; it was not my fault, but his pilot's, who took five-and-thirty leagues for twelve, and hurry'd me out from the man-of-war at moment's notice into the yacht, least we should run aground; from which time till our parting the sea ran much too high to send boat out, so I had no possibility of sending a letter to him. You may depend on my missing no opportunity of writing, as that and hearing from you during my absence are by far the greatest comforts I have. Coll: Brown is not yett arrived. I long to see him and aske a thousand questions about you.

Ever most truely and tenderly yours,

(Signed) MARLBOROUGH.

My love to Di: Be: Bo: Cha: and Lady Trevor.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

CAESVELDT, *August*, 1758.

MY DEAREST LIFE,

We arrived here yesterday, where I found Major-general Faustenberg with a detachment of 3,000 men. I shall halt here till Pr: F:* joins me with his whole army, which will be, I believe, in two or three days. I hear in England people are concern'd for fear the Prince de Soubise should catch in before we gott to this place; but there was no danger, for he has never been nearer to me than eighty miles. His army was too large for me to seek, but if he had happened to have come up with us, I should not have been over alarmed, tho' he was two to one. My troops are extremely desirous to meet the French, but I believe there is no probability of their having that satisfaction. I never saw such heavy rain as we have had for four days and nights without ceasing; the Foot marched in water all the way up to their middle, and the ground we were forced to encamp on nothing but mud and water; but the weather is now very fine, and the troops very well, all but their horses, who cough instead of eating. Coll: Brown is just arrived, whom I saw with great pleasure on many accounts, but chiefly as coming last from you. I am sensible I owe his coming to Mr. Pitt, tho' the Duke of Newcastle, in his letter to me, takes the merit of it. The moment the paymaster arrives, whom I expect every hour, I will take the three thousand pounds for equipage money, and send the D. of N. word that I have taken it as my right.

* Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick.

I am miserable to think that you should still imagine I would have lett Capt. Jekyl part without a letter from me if it had been possible to have sent it. I hope before this you will have receiv'd my letter which explains this cursed mistake of his pilot which caused it. Blan: and I are both very well.

Ever most truely and tenderly yours,

(Signed) MARLBOROUGH.

My love to Di: Be: Cha: Bo: and Lady Trevor.

SCHEPSDOFT, *August* 9, 1758.

MY DEAREST LIFE,

We encamped here yesterday in perfect health, and march to-morrow to Oena. If you look for these places in the map I believe you will find neither of them, as one consists of eight houses, and the other of sixteen; however, we have plenty of provisions. I long most excessively to join Prince Ferdinand, chiefly because I hope to find a letter there from you. It is terrible to be so long without a chance of hearing from you. I shall have no opportunities of writing till I cross the Rhine, which will be about five days hence.

Ever most faithfully yours,

(Signed) MARLBOROUGH.

My love to Di: Be: Cha: Bo: and Lady Trevor.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

[*Undated.*]

My dearest Life,

Here we continue without any probability of seeing the French. I suppose we shall soon move on account of forage, which will make us still farther from the enemy. I cannot sufficiently commend Pr: Ferd: behaviour with regard to me personally. You must forgive me if I write short letters, for, upon my honour, I have hardly a moment to myself; but business and activity agree perfectly with my health. I hope to God your next letter will tell me that you are better.

Ever most truely and tenderly yours,

(Signed) MARLBOROUGH.

My love to Di: Be: Cha: Bo: and Lady Trevor.

Dalmen, *August* 29, 1758.

My dearest Life,

I have just had the infinite pleasure of receiving another letter from you. I am surprised that you have yett received no more of mine, nor of Blandford's. I suppose they will come all together, as the same favourable wind that brings yours to me, stops mine in Holland. This camp is but six miles from the first. The French have no design of crossing the river Lippe to come to us, so in all probability we shall have no action this campaign, and I think certainly a peace before next spring. Abercrombie being repulsed in his stupid attack is of no consequence at all, except to

the poor officers that were killed. I have read and approve of your advice, which depends more on Prince Ferdinand than me; and I have a better opinion of him in every respect than I ever had of anybody in so short an acquaintance. Believe me, my dearest, I don't want your watch to make me think of you, who never are or can be a moment from my thoughts.

Ever most truely and tenderly yours,

(Signed) MARLBOROUGH.

My love to Di: Be: Cha: Bo: and Lady Trevor.

DALMEN, *September* 1, 1758.

MY DEAREST LIFE,

I see by your letter I last received, dated August 24, that you have not yett had all I have wrote; I do assure you that you have mistaken the *one line* in my letter which you say made you write so much about rashnesse, if you imagine I love fighting for fighting's sake, or that I wished it otherwise than that a good blow might produce a speedy peace. If that can be had without it, as I am now firmly persuaded it will, I should be not only a foolish but a very bad man not to avoid action. . . . .

I suppose by this time you know that I am a general, instead of being liet.-general, with my commission ante-dated before Sperkers, which puts me next in command to Pr: Ferdinand. This has happened by Mr. Pitt's friendship, and following your advice in letting the Duke of Newcastle

know that I felt my own waite in sending him a sort of threatening letter. If you had received half my letters by the post you would have known that Coll: Brown has been here some time, and has wrote both to you and Bob.

Ever, my dearest, more truely and tenderly yours,

(Signed) MARLBOROUGH.

My love to Di: Be: Cha: Bo: and Lady Trevor.
I have been writing above four hours.



Woolbeding Collection.

Shepherd and Shepherdess.



Headpiece to Leonore.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Duke of Marlborough died of fever at Münster, in Westphalia, on October 28, 1758; the news must have come as a great shock to his family, as he seems to have enjoyed perfect health throughout the campaign.

That he was sincerely mourned will not be doubted by anyone who has read the foregoing letters, written to his wife with such lover-like devotion after twenty-six years of married life and that she reciprocated his affection seems evident from her anxiety and displeasure at the non-arrival of letters, or at a chance expression breathing too warlike a spirit for her peace of mind. She sent him her watch, too, as a remembrance. One wonders if it ever arrived and if she and

"Bob" went to Mr. Eddowes, the storekeeper at Portsmouth and had a last glimpse of him before he sailed away never to return.

Among his many good qualities, however, he does not seem to have possessed the very useful one of having a good head for business and, according to all accounts, left his affairs in a state of great confusion. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who appears to have been sincerely attached to Duchess Sarah and consequently to have been prejudiced against the Duke, writes in her most sarcastic vein to Sir J. Stewart: "I read the news of the D. of Marlborough's death with all the sentiments of a true Briton touched with the misfortunes of his country. Panegyrics in paper, weeping widows, etc. More sincere tears shed for his loss than for all the heroes departed for this last century. God knows how many breaking tradespeople and honest scriveners and usurers are breaking their hearts for this untimely fall"; and later on she refers to a letter received from a friend at Court: "She gives me such an account of the late Duke of Marlborough's affairs as takes away all doubt of his well-being in the next world. He is certainly eminently distinguished amongst babes and sucklings: to say truth, I never could perceive (tho' I was well acquainted with him) that he had the least tincture of original sin—you know that was the distinction between good and evil of which whole crowds are entirely clear, and it has been water thrown away to christen them."

In spite of this rather ill-natured comment, the Duke died universally regretted and no doubt those "honest

scriveners and usurers" got their pound of flesh and the family affairs came under the control of a man who seems to have been of a much more prudent disposition than his father.

There is not much to be said about Lady Di's married



By kind permission of *J. Merrick Head, Esq.*

Sketch of Lady Herbert.

Once in the possession of the Penn Family.

life with Lord Bolingbroke, except that it was extremely unhappy and that he was both cruel and unfaithful to her and continued his usual course of drink and dissipation. Unfortunately, although he professed to be still in love with her when his conduct had driven her to take the irrevocable step which caused their final separation, she seems to have had no restraining influence over him. On

March 6, 1761, her eldest son was born and christened George Richard and in the same year the marriage was announced of the young King George III. to Princess Charlotte of Mecklenberg-Strelitz.

There were many rumours as to the ladies who would be chosen for the Queen's household and in all the lists of probable names we find Lady Bolingbroke's mentioned as one of the most likely. It is Horace Walpole who gives us the first official list: "The new Queen's family consists of Lord Harcourt, Master of the Horse; Duke of Manchester, Chamberlain; Mr. Stone, Treasurer; the Duchess of Ancaster, Mistress of the Robes and First Lady of the Bedchamber; the others are the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Effingham, Lady Northumberland, Lady Weymouth, and Lady Bolingbroke." * The Maids of Honour were Miss Bishop, Miss Wrottesley, Miss Beauclerk, Miss Keck, Miss Mears and Miss Tryon.

The wedding was fixed for September 10, the coronation for September 22. "Think of the joy the women feel," says our gossip. "There is not a single Scotch peer in the Fleet that might not marry the greatest fortune in England between this and September 22."

The new Queen was very plain in her youth, although we are told that the bloom of her ugliness wore off as time went on; but she had simple, unaffected manners and, on the whole, made a very good impression. She wore white and silver at the wedding, with a tiara of diamonds in her hair and an endless train of violet velvet trimmed with

* He forgot to mention Lady Egremont.

ermine, borne by the beautiful bridesmaids in white and silver with diamonds in their hair, of whom the most



By kind permission of *J. Merrick Head, Esq.*

Cupids.

From a water-colour drawing once in the possession of the Penn Family.

conspicuous was Lady Sarah Lennox, whose beauty had so captivated the young King.

The coronation followed soon after this ceremony and seems to have attracted great crowds to London and to have absorbed public interest for the time being. We read

of the excitement prevalent amongst all classes of people, from the foot passengers who crowded the streets to the peeress who sat up all night with her mountainous head propped up on a rest and a sleepy maid to wake her if a chance nod should happen to endanger the elaborate structure.

The ceremony itself, though not so well stage-managed as it might have been, was a brilliant affair and if Duchess Sarah assisted at it in spirit one can only hope that a change had come over the animosity of her feelings which would prevent any annoyance being caused by the sight of so many of her descendants supporting the Crown. For she would have seen the Duke of Marlborough carrying the sceptre with the cross, walking just after the King's Regalia; she would have seen Lady Pembroke heading the group of countesses, walking alone, a vision of "majestic modesty," and Lady Bolingbroke, in her robe of estate, her coronet in her hand, as one of the Queen's household. One can imagine rather than express the wrath that such a vision would have caused if she had still been in the flesh!

On October 5, Elizabeth Duchess of Marlborough died, having survived her husband just three years.

The following year does not seem to have been a happy one for Lady Di, or for her sister, Lady Pembroke, whose husband had an escapade with Miss Hunter,* the Maid of Honour, which was much talked of at the time.

* Miss Kitty Hunter eventually made a good marriage, and died "in the odour of Fashion."

Whether or no the story is true that Lord Pembroke wrote and requested his wife to join the party on the Continent, bringing with her a guitar, two servants who played the French horn and his dog Rover and that it required all the influence of her eldest brother to prevent her acceptance of the invitation, it is certain that she never lost her affection for her husband and that in 1765, when Lady Di's distresses were reaching their climax, she was spoken of as a model of domestic felicity. Gilly Williams, writing to his gossip, George Selwyn, from Brighton in that year, says: "Poor Lady Bully would envy the extreme conjugal felicity her sister lives in, if she had been witness of their life here"—a sentence which suggests that their reconciliation, which took place in 1763, had borne lasting fruits.

But to return to the year 1762. Lady Di was a great favourite with the Queen and went about a great deal in society, but her home life was becoming more and more unbearable. We know that she had rather a serious difference with her husband this year, as Gilly Williams speaks of a reconciliation. "Bully and his wife are gone lovingly to Lydiard," he says; and we presume that for the time the quarrel was patched up.

In August of this year the Duke of Marlborough married Lady Caroline Russell, only daughter of the Duke of Bedford, a marriage which was probably pleasing to Lady Di as she was always a great deal with the Bedfords and on good terms with the Duchess, with whom we often find her. It was at the Duchess of Bedford's party that Lord Bolingbroke made his first proposal and we often

find her in her society, both after her first marriage and in the troubled time preceding her second marriage. The Duke, it will be remembered, married Lady Di Spencer in 1731. After her death he married, in 1737, Lady Gertrude Levison, eldest daughter of John, Earl Gower, a woman of rather a disagreeable character, but who appears to have been fond of her husband's nephews and nieces and especially of Lady Di, who very much resembled his first wife.

Society said that the Duchess behaved in the most abominable manner with regard to this marriage and that both she and her daughter were only influenced by the promptings of ambition and the desire to secure a good match. Mrs. Scott, writing to her sister, Mrs. Montagu, says that they were married "eight-and-forty hours after His Grace declared himself a lover. The Duke of Bedford was always known to be a man of business, but he never despatched a matter quicker than this. He gave Lady Caroline £50,000 down, and is to give as much more at his death"; and much the same account of this transaction is given by Lord Holland in the Memoir which is published with the "Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox." He says: "The mean and unbecoming artifices the Duchess of Bedford made use of to bring this match on, and which she had so little pride as to use in publick too, exposing herself to the ridicule of the whole world, are not to be described. The D. of Marlboro' saw them, and spoke of her Grace allways with the utmost scorn and derision, sometimes with detestation; and this too

publickly for his own honour, as the event has happened." The marriage, in spite of these not very pleasant preliminaries, turned out very well. The Duchess, who as Lady Carr Russell had been rather a "hoyden" in the language of the day, softened and grew more sympathetic later on and was reported to be very much in love with her husband. She is painted with the Duke and their children in the magnificent portrait group by Sir Joshua Reynolds which is now at Blenheim.

There was another family wedding in this year, Lord Charles Spencer to Mary, only daughter of Lord Vere of Hanworth, on which occasion Lady Betty Germaine's exquisite collection of antique gems came into the family and were afterwards celebrated under the name of the "Marlborough gems."

In 1763, both Lord and Lady Pembroke sat for their portraits to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Lord and Lady Bolingbroke were also among his sitters.

Lady Pembroke's portrait, which is at Wilton, is a little disappointing, giving very little idea of the radiant beauty she must, according to all accounts, have possessed; but of course allowance must be made for the fact that the carnations have completely faded away. She is represented as a pale, sad woman, with good features and has her little son with her, who was destined in after life to marry her sister's daughter, Elizabeth Beauclerk. Lady Di's own portrait was considered to be a speaking likeness and we find Lord Bolingbroke attending the sittings and showing great interest in the progress of the picture and

even advising Sir Joshua as to some touches which he thought would add to the resemblance. "You must give the eyes something of Nelly O'Brian, or it will not do,"



By Powell. *After Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

Viscountess Bolingbroke.

Formerly in the Strawberry Hill Collection. By kind permission of the Earl of Normanton.

he said, doubtless turning to the picture of that celebrated beauty, with whom he was reported to be on very good terms and whose portrait must have been in the studio at the time, as it was completed in this year.*

* According to Sir Joshua Reynolds' note-book, the Duke of Marlborough paid for Lord Bolingbroke's portrait as well as for that of Lady Pembroke and

We have a passing glimpse of Lady Di about this time from the vivid pen of Horace Walpole. He describes a masquerade given at Richmond House and we seem to see the brilliantly-lighted rooms and illuminated gardens, the throng of masks everywhere, the shimmer of satin and the glint of gold and jewels, the crowd pressing down Whitehall to try and get a view of the fireworks which rose up from barges decked with streamers, stationed in the middle of the Thames. He then tells us that the Dukes of York and Cumberland and the Marquis of Anspach were there and about six hundred masks and that "Mrs. FitzRoy in a Turkish dress, Lady George Lennox and Lady Bolingbroke as Grecian girls, Lady Mary Coke as Imoinda, were the principal beauties of the night."

Beyond these slight and unsatisfactory glimpses we have very little knowledge of any events which might have affected Lady Di at this time. Her brother-in-law, Henry St. John, who was an inveterate letter-writer, has left some records of this date in his correspondence with

her child. The latter is now at Wilton House and we give a reproduction of the portrait which hangs opposite to it and which Mr. Algernon Graves thinks is without doubt Lord Bolingbroke. There is also a picture of George, Duke of Marlborough, at Wilton, painted at the same date as the two others and there seems no doubt that these three pictures, which were all paid for by the Duke, were given or bequeathed by him to his sister Lady Pembroke, especially as they are the only pictures by Sir Joshua at Wilton which were not purchased by Lord Pembroke or his successors. Lady Di's portrait is, or was, in the possession of one of her grand-daughters, Mrs. Aldridge. The reproduction we give is from the picture by Powell after Sir Joshua, which hung in the Beauclerk closet at Strawberry Hill and is now at Somerley.

George Selwyn, but it is chiefly taken up by what, in a later age and referring to another sex, might be called "chiffons." This is hardly surprising in an age when Charles Fox travelled from Paris to Lyons with Lord Carlisle on purpose to buy waistcoats and during the journey talked of no other subject and in an era of fashion when male attire lent itself to discussion by its richness and variety. We find him, therefore, talking of his trips abroad with the Duke of York, or of the obliging manner in which George Selwyn had executed a commission for his royal master as to some appliqué. "I am satisfied it is 'du dernier goût,'" he says, interlarding his phrases with French idioms according to his fashion, "and the D. will be pleased to hear that it is coming, and so pretty, though he certainly will not be able to wear it at the marriage, as he sets out on the 15th of next month for the Mediterranean. I am very happy to attend him in his travels in Italy, a country I wanted much to see, and by



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles. The Milkmaid.

no means a bad opportunity of seeing it." Then he writes to George Selwyn from Paris about the commissions which he has in his turn executed for his friends—"Your night-gown, a dauphine, is pretty, it is the colour you desired and costs five louis and a half"; he has chosen a pretty silk for Lord March's coat and a *chenille* embroidery, *analogue* to the *fourrure*; he has even attempted to execute Mme. Fagnani's wishes with regard to a marchande-de-gaze, but finding that rather beyond his powers, he asks her to write and explain the details more fully. In the following year he returned to England, much exhausted after his travels. George Selwyn writes in September, 1764: "The Baptist has recovered his fatigue, and been so well nursed at Lydiard that there is no appearance of his having been for a whole twelve months together on a pack-horse."*



Woolbeding Collection.

Cupid Hiding.

* Lord and Lady Spencer, who were in Italy at the time and met the Duke of York frequently, reported that Henry St. John was so fatigued with the incessant travelling that he had to be left behind at many places.





INFANT PAN.

From a water-colour drawing by Lady Diana Beauclerk. By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

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From Dryden's Fables. *Engraved by Gardiner.*

Headpiece to the Flower and the Leaf.

CHAPTER V.

IN 1762, a daughter was born and christened Charlotte. She died very young and was buried at Battersea, being the last of the family to be buried in the St. John vault, as Lord Bolingbroke sold the Battersea property including the old manor-house where his uncle ended his days, to Lord Spencer in the following year.

Lady Di's second son was born on December 20, 1765 and christened Frederick.

In this year the Bolingbroke's disagreements were freely discussed and Lord Holland* writes to George Selwyn: "Tell Lord Bolingbroke to take Jupiter's advice:

> "'Follow, and you'll find her soon appeased,
> For I, who made her, know her inmost state;
> No woman, once well pleased, can truly hate.'"

* Born 1705, died 1774.

"She has been well pleased, I hope: let him follow, court, and prevail with her to be so again."

Whether this advice was taken or not, we do not know, but it was certainly without effect. Lady Di was not only disgusted with her husband, but was, unfortunately for herself, falling under the influence of that fascinating individual and acknowledged wit, Topham Beauclerk. There seems to have been no attempt to conceal this connection and society was already busy with rumours of a divorce. The Bolingbrokes were separated and Lady Di, with her usual straightforward behaviour, faced the situation, declared that she did not intend to dispute the question, but, with the approval of her family, to marry Topham Beauclerk directly the divorce was obtained.

Perhaps the best idea of the situation may be gleaned from a letter from Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brian, written January 9, 1766. She writes: "I do not find that it's true that seventeen people are to be parted, as the newspapers said, but there has been as many reports to the full. However, I think none is fixed but Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, Mr. Finch and Lady Charlotte and Lord and Lady Fortescue. The two latter are because the husbands are stark-staring mad, and have attempted to kill their wives and children; the former is because both sides are mad, I believe. But, seriously speaking, I believe Lord B. is much the same as mad when he is drunk, and that is generally. Lady B.'s reason for parting is that she cannot live with him with safety to her health. Lord B. is very penitent, and



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles *After the pastel by his mother, Viscountess Bolingbroke.*

The Honble. George St. John, afterwards third Viscount Bolingbroke, with George Selwyn's dog "Râton."

wants her to come back, but she won't trust him. Her reason is a very good one, but whether she ought to forgive him or not depends on circumstances and temper, which nobody but themselves can be judge of; he says he is more in love with her than ever, and would marry her now if she was Lady Die Spencer. Everybody that don't love her pities him, but, as I had heard he had got a woman in the house already, I can't say I do, for if he was unhappy at the thoughts of having used her so cruelly as he has done, surely a man that had any feeling would not recover his spirits so easily! If he feels that at all, he must feel it very strongly. I own I am partial to her, and have taken a great fancy to her lately; not but I think she may be to blame too. She is in great spirits, and seems to be very glad that she has got rid of him."

It will be seen from this letter that Lady Di left her home of her own accord, and refused to go back. Let us turn to the other side and see what the offended and offending husband could bring forward in his defence. Poor Bully, who, as one of his intimates said, was living a turbulent life with rogues and profligates of all sorts, perhaps at no other time of his career does he appear before us with some little advantage. He writes to Selwyn:

Dear George,

I intended to sup with you this evening, but I am so low, dejected, and miserable that I cannot speak. I can only cry. The just parting with her whom I know

(though she does not yet) I shall not see again this long while, quite overcomes me. I shall therefore go and lie out of town this evening.

Do, my dear George, contrive to meet Lady Waldegrave as soon as you can, and immediately set about what we were talking of this morning. Do, dear George, and let me know what success you meet with in your application to Lady Waldegrave. I mean, tell me whether she is sensible about it. But you can make her. If ever you happen to talk of me to Lady Di represent me as appearing to you altered and unhappy. Excuse my plaguing you with my nonsense. You know too well the comfort it affords an afflicted man to talk to his friend and tell his afflictions, not to forgive me.

Adieu, dear George,

Yours sincerely,

BOLINGBROKE.

The Lady Waldegrave whose influence he was so anxious to secure was daughter of John, first Earl Gower, sister of the Duchess of Bedford and of Granville, 3rd Earl Gower and consequently aunt of the Duchess of Marlborough. For all these reasons it is very likely that she was on intimate terms with his wife; but whether or no she exerted her influence, it was already too late to stop the course of events.

The friends of the family continued to take great interest in this unfortunate business and many fruitless attempts

were made to effect a reconciliation. Lord Guildford, who was one of Lady Di's trustees, was very active in this way, but without success. Gibbon writes of it to



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

The Spent Arrow.

Mme. de Boufflers as of an affair that makes a great deal of noise, adding an appreciation of the heroine of the romance. "It is a great pity," he says. "She is handsome and agreeable and ingenious far beyond the

ordinary rate." "I do not know Mr. Beauclerk," writes Lord Holland to George Selwyn, "but be he what he will, the fate of my poor dear friend's daughter afflicts me. I cannot bear to think of the folly of it, nor do I see how all her relations, if they wished her as well as I do, can mend the matter."

It must have been an unpleasant position for Lady Di, but from all accounts she carried it off with a high hand. We hear of her announcing, apparently in mere bravado, that she intends to go into waiting as usual and we know that Lord March saw her with the Bedfords and Lord Gower at M. Guerchy's. "She came in just after we had drank coffee," he says, "handsomer than ever I saw her, and not the least abashed. *Pauvre Milor Gower, il ne savoit que faire de sa personne.* . . . I was sorry for him, for I knew what he suffered." The allusion to the admiration which Lord Gower was supposed to have felt for Lady Di is several times repeated in the letters of the day, but it is very doubtful whether it ever extended beyond the natural friendship of two people who were united by a community of tastes and connected by marriage. Lord Gower, who was born in 1721, had married in 1748 his second wife, Lady Louisa Egerton, daughter and co-heir of Scrope, Duke of Bridgewater and was to marry for the third time in 1768. Perhaps he would gladly have offered her the vacant throne, had she been available, for they had much in common (she with her artistic gifts and he with that keen appreciation which prompted him to buy a third part of the great Orleans collection when it

came on the market in 1798), but of any scandal concerning either of them the letter-writer of the day is silent, a fact which speaks volumes.

As we are looking at every side of the question, perhaps it may be interesting to see what Henry St. John



Designed by Lady Diana Beauclerk. *Engraved by Mariano Bovi.*

Bacchus and Cupids Sporting.

From a print in the possession of Moore Garrett, Esq.

thought of it all. It is not surprising that he took his brother's part with so much energy, but he certainly seems to have quite forgotten the kindness and attention which he received at Lydiard after his stay in Italy and not to have a good word to say for his sister-in-law. He writes to George Selwyn in November, 1766: "My brother,

whom you so kindly inquire after, is not sunk into such low spirits, as you seem to have heard. I think, on the contrary, though he laments the loss of a home, he does not whimper and whine after the object that has been these two years past the cause of his melancholy, and, I fancy, he at last sees that object in its true light. From a desponding lover and husband, as we have seen him, he is determined to become more a man of the world, and not to sacrifice his pleasure and interest in life to the indulgence of a grief, brought on by accident originally, and afterwards continued by the foolish obstinacy of a woman, and promoted by the unfeeling behaviour and indolence of her brother. I need not illustrate to you my meaning. You are master of that subject, and, I am sure, was always much concerned at the rupture. As my brother is, as you properly style him, a vagabond, he eats every day his own mutton at my house, for he parted with his cook and all his establishment together with his house, and now we club a dinner together, and hope, when you return to London next month, you will sometimes be of the party, if you can bear our *petit couvert* after Mons. le Premier's *repas*."

Allowing a certain amount to brotherly partiality, surely a rather fairer version of the story might have been given, especially to George Selwyn, who was so intimately acquainted with both sides of the question and who must have known, from Lord Bolingbroke's letter, that he was not as indifferent as his brother would have liked to make out. In other letters, written about this time, he makes

constant allusion to little dinners at his house in Sackville Street, at which his brother was apparently a frequent guest. He writes to George Selwyn on December 9, 1768: "I hope to be in town on New Year's Day, in order to have your company over a *gigot* and a bottle of claret. As I am soon going with my master* to Grantham and Althorpe, I shall not be sure of giving you that *fête*. I do desire, however, that you will very repeatedly assist at our coterie this year, as I dine at home four or five times a week *à trois ou à quatre couverts* . . . You ask me how play uses me this year? I am sorry to say very ill, as it has already, since October, taken £800 from me, nor am I in a likely way to re-imburse myself soon by the emoluments of any place or military preferment, having voted the other evening in a minority. I own it appears ridiculous, in my situation in life, to be a patriot, but I think I can explain to you when we meet (it would be vastly too *borish* in a letter) my reasons to justify to you the opposition even of a poor younger brother on half-pay. I hear my master is to have his money, but I do not understand he will have it before the holidays.† This is a better court for a subject to live in than a Prince of the Royal Family. There are many rich men of the former class, none of the latter."

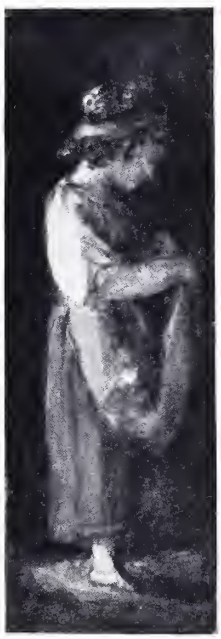
All this time Lord Bolingbroke was making a great effort to show that he was really worth something after all. He was shut up for hours with Lord Temple,

* The Duke of York.

† An annuity of £800 a year.

having, in the language of the day, "a complete bore, or boar," about politics. He clothed himself in purple and fine linen every day, evidently in contrast to his usual habits, judging by the surprise it caused to his intimates and he announced his intention of becoming Minister through the good graces of his friends. But the mantle of that great politician, his uncle, was not destined to fall on to his shoulders, neither is the Minister of a great country evolved out of a young man whose life has been spent in gambling and dissipation to the exclusion of all other occupations. In his efforts to smarten himself and become more civilised, he was more successful and a letter to Selwyn, then in Paris, proves that he took some trouble to achieve this desirable end. The letter is written in the easy, half-bantering tone which is familiar to him and is not without a certain charm: "My dear George," he writes, "my brother has showed me a long, half French, half English letter, which you honoured him with. You have admired Mme. de Sevigné till your letters are as full of words and as void of matter as hers. To your admiration of her, and to the *ennui* which I am persuaded you suffer at Paris, I attribute the change of your epistolary style. For God's sake return home. Nature never meant you for a Frenchman. Burn your formal bag wig and put on your far more agreeable scratch . . ." After some talk on French and English politics, he says: "But all this is only a much wished-for reformation. I will tell you of one that has happened in private life. Lord B. is more like a gentleman than he

has hitherto been, and mixes more in the polite world. He not only thinks you better qualified than anybody else to form and polish the mind of a fine gentleman, but also, by your present situation, very much qualified to adorn and improve the outside, and has therefore a mind to desire you to bring him over two or three pair of laced ruffles. He does not, however, desire that his hands should be the only fine part about him, and therefore wishes Mr. Selwyn may choose him some that are not deep nor too dear. Two pairs for winter and two for spring would be sufficient for this campaign, and as Lord B. much admires the taste and elegance of Colonel St. John's Parisian clothes, he wishes Mr. Selwyn would order Le Duc to make him a suit of plain velvet. By plain is meant without gold and silver; as to the colours, pattern and design of it, he relies on Mr. S.'s taste. A small pattern seems to be the reigning taste amongst the macaronis at Almack's, and is, therefore, what Lord B. chooses. Le Duc, however, must be desired to make the clothes bigger than the generality of macaronis, as Lord B.'s shoulders have lately grown very broad. As to the smallness of the sleeves and length of the waist, Lord B. desires them to be *outré*, that he may exceed any macaroni's now about town, and become the object of their envy."



Woolbeding Collection.

Child.

Lord Bolingbroke accepted a post at Court in 1768, in the same month that Lady Di sent in her resignation to the Queen and, according to Selwyn, received a very gracious letter in reply.

The story of the time which preceded the divorce is to be gleaned from the pages of Lady Mary Coke's journal.* She tells of the efforts of the Duke of Bedford to arrange matters amicably; of the death of Lady Di's baby on October 28th, 1767, just six weeks after its birth, an event which caused a temporary lull in the proceedings. The Duke of Marlborough, who took a most active interest in the affair, prevailed on Lord Bolingbroke to withdraw his petition, but it was only for a time. The child had, indeed, been the apple of discord, but the affair had gone too far to be patched up and Lady Di herself seems to have been most anxious to get it finally settled. The Duke of Marlborough, Lady Mary says, was very kind to his sister and helped her with money, although she tells us later that he did not forget, according to his custom, to take interest on it and dunned her at a time when she said she had not five guineas in her purse. The Marlboroughs were much away this year, until the "Talk of the Town" had subsided and the Pembrokes went abroad for the same reason.

The Duchess of Marlborough brought her two little girls, the elder of whom was said to resemble Lady Di, to Bedford House, one day about this time and Lady

* Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke, edited by the Hon. James Home. Lady Mary was born 1726 and died 1811.



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Boy-Bacchanals.

Mary Coke, who was there at the time, says that she spoke of her sister-in-law as being so agreeable and a great loss to society and expressed herself anxious to see an end to the affair.

At last the divorce proceedings began. Prior to the establishment of the Divorce Court, in 1857, the actual dissolution of a valid marriage with freedom to the parties to marry again was the valued privilege of the rich, involving, as it did, first, an action in Westminster Hall for the recovery of damages; secondly, proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court for a separation from bed and board; and, thirdly, a private Act of Parliament wholly dissolving the tie of matrimony and conferring in express terms upon both parties the right of re-marriage. It was the practice of the Bishops in the House of Lords, when one of these Bills was in committee, to move an amendment prohibiting this re-marriage and the Bill thus amended went down to the Commons, who, as a matter of course, struck out the amendment, whereupon the Bishops gave way and the Bill was passed in its original form.

Lord Bolingbroke took all these steps, first recovering £500 and costs, then obtaining from the Consistory Courts of the Bishop of London a definitive sentence of divorce and finally obtaining an Act of Parliament, which received the Royal assent on the 10th of August, 1768, which made the divorce absolute and allowed both Lord Bolingbroke and Lady Di to marry again. Lord Bolingbroke agreed to allow her £800 a year and seems to have acted in a spirit of fairness and even liberality.

Two days later, on August 12, 1768, Lady Di and Topham Beauclerk were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, where their names still appear in the register. The only witnesses were Lord Spencer *, son of the old Duchess of Marlborough's favourite, Lord John Spencer, who had been created Earl Spencer in 1756, and his wife, Margaret Poyntz, whose wedding festivities made one of the social events of the winter of 1755. It must have been a very quiet function in the ugly dark old church which has been the scene of so many brilliant ceremonies both before and since and probably made a striking contrast to her first marriage. In the register the bride signed her name Diana Beauclerk and then struck it out and wrote Diana Spencer in a beautifully clear hand.

And so the deed was done.

* Lady Mary Coke says that Lord Charles Spencer gave away the bride, but his name does not appear in the register.



Woolbeding Collection

Baby Fauns.



From Dryden's Fables. *Engraved by W. N. Gardiner.*

Tailpiece to Theodore and Honoria.

CHAPTER VI.

"LADY DI SPENCER was married at St. George's on Saturday morning," writes Gilly Williams to George Selwyn. "They are in town, at Topham's house, and give dinners. Lord Ancram dined there yesterday, and called her nothing but Lady Bolingbroke the whole time." Later on he writes: "Topham goes on with his dinners. Report says that neither of them will live a twelve-month, and if it is so, their life ought to be a merry one."

Topham Beauclerk, whose fascinating personality had overshadowed Lady Di's life at a time when that life offered

her very little worth having, was the only son of Lord Sidney Beauclerk, and the great-grandson of Charles II. and Nell Gwynn. Nell Gwynn, that "impudent comedian,"



By kind permission of the Duchess of St. Albans.

After a pastel by F. Cotes, R.A.



as Evelyn calls her, "the indiscreetest and wildest thing that ever was in a court," seems to have handed down her beauty and her undoubted wit as a legacy to her descendant,

who also possessed in a large measure the talent of "raconteur" which distinguished his royal ancestor.*

His father, Lord Sidney, "Worthless Sidney," or "Sid the Beggar," as his contemporaries called him, had a fair share of these qualities himself, added to a perfect passion for fortune-hunting. "The man in England that gives the greatest pleasure and the greatest pain," writes Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in 1727, "is a youth of royal blood, with all his grandmother's beauty, wit, and good qualities. In short, he is Nell Gwynn in person with the sex altered, and occasions such *fracas* amongst the ladies of gallantry that it passes description." Lady Mary inserts a little poem in this letter, of which Lord Sidney is the hero; it treats of the infatuation of the old Duchess of Cleveland and of his hopes of being made her heir. As he was not successful in this attempt, he tried to persuade Lady Betty Germaine, Swift's correspondent, to marry him in her old age and failing in this scheme, he turned his attention to his own sex. After fruitlessly pursuing Sir Thomas Reeve, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and attending him assiduously while on circuit, in the hopes of securing his fortune, he finally persuaded Mr. Topham, of Windsor, to leave him his estates of Clewer, Brocas and Didworth, and his fine collection of pictures, prints and drawings. He eventually married Miss Mary Norreys, of Speke Hall, Lancashire, an ancient moated

* The first Duke of St. Albans, son of Charles II. and Nell Gwynn, married Lady Diana de Vere, daughter and heiress of the Earl of Oxford. She was noted for her beauty.

house mentioned in Domesday Book.* He died in 1744† and Lady Sidney in 1766, when she left her son "considerable moveables" and, report said, £3,000 a year. We know nothing further of her except that she was thirty-six years of age when she married and that Dr. Johnson denied her a sense of humour. "She had no notion of a joke, sir," he said; "had come late into life, and had a mighty unpliable understanding." He passed this judgment on his friend's mother after a drive in a coach with that lady, her son and Bennett Langton, during the course of which she seemed incapable of perceiving that the scheme of buying a house, near a rather undesirable place of public amusement called Cupar's Gardens, was only suggested in joke. She grew angry and said that "an old man should not put such things into young people's heads," a rebuke which was doubtless received by the great moralist with the scorn it merited. A mighty unpliable understanding, indeed!

Topham Beauclerk was born in 1739 and called after Mr. Topham, whose property he inherited. He went to Trinity College, Oxford, in November, 1757, two months after Lady Di's first marriage and here he made friends with Bennett Langton and through him with Dr. Johnson.‡ Langton, or "Lanky" as he was called on account of his

* The Norreys family is descended in the female line from the ancient family of Salusbury. Mrs. Thrale was a Miss Salusbury, and visited Speke Hall in company with Dr. Johnson.

† It is sometimes stated that he is buried in Westminster Abbey, but there is no memorial to him. There is a monument to his brother, the naval hero, Lord Aubrey Beauclerk.

‡ Born 1709, died 1784.



Designed by Lady Diana Beauclerk.

Engraved by Mariano Bovi.

Bacchus' Delight.

From a print coloured by hand in the possession of the Earl of Normanton.

great height (as Beauclerk was called "Beau" on account of his good looks), was a man of good disposition and average talents; slow, mild, steadfast and a devoted friend. He was a good classic scholar, a great talker, though not a brilliant one; he fancied that he had a gift for reading aloud and confessed that he had "no turn for economy." Probably his chief characteristic was a very pronounced religious temperament and in this, as in so many other points, he was strangely unlike the youth who was keeping up the wild traditions of his family, who was an infidel at heart and whose gifts all lay in the direction of sparkling brilliancy, but who was destined to be his intimate and life-long friend.

Bennett Langton,* a hero-worshipper by nature, went to London on purpose to make acquaintance with Dr. Johnson; an undertaking in which he succeeded, being favoured by fortune and the kindness of his landlady. The great man was very gracious to his admirer who was presented to him at his *levée* and shortly afterwards visited him at Oxford. Here he made the acquaintance of Beauclerk and struck up a friendship with him, which caused quite a stir among his London friends. "The moral, pious Johnson and the gay, dissipated Beauclerk were companions," says Boswell. "What a coalition," says Garrick.† "I shall have my old friend to bail out of the Round House."

But the friendship ripened fast. Beauclerk "was too polite, and valued learning and wit too much to offend Johnson by sallies of infidelity or licentiousness, and Johnson delighted in the good qualities of Beauclerk and

* Born 1737, died 1801. † Born 1717, died 1779.

hoped to correct the evil." He was also fascinated by his resemblance to the Stuarts, for whom he always professed much admiration and Topham, although he inherited Nell Gwynn's beauty, had a decided resemblance to Charles II.

It is very difficult to give even an approximate estimate of the talents which distinguished this remarkable man. His learning, his wit, his satire, his imaginative powers, were all poured forth in conversation and no record remains except the universal testimony of contemporaries as to its excellence and the few samples given us in the pages of Boswell's "Life." Perhaps the former is the most convincing, for we feel that the eloquence which delighted such men as Johnson and Burke,* Gibbon† and Garrick, Charles Fox‡ and Lord Charlemont,§ must have had a fine and distinguished flavour of pungent wit;‖ but when we read the actual words he is supposed to have said we are conscious of a feeling of disappointment. After all, who can bottle froth and pour it out again retaining all its original sparkle? Written conversation generally lacks that spontaneity which charms us in spoken words and we lose the play of the features, the sound of the voice, the half-expressed word, the smile, the look that completed a phrase, the thousand and one things that make up the

* Born 1729, died 1797.

† Born 1737, died 1794.

‡ Born 1748, died 1806.

§ Born 1728, died 1799.

‖ Dean Barnard in the poem which he wrote, after being set down rather rudely by Johnson, and in which he mentioned all that he hoped to learn from the company of wits, says that Burke will teach him how to speak, and "Beauclerk to converse."

whole. Undoubtedly, Boswell is the king of biographers, for he tries to make his characters live before us and speak in their own words and succeeds so well that he almost shares in the impersonal glory of Plato. We hear Socrates



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Infant Pan.

speak and we hear Johnson; but who can say how much of the philosophy of the one belonged to the transcriber of the immortal Dialogues, or how much of the pompous verbosity of the other was due to his biographer? Boswell, indeed, had the gift of mimicry, a most retentive memory

and probably was guilty of a surreptitious note-book; he has certainly retailed Johnson's conversation with great accuracy and in the spirit of its utterance, as far as we can judge from other sources and from the Doctor's own writings, but then it must be remembered that he had made an exhaustive study of his master. Lord Pembroke said that Dr. Johnson owed much to his "bow-wow" manner and Beauclerk must have depended a great deal on the cool, quiet and rather caustic way with which he was wont to bring out his good things.

"Goldsmith," said Lord Macaulay, "lived in what was intellectually far the best society of the kingdom; in a society in which no talent or accomplishment was wanting, and in which the art of conversation was cultivated with splendid success. There probably were never four talkers more admirable in four different ways than Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, and Garrick; and Goldsmith was on terms of intimacy with them all." In Hardy's Life of Lord Charlemont we find one of the most detailed accounts of Beauclerk's character, and one which gives a good idea of the variety of his accomplishments and the versatility of his mind. He says: "He possessed an exquisite taste, various accomplishments, and the most perfect good breeding. He was eccentric, often generous, entertaining a contempt for the generality of the world, which the politeness of his manners could not always conceal; but to those whom he liked, most generous and friendly. Devoted at one time to pleasure, at another to literature, sometimes absorbed in play, sometimes in books, he was, altogether, the most

accomplished and, when in good humour and surrounded by those who pleased his fancy, one of the most agreeable men that could possibly exist."

One of the chief charms of his conversational powers seems to have been his spontaneity, and this quality was very



After a painting by Lady Diana Beauclerk. *Engraved in colours by Mariano Bovi.*

Venus.

much envied by Dr. Johnson, who, accustomed to throne in taverns and to talk to a room which expected great things of him, never left much to chance. "Everything," he once said, "comes from Beauclerk so easily that it appears to me I labour if I say a good thing." Mrs. Thrale, who certainly

was not prejudiced in his favour—"Lord, how I did hate that horrid Beauclerk!" she says somewhere—bore testimony to the veracity of his stories and to Dr. Johnson's appreciation of the ease with which they were uttered. "Beauclerk was first upon the languid list of *ton* people. Dr. Johnson, who was all emphasis himself, felt *épris* of such a character: a man of quality, who disdained effect in conversation, to which *he* never came unprepared."

It was doubtless this mixture of learning and the world, of folly and wisdom, of frivolity and solidity which constituted the charm of Beauclerk's character and gave a spice to his lightest word. When he became one of the shining lights of Dr. Johnson's circle and an acknowledged wit, he did not desert the haunts of fashion and he aimed at being considered faultlessly turned out.

We know that he was the "example of all who wished, without incurring the censure of foppery, to become conspicuous in the gay world" and that his *fringant* equipage of grey and silver delighted the town. Besides these brilliant social qualities, he possessed others of not quite so attractive a quality. He was irritable, sardonic, "acid" and as ill-health increased his temper became more difficult. He was very absent-minded also and was once found asleep in bed by his footman who went to announce the arrival of some friends whom he had invited to dinner.

Shortly after leaving Oxford he became engaged to a Miss Draycott, but she seems to have perceived that he cared more for her lead-mines than for herself and broke off the engagement after the license had been procured. Topham, evidently

without much regret, started soon after on the Grand Tour and was accompanied part of the way by Langton. Dr. Johnson gave him an introduction to Baretti at Milan, but he appears to have amused himself so well in Paris that he was some time before he arrived to present it. "I beg you will show Mr. Beauclerk all the civilities which you have in your power," Johnson writes in the first letter, "for he has always been kind to me." And he writes again December 21, 1762, "I gave a letter to Beauclerk, who, in my opinion and in his own, was hastening to Naples for the recovery of his health; but he has stopped in Paris, and I know not when he will proceed. Langton is with him."

He arrived at Milan at last, having lost, according to report, £10,000 to a thief at Venice and Baretti, who was afterwards tried for his life in London,* gave him introductions to many prominent people. "How little does travelling supply to the conversation of any man who has travelled; how little to Beauclerk," says Johnson, after his return and we may be sure that however much he had enjoyed his experience abroad he did not bore his acquaintance with long accounts of his adventures and that he was heartily glad to find himself in his old familiar haunts again.

Of his life at this time there is a good deal to be

* On the occasion of Baretti's trial (1769), Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick and Beauclerk all appeared in the witness box and testified to his good character. He was accused of stabbing a man in the street, but was acquitted, as it was proved that he only acted in self-defence. As an instance of his dry humour, there is a story told of an Italian who visited him in prison and asked him to recommend him to his pupils in case he should be hanged. To this rather cold-blooded request, Baretti replied: "You rascal! if I were not *in my own apartment* I would kick you down-stairs."

gleaned from the pages of Boswell, but the stories in which Johnson figures with his two young friends, his "Beau" and his "Lanky," are almost too well known to need more than a passing reference and the later examples of Beauclerk's wit are somewhat disappointing. Beggars, however, must not be choosers and for want of newer or of more convincing material, let us pass in review the old stock of anecdotes which have, let it be acknowledged, the inestimable benefit of being given us by a contemporary whose testimony is above fear or reproach and whose opportunities of observing the subject of this sketch were innumerable.

We have, then, the celebrated "Frisk" story. Beauclerk and Langton—the idea must surely have originated with the former—called at Johnson's lodgings in the Temple at three o'clock in the morning. The philosopher appeared in a shirt and wearing a little black wig instead of a night-cap. He was armed with a poker and prepared for burglars. We can imagine how he must have laughed when he perceived his gay companions on the doorstep. "What, is it you, you dogs? I'll have a frisk with you," he says and quickly dressing he is soon with them. They wander into Covent Garden, where Johnson's grotesque appearance excites the mirth and fear of the market-gardeners; they make a bowl of Bishop's punch at an adjoining tavern, they row down the river as far as Billingsgate and Johnson and Beauclerk prolong the revel far into the day, leaving Langton to go to a breakfast party with "some un-idea'd girls," chaffing him doubtless unmercifully on

the change of conversation from their own brilliancy to society platitudes.

There is another well-known story of Johnson staying with Beauclerk at Windsor and being inveigled into a



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Landscape.

churchyard during Divine Service, where he stretched himself full length on a tombstone and was likened to Hogarth's "Idle Apprentice" by his irreverent young friend. Beauclerk used to delight Johnson by giving "experiments in natural philosophy" here, a science for which he always had a great

aptitude.* In 1764 the Literary Club was formed at Sir Joshua Reynolds's suggestion, the original members being:—Sir Joshua Reynolds,† Dr. Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith,‡ Dr. Nugent, Sir J. Hawkins, Beauclerk, Langton and Chamier, who was Secretary of the War Office and a friend of Beauclerk's. Afterwards the number was greatly increased and counted Garrick among its members. The Club was held at the Turk's Head Tavern in Gerrard Street, Soho and met every Monday night, when the chair was taken by the members in succession. Conversation ran on any topic under the sun, politics alone being excluded and we can easily imagine that Beauclerk found himself greatly in his element. Here Johnson spoke in measured periods, or descended suddenly and unawares on anyone who disagreed with him; here Burke, a bad listener but an eloquent speaker, although possibly not a witty one, delighted a smaller and more select audience than the one to which he was accustomed at St. Stephen's; here Langton talked in his slow, long-winded way and here Beauclerk himself, with all the raciness of his original wit, showed: "the elegance and fascination of his manners, his inexhaustible fund of agreeable information, his delightful conversational powers, his love of literature, and his constant and enviable flow of animal spirits," which "ren-

* In the imaginary academy which Johnson and Boswell planned during their tour in the Hebrides and which was to be governed entirely by the members of the Literary Club, Beauclerk was to be given the chair of Professor of Natural Philosophy, a science which would be sub-divided into many parts in these days.

† Born 1723, died 1792.

‡ Born 1728, died 1774.

dered him an universal favourite as well with the grave and wise as with the dissipated and gay."

Here is another testimony to his powers, from a fellow-debater, who, though a most "unclubbable man," must have had plenty of opportunities of testing their merit:—"His conversation was of the most excellent kind; learned, witty, polite, and where the subject required it, serious, and over all his behaviour there beamed such a sunshine of cheerfulness and good humour as communicated itself to all around him."*

* Sir J. Hawkins.



Woolbeding Collection.

Little Gipsy.



Tailpiece to "The Cock and the Fox."

CHAPTER VII.

IT was no wonder that Lady Di fell under the spell of fascination which Beauclerk exercised over all with whom he came in contact and if we had not the testimony of Burke and Lady Louisa Stuart as to his cruelty and ill-treatment of his wife, we might have hoped that she would have passed the rest of her life in happiness by the side of one so liberally endowed by nature with all those instincts of culture and refinement which she possessed herself. But in her long life, so full of incident and interest, of artistic accomplishment, of love, admiration and friendship, domestic happiness does not seem to have ever played a part, although probably in her early married life she may have had some semblance of it, while the glamour of Beauclerk's fascination dazzled her and the



DESIGN FOR A CEILING.

From a water-colour drawing by Lady Diana Beauclerk. By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.





By kind permission of
De Vere Beauclerk, Esq.

Artist unknown.

Portrait of Lady Diana Beauclerk.

ill-humour he displayed as his health grew worse, was only noticeable in occasional outbursts of cynicism and petulance. From the first Lady Di attracted her husband's friends and in after life she always retained their esteem. Johnson, it is true, held aloof at first and when Boswell expatiated on her charms, he answered, roughly enough, that one should never mingle vice with virtue; but as time went on he must have laid aside his prejudices as he was constantly in her society and testified in after years to the devotion with which she nursed her husband through one of his many illnesses. He had a very strong opinion on the subject of divorce and was never backward in airing it in any company. About this time he met Lord Bolingbroke at the Thrales' while staying at Brighton and deliberately turned his back on him. The worthy brewer was annoyed at this treatment of a distinguished guest and one who cannot very often have affected such company and remonstrated with the Doctor, who replied with sarcasm: "I am not obliged, Sir, to find reasons for respecting the rank of him who will not condescend to declare it by his dress or some other visible mark: what are stars and other signs of superiority made for?" The next evening he sat down by Lord Bolingbroke and harangued loudly on the use and abuse of divorce. Many people gathered round to hear what was said and when Mr. Thrale at last managed to tell him to whom he was talking, he said: "Why, Sir, I did not know the man. If he will put on no other mark of distinction, let us make him wear his horns!"

Having said his say and entered his protest on the subject of the divorce, Dr. Johnson accepted Lady Di's hospitality and became a regular guest at the dinners in which her husband delighted. The society into which she was thrown so much, the society of such men as Johnson, Gibbon, Hume, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, Goldsmith, Burke and Charles Fox, must have been very congenial to her and certainly contributed to ripen her genius; possibly also, the cessation of her duties at Court and her appearance at all the great social functions of the day, gave her more leisure to accomplish the work by which she is now so well known. She must, even at first, have had a good deal of spare time on her hands. Beauclerk, who had forfeited his membership to the Literary Club by his non-attendance during the past years, was re-elected;* he resumed his wonted life and dawdled away the morning at Dr. Johnson's *levée* and spent his evenings, as often as not, in the society of his chosen companions at some tavern from which he did not return until the small hours of the morning. Lady Di's leisure hours were evidently spent with a pencil in her hand, as the mass of work she has left behind her testifies and her hand gained in surety and dexterity as she applied herself more and more to the art she loved. She "found herself" very early and seems always to have realised the aim and scope of her talent and to have aimed at perfecting it as far as lay in her power. She had a clear and

* He attended about forty dinners at the Literary Club between 1775, the date when the records commence, and 1780, the date of his death.

distinct conception of the joyous and decorative nature of her work; she recognised both the extent and the limitations of her talent—a talent so much in harmony with the age in which she lived—and she used it in the branch of art in which it was most likely to make itself felt. We hear a great deal of her large pictures which were drawn to illustrate Horace Walpole's tragedy "The Mysterious Mother," but are, unluckily, unable to form any idea of their merit; we know that she decorated whole rooms at Little Marble Hill with singular success, but these, too, have perished and the only examples of her more ambitious work which remain are the pastel portraits of which a good many are still to be found. Excellent as they undoubtedly are, it is in the more modest walks of art that her genius manifests itself to the greatest extent; it is in her designs for Wedgewood, her drawings for Bartolozzi, her inimitable water-colour drawings which breathe the spirit of a woodland Arcady and have all the decorative quality which distinguished the art of the century in which she lived. Here we find the little chubby children in drawing whom she excelled, for she drew a child in the manner of one who had studied child-life and loved it; the child bacchanals with grape-crowned heads, the Cupids and the baby Pans, laughing, quarrelling, playing in the woodland groves just where we should expect to find them. There is a curious affinity between the frisking goat she loves to introduce and their companions, the little goat-footed mischievous creatures who are nearly always to be found lurking in

some corner of her pastorals and the whole compositions suggest that link between humanity and the animal world, between both these and the supernatural world which makes the fascination of mythology.

Next in order come her portrait sketches and of these we have some admirable examples, Charles James Fox, the Duchess of Devonshire and her two daughters, all of which are of the first order and possibly we might add the caricature of Gibbon to this list as although intentionally grotesque, it was evidently a speaking likeness.

It is difficult to say what influence Sir Joshua Reynolds had on her art. He admired her talent and was often heard to say that many of her drawings might be studied as models. He dined perpetually at the Beauclerks', as both Boswell and his own note-books record, and must have often talked to her both of art and of that art-education which was just then spurring him on with a new enthusiasm. In the year 1769, which followed Lady Di's marriage, he gave his first lecture to the Academy students and on April 26 the Royal Academy opened its first exhibition of one hundred and thirty-six pictures and closed it on May 27, during which time we may be sure she visited the gallery and stood before the President's picture of the two beauties, Mrs. Crewe and the Mrs. Bouverie who was afterwards to marry her favorite brother Lord Robert Spencer. But we cannot trace very much of the master's influence in her work. She was essentially a designer and the glamour of colour



By kind permission of the Earl of Pembroke.

Hawking Party.

which was in his eyes, had very little attraction for her. She used it indeed frequently, but with a sparing hand and her pictures, although they often owe much of their charm to a touch of pink rose or to a wash of that particularly pure pale blue which she affected, do not rely so much for their effect on colour as on design and composition.

As to the sources of her inspiration, she sought them as we have seen, in studying and copying the works of the old masters, to which she added a perpetual study of nature. She drew her own children, she used her friends and relations as models, she sketched many a glade in Richmond Park and elsewhere for use in her compositions; she was never idle. But it is hard to say how much she owed to the great portrait painters, how much to her friendship with Sir Joshua, to the study she must certainly have given to the works of Gainsborough and Romney. It is probable that she owed some of her technique to the minor artists of the day, whose work was more analagous to her own, but beyond a certain hatching treatment of landscape which suggests Gainsborough's methods, it is not easy to trace any effects of the influence of the three great artists just mentioned. In the year 1769, Gainsborough was still in Bath; Romney was working hard in Newport Street, Longacre; Raeburn was in Scotland and was only thirteen years of age, and in this year Lawrence and Shee were born. There is no record of her meeting Angelica Kauffmann, who was living in Golden Square and who, in this same year, made the mistake of her life by marrying a valet instead of his master. Morland at

this time, was only six years old, but in after life she owed a good deal to him and some of her work—notably "The Gipsies," now in the South Kensington Museum, which was painted in 1792, has a distinct resemblance to his style of composition and treatment. This influence can be traced also in many of her sketches of village life, but it is difficult to explain how some of her bacchanalian children should have been attributed to him, as they are in quite another manner.

In her portrait sketches, although the more finished ones such as the portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire which was engraved by Bartolozzi is more in the manner of Gainsborough, she certainly owed something to Henry Bunbury; her own, however, are free from the affectation which spoils so many of his. From another point of view and considering another side of her talent, she resembles Cipriani, with whose work she must often have come in contact when drawing for Bartolozzi. The vignettes which she drew in pencil and red chalk for the illustrations of Dryden's "Fables" and Bürger's "Leonora" are very similar in design and treatment to some of his which are preserved in the British Museum and in her drawings of temples and the pseudo-classical furniture of mythology, she seems to have copied the same models. Here again, she is free from the sentimentality which is Cipriani's besetting sin, as she is free from the artificiality of de Loutherbourg and Zuccherelli to whose work her own has been likened, although it cannot be compared to the more accomplished technique of these professional artists.

Cosway was one of the fashionable artists of the day. He made charming pencil sketches, generally of the whole figure, with the face alone highly finished and coloured, contrasting with the grey tone of the whole picture; a



By kind permission of the Earl of Pembroke. *After a water-colour sketch.*

Nymphs and Fauns.

system on which Thomas Edridge founded his pencil portraits, the figures of which were slightly sketched in and the heads highly finished. Benjamin West, who illustrated Pope's "Rape of the Lock," also adopted the plan of colouring the face of his pencil portraits, but these

trickeries do not ever seem to have tempted Lady Di, who worked either in pen and ink or water-colour for choice.

Stothard was only fourteen at this date and would never have had much in common with her; neither had Flaxman with his academic perfection, or Blake, who was to illustrate "Leonora," at just about the same time she was to engage on her version of it, with his strong mysticism.

But perhaps, after all, it is to France rather than to England that we should look for the sources of inspiration in modern work. It is doubtful if she ever saw any of the painting of the exquisitely decorative French school, but she must have known it by engravings and very certainly she lived in the charmed seclusion of that eighteenth-century Arcadia which is represented in so many of their *chef d'œuvres*. She worked in the spirit of these artists whether consciously or unconsciously and her composition often reminds one of Fragonard.

If, as a French critic has asserted, the artist should be the interpreter of the ideals and aspirations of humanity in general and not strive for original or individual expression, if he should be as the chorister in a church or as the drum of the regiment, then the great decorative artists of this period fulfilled their mission.

The eighteenth century, as it has revealed itself to us, was an age of irresponsible gaiety, of luxury and outward bravery, of gorgeous apparel and decorative furniture; an age, moreover, when masquerades were every-day occurrences



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School-children.

and it was not unusual for fine ladies and gentlemen to dress as shepherds and shepherdesses and play at hay-making. In such a time the art which gave us *fêtes champêtres* and dances by moonlight under a ruined colonnade was as true to the spirit of the age as it was true to the canons of art itself. If it had not been so, would the delicate conceptions of the poet-painter Watteau have given us the strange sense of artificial reality which they actually convey? The gracious figures of ladies sitting on a bench in the dusk, their attendant cavaliers on the grass at their feet, the half-mysterious figure of Pierrot himself with his loose white garments and his inevitable guitar strike us as perfectly natural personages in this sylvan drama.

It is only a step farther to discover Pan and his pipes half-hidden in some nook of blue-green woodland country, with perhaps the towers of an hospitable chateau peeping over the boughs of the trees. It is hardly incongruous, so closely do the probable and the improbable overlap each other in this age of transition.

The inimitable decorator Fragonard, who loves to place his shepherdesses in deserted gardens where broken sundials are over-grown with roses, also brings in little fat cupids and gods of love, who mingle quite naturally with their surroundings; Lady Di, too, had the familiar spirits of her pencil, which like Watteau's Pierrots and Fragonard's shepherdesses and cupids, are never quite out of the picture and which, in her case, are the little goat-footed Pans who frolic and frisk, make love and

war, quarrel and play practical jokes and are righteously chastised in the compositions which have something of the sweep of Fragonard and are all her own in their delightful vivacity.



Woolbeding Collection.

Cupids Gardening.



LADY HERBERT AND HER CHILDREN. (?)

From a water-colour drawing by Lady Diana Beauclerk. By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

To face page 107.



Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A.

Headpiece to "Leonore"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Beauclerks lived in many houses during the course of the twelve years of their married life. In 1766 Topham rented a house at Cookham Ferry from Sir James Lowther* and in the lease he is described as of Charles Street, Berkeley Square. Whether this is the house to which he brought Lady Di in 1768, where they gave so many dinners and entertained their friends, it is hard to say, but it seems

* Sir James Lowther, afterwards first Earl of Lonsdale, married 1761 to Lady Mary Stuart, daughter of the Earl of Bute.

probable that it was, as there is no record of their having another town house before 1773, when they bought one in the newly-built Adelphi Terrace. The house at Windsor seems to have been let or sold, as there is no mention of it; they took, instead, a villa at Muswell Hill, furnished it with great luxury and had beautiful gardens and greenhouses, besides an observatory and a laboratory fitted up with all the latest improvements. Muswell Hill was then a rural spot with some pretensions to beauty and had romantic memories of Arabella Stuart. It had a well, too, which in former times had been the object of a yearly pilgrimage and was a quiet, secluded place, where its owners had leisure to ride their hobbies and to cultivate their tastes, as well as to receive the friends who were always willing to leave the crowds of London for this charming retreat. The house has been pulled down, a fate in which many houses lived in by Lady Di have shared, and the dreary Alexandra Palace reigns in its stead.

The same fate has been decreed for another house which they owned at Twickenham and which was probably taken on account of its vicinity to Strawberry Hill. It was called Little Marble Hill, and stood in the grounds of Marble Hill,* which was built for Lady Suffolk. Marble Hill is a square stone house of dignified aspect and contains a mahogany staircase which nearly caused a war with Spain. George II., who gave £10,000 towards the building expenses, also presented the mahogany for the staircase from his possessions

* Marble Hill has lately been bought by the County Council; the grounds are to be preserved as a park and the house will possibly be utilised as a museum.

in the West Indies; but owing to the indiscreet zeal of one of his naval officers, charged with the commission, it was collected on Spanish ground and a good deal of diplomacy had to be exerted before the incident was closed. Lady Suffolk was deaf and rather disagreeable, but she had her good



Drawn by S. Owen, Esq. *Engraved by W. Cooke.*

Little Marble Hill.

qualities; she loved art and literature for their own sake and was very true to her friends. Pope laid out the grounds at Marble Hill and in spite of the uncultivated state of the garden at present, the master hand can still be traced in the general design. Swift stocked the cellars and of the excellence of the wine we cannot doubt; and Gay had his special room reserved for him. Horace Walpole,* too, dearly loved

* Born 1718, died 1797.

a gossip with this deaf old woman and would often step over from his castle in his lavender-coloured suit and exchange a bushel of London news for her strawberries and cream, or talk over the old times, which always interested him. Lady Suffolk died in 1767, however and by the time the Beauclerks occupied the small house her nephew Lord Buckinghamshire and his second wife, who was afterwards a good friend to Lady Di, were living at Marble Hill. Little Marble Hill was Lady Di's special delight, possibly her own property. We are told that "Lady Di fitted up the house with great elegance, and adorned many of the rooms with her own painting" and it is unfortunate, for many reasons, that the house was destroyed, nothing being left of it but the foundations.

One of the rooms was adorned with festoons of lilac and must have given her a good deal to do at the time. It inspired Horace Walpole to add a postscript to his "Parish Register," in which, if exception be taken to the metre—and in an age of unblushing effrontery in regard to verse it doubtless passed muster—it surely presents a charmingly descriptive picture of the room.

Here genius in a later hour,
Selected its secluded bower,
And threw around the verdant room
The blushing lilac's chill perfume,
So loose is flung each bold festoon—
Each bough so breathes the touch of noon—
The happy pencil so deceives,
That Flora, doubly jealous, cries,
"The work's not mine—yet trust these eyes,
'Tis my own Zephyr waves the leaves."

The wreaths or festoons of lilac were painted in water-colour on green paper and had geranium, ivy and periwinkle in the panels of the "surbase." Horace Walpole also describes another room painted with honeysuckle wreathed round pictures of children: "there is a baby Bacchus, so drunk! and so pretty! borne in triumph by Bacchanalian children," he says. He also tells us that she never made sketches, but painted quickly and directly and he laments, that owing to the fugitive nature of water-colours, these decorations are not likely to last more than a couple of summers.

Horace Walpole was by this time on very intimate terms with the Beauclerks; he liked their society and from the first he was a warm admirer of Lady Di's talents. He mentions going to Muswell Hill on several occasions, on one of which he meets Banks and Solander,* with florists and natural historians, and on another he goes with his hosts to the auction of poor "Dicky" Bateman's household gods. "I had dined at Muswell Hill," he writes, "and the next day the Beauclerks', Miss Lloyd† and I went to old Windsor to see poor Mr. Bateman's‡ auction. It was a melancholy sight to

* Sir Joseph Banks, naturalist and explorer, born 1740, died 1820, had just returned from a voyage round the world with Captain Cook; Dr. Solander, a Swedish naturalist, born 1736, died 1782, who also took part in the expedition.

† Miss Lloyd had lived with Lady Di when Lady Bolingbroke and left her to take the post of housekeeper at Kensington Palace.

‡ Sir C. H. Williams in "Isabella, or the Morning," has an allusion to Mr. Bateman:—

"See, Betty, see who's there."
"'Tis Mr. Bateman, ma'am, in his new chair."
"Dicky's new chair! the charming'st thing in town,
"Whose poles are lackered and whose lining's brown."

me in more lights than one. I have passed many pleasing days with him and Lady Hervey, and felt an additional pain by reflections on my child Strawberry." He was quite repaid for this visit by the joy of acquiring a cargo of old chairs which he had envied their late owner ever since he had picked them up at out-of-the-way farmhouses in 1761—the auction took place in 1773—and for which he had given three-and-sixpence and a crown apiece. The Beauclerks and "the Virgin," as he calls Miss Lloyd, returned with him and passed two days at Strawberry.

Muswell Hill was evidently regarded as a show place and we find from a letter written by Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany in 1776 that the Beauclerks had to protect themselves from the curious by issuing tickets to view, after the manner of the master of Strawberry. Mrs. Boscawen complains that although she met Lady Di taking an airing and knew that Mr. Beauclerk was in town, she was not admitted to see the conservatory, which "was all she aspired to," without a ticket. "Resistance, you know, always makes one more obstinate, so Mrs. Leveson has wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds to beg he will obtain the necessary passport," she writes. But the best idea of the place comes from the somewhat effusive pen of Boswell, written in the year 1773, when they had just bought the house in the Adelphi and after one of the illnesses which were only too frequent with Topham. He says :—"I am now at Mrs. Thrale's villa at Streatham, a delightful spot. Dr. Johnson is here too. I came yesterday to dinner, and this morning Dr. Johnson and I return to London, and I go with Mr. Beauclerk to see his



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Peasants.

elegant villa and library, worth £3,000, at Muswell Hill, and return to dine with him. . . . Dr. Johnson went with me to Beauclerk's villa, Beauclerk having been ill. It is delightful, just at Highgate. He has one of the most numerous and splendid private libraries that I ever saw; greenhouses, hothouses, observatory, laboratory for chemical experiments. In short, everything princely."

The thought that naturally arises in the mind on reading of all this luxury is, how were the means found to pay for it? Topham raised money in various ways to eke out his own fortune and, in particular, borrowed £5,000 of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Marlborough, giving his library as security and he probably was not over hasty in paying his bills, but even so he must have often been in financial difficulties. He was by nature extravagant and accustomed to gratifying every whim and Lady Di, on her side, accustomed to the profuse expenditure of Blenheim and Marlborough House, had no idea of money, as she found out later to her cost.

It will be seen that if Lady Di did not have a happy home she had at least an interesting life, surrounded by friends who were sympathetic to her tastes and in houses where everything was arranged with that regard to comfort and decorative beauty which distinguished everything which Topham Beauclerk undertook. She had three children—Charles George, Mary and Elizabeth, to whom she was devoted and who became an increasing delight to her and she kept up cordial relations with her own family. In December 1772 we find the Beauclerks taking part in a

large Christmas party at Blenheim. Lady Louisa Stuart tells us that the Duchess of Marlborough had strange stories to tell of the manners and customs of Topham Beauclerk *à propos* of this visit and remarks that the "elegant and accomplished gentleman was, however, what the French call *cynique* in person and habits beyond what one could have thought possible in anyone but a beggar or a gipsy," and gives us a sketch of his character which is not by any means as pleasing as some others we have quoted. She says:—"In the latter part of Mr. Beauclerk's life the man of pleasure grew morose and savage, and Lady Di had much to suffer from his temper; so had his children, to whom he was a selfish tyrant, without indulgence or affection. I used to hear much of him from Mrs. Herbert, who learned it from Lady Herbert." * This version of his treatment of his wife corresponds too exactly with the account given by Burke



From a sketch in the British Museum.

Mary and Elizabeth Beauclerk.

* Elizabeth, daughter of Topham Beauclerk, married to Lord Herbert in 1787. This extract is taken from some MSS. notes by Lady Louisa Stuart in a copy of Selwyn's letters, in the possession of the Earl of Home. She also retails a "bon mot," which she says that Lady Di made to Lady Mary Coke on the report of Lady Louisa's engagement to the widower, Lord Stafford, a

and corroborated by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which has been handed down to us by Miss Burney, for any shadow of doubt to remain as to its veracity.

Lady Di was ill during this visit and remained in bed for three weeks. She was seriously ill, for Horace Walpole tells us that she was "given over at Blenheim," but luckily her strong constitution pulled her through. Was this the occasion when, to quote an old book of anecdotes in the Manuscript Room of the British Museum, Topham Beauclerk says that "Dr. James, on being sent for to Lady Diana Beauclerk, after she had stated very fully and earnestly her complaint, He damned his Taylor that he had made one Pocket an inch and a half higher than the other, without ever having attended to what she said!" Perhaps it was, as, in those times, inattention was likely to be less dangerous than the remedies which he would probably have tried. At any rate, she recovered and seems to have had good health generally, unlike her husband, who suffered from what Johnson called a "hypocondriack disorder" and was nearly always in pain. As we have gleaned from contemporary literature some idea of Beauclerk's conversational powers, it may be interesting to glance over some of the correspondence which passed between him and Lord Charlemont. It gives a good idea of his style of writing and some insight into the life he was leading at the time and the allusions to his wife

man much older than herself. "Soh! your friend Lady Louisa Stuart is going to marry her grandfather, is she? If she can hold her nose and swallow the dose at once it may do very well. But most people would be apt to take a little sweetmeat in their mouth afterwards!"

are interesting and prove that he could be thoughtful and attentive when he liked and also that they seemed on good terms with each other.*

* The letters are taken from the Historical Manuscripts Commission: the allusions to private matters, which were omitted in that publication, have been supplemented from the original letters.



Woolbeding Collection.

Child Pan.



Lady Diana Beauclerk Delin.r

Engraved by F. Bartolozzi

CUPIDS.

From an engraving by Bartolozzi, after Lady Diana Beauclerk.

To face page 119.



From Dryden's Fables. *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A.*

Headpiece to "The Cock and the Fox."

CHAPTER IX.

TOPHAM BEAUCLERK to the Earl of Charlemont:—

ADELPHI, LONDON, 1773.

Enclosed I send you the drawing of Mr. Walpole's frames, which I did not receive till last night. I hope you received a letter from me some time ago. I mention this that I may not appear worse than I am, and likewise to hint to you that when you receive this, you will be two letters in my debt. I hope your Parliament has finished all its absurdities, and that you will be at leisure to come over here to attend to your club,* where you will do much

* The Literary Club, of which Lord Charlemont had latley been elected a member.

more than all the patriots in the world ever did anybody, viz., you will make very many of your friends extremely happy, and you know Goldsmith has informed us, that no form of Government ever contributed either to the happiness or misery of anyone. I saw a letter from Foote* with an account of an Irish tragedy. The subject is Manlius, and the last speech, which he makes when he is pushed off from the Tarpeian rock is, "Sweet Jesus, where am I going?" Pray send me word if this is true. We have a new comedy here, which is good for nothing Bad as it is, however, it succeeds very well and has almost killed Goldsmith with envy. I have no news, either literary or political, to send you. Everybody, except myself and about a million of vulgars, are in the country. I am closely confined.

Topham Beauclerk to the Earl of Charlemont:—

ADELPHI, LONDON, *November* 20, 1773.

I delayed writing to you, as I had flattered myself that I should have been able to have paid you a visit at Dublin before this time, but I have been prevented, not by my own negligence and indolence, but by Lady D., who is so near her time, that I could not, probably, have returned before she was brought to bed, and somebody had put it into her head that there was great danger in passing the Irish seas, which made it impossible for me to

* Samuel Foote.



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Nymph and Cupid.

leave her under those apprehensions in her present situation. I am rejoiced to find by a Hint in your Letter, that Lady Charlemont is in the same way. I have yet remaining so much Benevolence towards Mankind, as to wish that there may be a son of yours, educated by you, as a Specimen of what Mankind ought to be. I hope, however, that this event will happen time enough for you to return to this Country in the spring, and that neither paternal nor maternal fondness will prevent it.

Goldsmith the other day put in a paragraph into the newspapers in praise of Lord Mayor Townshend.* The same night we happened to sit next to Lord Shelburne at Drury Lane; I mentioned the circumstance of that paragraph to him. He said to Goldsmith that he hoped that he had mentioned nothing about Malagrida in it. "Do you know," answered Goldsmith, "that I never could conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida, for Malagrida was a very good sort of man." You see plainly what he meant to say, but that happy turn of expression is peculiar to himself. Mr. Walpole says that this story is a picture of Goldsmith's whole life.

Johnson had been confined for some weeks in the Isle of Sky. We hear that he was obliged to swim over to the main-land, taking hold of a cow's tail. Be that as it may, Lady Diana has promised to make a drawing of it. Our poor club† is in a miserable decay; unless you come and relieve it, it will certainly expire.

Would you imagine that Sir J. Reynolds is extremely

* James Townshend, Lord Mayor of London, 1773. † The Literary Club.

anxious to be a member of Almack's? You see what noble ambition will make men attempt: that den is not yet opened, consequently I have not been there, so for the present I am clear upon that score.

I suppose your confounded Irish politics take up your whole attention at present. If they could but have obtained the absentee tax, the Irish Parliament would have been perfect. They would have voted themselves out of Parliament, and lessened their estates one-half of the value. This is patriotism with a vengeance. I have heard nothing of your peacock's eggs. The Duke of Northumberland tells me if they are put into tallow or butter that they will never hatch; I mention this to you, as worthy of your notice.

Mr. [Horace] Walpole promised me to send you a drawing of his frames, but he has been so much engaged with Lord Orford's affairs that he has probably forgot it; I will put him in mind of it the next time that I see him.

There is nothing new at present in the literary world. Mr. [William] Jones of our club is going to publish an account in Latin of the Eastern poetry,* with extracts translated verbatim and in verse; I will order Elmsly to send it to you when it comes out; I fancy it will be a very pretty book.

Goldsmith has written a prologue for Mrs. Yates,†

* "Poëseos Asiaticæ commentariorum libri sex." London: 1774.

† Anna Maria Yates, who made her first appearance at a Dublin theatre about 1752.

which she spoke this evening before the opera; it is very good; you will see it soon in all the newspapers, otherwise I would send it to you.

I hope to hear in your next letter that you have fixed your time for returning to England; we cannot do without you. If you do not come here, I will bring all the club over to Ireland to live with you, and that will drive you here in your own defence. Johnson shall spoil your books, Goldsmith pull your flowers, and Boswell talk to you; stay then if you can.

The Earl of Charlemont to Beauclerk:—

[*Undated.*]

Your experienced partiality towards me, and my thorough confidence in your justly founded opinion of the love I bear you, assures me that you have not attributed my long silence either to negligence, laziness, or forgetfulness, but that, on the contrary, you have done me the justice to believe that some invincible obstacle could alone have prevented me so long from answering your very kind and friendly letter.

In your last you were, I think, a little smart upon our Irish politics and patriotism. You abused us for our limitation bill, and for our intended tax upon absentees, and seemed to insinuate that our self-denial in these two acts savoured strongly of that genius for blunder which has often been imputed to us. I am not indeed much surprised that any one who writes from London should conclude that every one who votes against his own

particular interest may be deemed guilty of an egregious bull; but, though we are very far from being virtuous, we are not, however, quite so far gone in the refinement of modern politics as you are on your side of the water, and there yet remain some few amongst us, too few indeed, who might be induced for the public utility to give up some small private advantage. Don't tell me that this appears ridiculous to you—indeed it does not. For though a sentiment of this kind would be laughed at at Arthur's and perhaps hooted out of St. Stephen's Chapel, yet you, my friend, upon cool consideration and when not at Almack's, will most certainly approve of it.

What wretched beings would this too fashionable principle of giving up nothing to the public make of us, supposing it pushed as far as it will go. If every one was to act according to what his passions prompted him to deem his own emolument, without any regard to others, is there a single crime against society of which he would not be guilty, any criminal gratification which he would ever refuse himself? Society would be at an end, and we should be reduced to the state—if such state ever existed, which I do not believe—of unsociable savages, each man waging continual war, offensive and defensive, against all his fellow-creatures.

It may perhaps be said that laws would restrain us—a weak curb indeed are laws without morals, witness the shoals of wretches who every week die gallantly at Tyburn, and the much more numerous shoals of those who deserve, but are above the same fate!

I have yet a thousand things to say to you, but I see you yawn. My trite morality has set you asleep. Man was born for society—without it he can have no enjoyment,



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Infant Pan and Goat Dancing.

and without morals it cannot subsist; and what are morals but the giving up our own partial pleasure to the benefit of the whole?

But whither am I going? I thought to write a few lines and I have prattled away a volume. See what it is to

write to you. The pleasure of talking with you is a temporary cure for all my ailments, and I could go on for a sheet and an hour longer, if prudence with regard to myself, and a little consideration for your time and patience, did not luckily restrain me.

I have a cargo of stones ready to send to you, and only wait to add some specimens of the Giants' Causeway which I daily expect. My most affectionate compliments to all my brethren of the club, and particularly to Johnson, Reynolds, and Goldsmith: this last need not, I am sure, be jealous of the "School for Wives"*—worse stuff I never read.

Topham Beauclerk to the Earl of Charlemont:—

I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you for your very friendly letter. I did not suspect that you were one of the many that think the misfortunes of your friends is a sufficient reason for renouncing them. But ill health produces bad spirits, and anything that revives them does great good to the body; nothing can do that more to me than hearing from you that you still honour me with the same friendship which you showed me formerly.

I am much obliged to you for your present. I hear the ship is arrived, but they are not yet come home. I send you no politics. The newspaper is at present as good authority as any. It tells the events of the day, and as for any schemes in future, I believe the ministry have

* Comedy by Hugh Kelly, acted at Drury Lane, 1774.

none. Lord Carlisle was named first commissioner, as a proof, I suppose, of the wisdom of the ministry, but I hear to-day that he will not go. All to whom they have offered it have refused, so much for that project. I am very sorry that your health is so indifferent; you work too hard at your polities and vex yourself about them. Let the ministry alone and they will ruin themselves completely; they have ruined the country already, so that is out of the question.

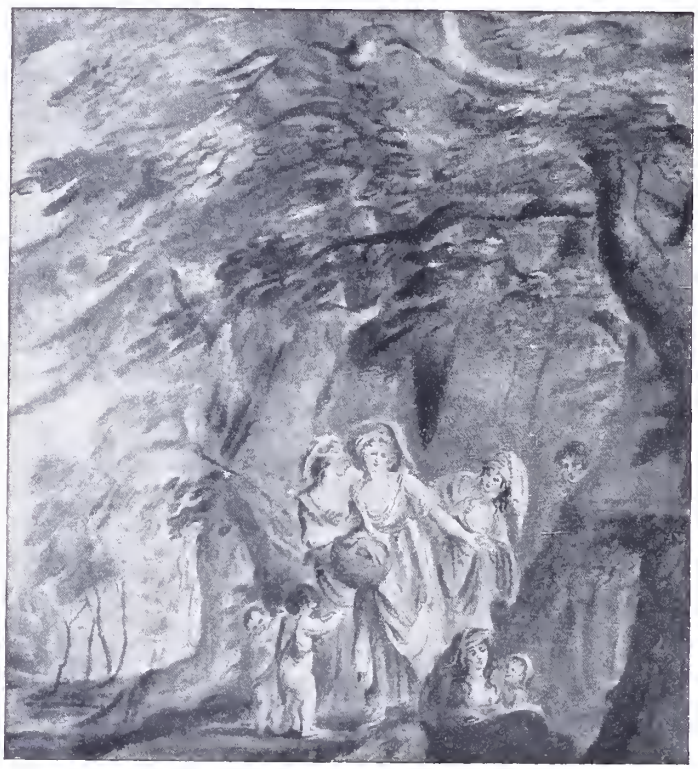
Our club flourishes very much; you flattered us last year with a chance of seeing you. Independent of the pleasure I should receive, I wish you would come; the journey would do you good. I am so much better this year (by having left off all medicine except laudanam, of which I take 400 drops every day) that I shall be able sometimes to enjoy your company, which was not the case for these two years last past. Charles Fox misrepresents me; I am very regular.

Topham Beauclerk to the Earl of Charlemont:—

ADELPHI, LONDON, *February* 12, 1774.

I have this moment received your letter, and I need not tell you how happy it has made me, that your little girl and Ly. Charlemont are both well, and yourself so much better. I can now give you a better reason for not writing sooner to you than for any other thing that I ever did in my life. When Sir C. Bingham came from Ireland, I, as you may easily imagine, immediately enquired after you. He told me that you was very well, but in great affliction, having

just lost your child. You cannot conceive how I was shocked with this news, not only by considering what you suffered upon this occasion, but I recollected that a foolish letter of mine, laughing at your Irish politics, would arrive just at that point of time. A bad joke at any time is a bad



By kind permission of the Duchess of St. Albans.

Pastoral Scene.

thing, but when any attempt at pleasantry happens, when a person is in great affliction, it certainly is the most odious thing in the world. I could not write to comfort you; you will not wonder therefore that I did not write at all. I must now entreat you to lay aside your politics for some time, and to consider that the taking care of your health is

one of the most public spirited things that you can possibly do, for, notwithstanding your vapour about Ireland, I do not believe that you can very well spare one honest man. Lady D. has been brought to bed of a son about three weeks;



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Girl with Owls.

she and the child are both perfectly well; she desires me to propose a match between my son * and your daughter, which she thinks ought to be resolved upon immediately. Our politicans on this side of the water are all asleep, but I hear

* Charles George Beauclerk, born 1774.

they are to be awakened next Monday by a printer who is ordered to attend the bar of the House, for having abused Sir Fletcher Norton. They have already passed a vote, *nem. con.*, that Sir Fletcher's character is immaculate, and will most certainly punish the printer very severely, if a trifling circumstance does not prevent them, viz., that the printer should, as he most probably will, refuse to attend.

Our club has dwindled away to nothing; nobody attends but Mr. Chambers, and he is going to the East Indies. Sir Joshua and Goldsmith have got into such a round of pleasures that they have no time. And now, my lord, let me set you right as to the use of a friend. It is not, as you express it, to tire him with morality, but, when he perceives that his friend is got into a scrape, to inform him of the great inconveniences that he is likely to suffer from it, and of the comfortable situation that he would have been in, had he left undone those things which had brought him into those disagreeable circumstances. I remember that is well put off in one of Dancourt's farces called "Le Gallant Viscomte." A man there is introduced making love to a dyer's wife. The husband detects him, and orders his men to dye him green. His friends come about him, and one of them, after upbraiding him for some time, tells him that he may thank himself, for had he not followed other men's wives, but staid at home and minded his business, he would never have been dyed green. His answer is the only one that ought to be made to all such advisers. What? *Voilà des morales bien placées!* I do not mean to hint by this that some advice may be of service, but I believe you will agree with me, that

the generality of friends are of this sort. You deserve this for saying that your letters tire me. In my next I will send you a long history of all our friends, and particularly an account how twelve hundred thousand pounds may be paid without advancing one shilling. This is certainly very convenient, and, if you can [get] rid of all your feeling and morality before my next letter arrives, you may put it in practice, as probably it has not yet been introduced into Ireland.

The Earl of Charlemont to Topham Beauclerk :—

PROVOSTSHIP OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN,
July —, 1774.

The Dean of Derry has brought me a most excellent piece of news—am I to believe it? or is it too good to be true? He tells me that you intend to redeem your character by shewing that, however you may delay fulfilling your promise, you are incapable of breaking it. This summer, he assures me, you propose to visit Ireland and me. Are these things so? But why have I not heard it from yourself? Why do you not double my pleasure by giving me that of expectation, as well as that of enjoyment—L'un, comme vous le sçavez, vaut bien l'autre. The summer, too, is wasting away, and I hear no tidings of you. My last letter yet remains unanswered. This last circumstance however may perhaps promise well. Who knows but that you may intend to answer my letter in person! In this hope I will at least indulge myself, and will daily expect

the happiness of seeing you. I send you enclosed a paper, which I beg you would communicate to your friends, as I wish that the contents of it should be known, and especially by people of consequence and of erudition. They are going to undo us, and to take away from us that small quantity of morals and of learning which yet remains us—we have been long fleeced and plundered of our money, but a tax is now in agitation upon our virtues. The provost or head of our university is, as you may have heard, lately deceased, and, if fame says true, they are going to give us for provost one who is at once a professed lawyer and a professed politician—*id est*. The inclosed paper contains a few of the many reasons against such a nomination, and I wish it to be shewn, though by no means published, in order that thinking people, and they who value literature, and wish well to their sister country, may be apprised of the dangerous predicament in which we now stand. The opinions of such men may possibly be of weight, enough to make even Cæsar ashamed. Johnson, among others, should exert himself and exclaim against this horror. He is a member of our university, and ought not silently to see it ruined. The fact is, that the intended nomination is no other than a parliamentary job, and you will easily conceive that, if once an office of this nature and importance be disposed of in this manner, it will become a perpetual precedent for future times. The place of provost will be a sinecure, and it will be for ever hereafter regarded and held out as a lure or a gratification for apostate patriots or for needy courtiers. The university meanwhile, which

at this instant requires all the vigilance, diligence and abilities of the wisest and most experienced head to reinstate it in that situation from which it is already fallen during the incumbency of the late heedless provost, will be totally undone, and the kingdom will essentially suffer, not only by the loss of such a seminary, but by the money which will be spent out of it in Scotch universities; for we are not rich enough to send our sons to Oxford or to Cambridge. The next step will probably be to find out some quirk by which fellowships also, which are now the reward of intense study, and only to be got by answering well on the strictest examination, may be given away at the will of the minister; and thus we shall lose the only incitement to learning which yet remains amongst us; for it is now long since Irishmen have lost all hopes of preferment in the learned professions. Sensible of our national incapacity and studious of our welfare, it has long been the charitable practice of England kindly to send us her attorneys for judges, and her country schoolmasters and shabby curates for bishops and archbishops. I write this in order that thinking people, and they who value L[eland]. . The cause of morals, the cause of learning, is his cause, and ought to be the cause of every good man.

But I have prolonged my letter to an unconscionable length, and that too upon a subject perhaps not very interesting to you—you however, as a literary man and a citizen of the world, can not be indifferent to the cause of literature and the welfare of a nation. Besides, when I write to you I always put down whatever is uppermost in my mind, and

I do confess myself interested even to agitation in the matter, which has been the principal subject of this letter. . . . Charles Fox a member of the Turk's head [club]! *

Topham Beauclerk to the Earl of Charlemont:—

Muswell Hill,

July 18, 1774.

That it was my full intention to visit you in Ireland, and that it still remains so, is as true, as that I love and esteem you more than any man upon the earth, but various accidents have hitherto hindered me, the last of which has been a violent disorder, which obliges me to a very severe discipline, and a constant attendance upon doctor Turton, but in spight of him, or Nature itself, I will very soon pay you a visit. Business, it is true, I have none to keep me here, but you forget that I have business in Lancashire, and that I must go there, when I come to you. Now you will please to recollect, that there is nothing in this world, I so entirely hate, as business of any kind, and that I pay you the greatest compliment I can do, when I risk the meeting with my own confounded affairs, in order to have the pleasure of seeing you, but this I am resolved to do. The dean † of Derry is quite a new acquaintance; he says he is a scholar and I believe him to be so. He seemed a good natured man, and a man of parts, and one proof I am sure he gave of

* The Literary Club.

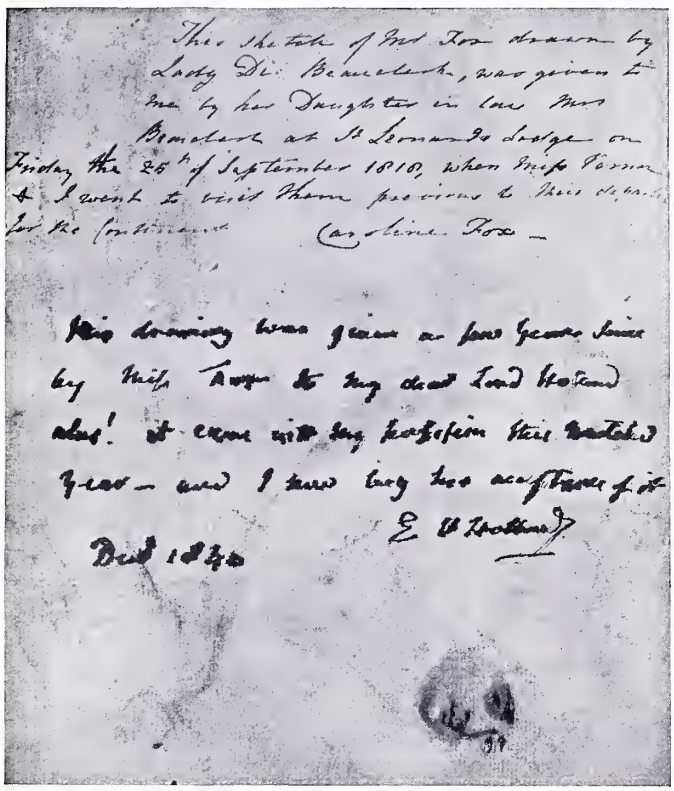
† Thomas Barnard, dean of Derry, 1769; appointed bishop of Killaloe in 1780; translated to Limerick in 1794.



By kind permission of the Earl of Ilchester. *From a sketch at Holland House.*

The Right Honble. Charles James Fox.

his understanding, by expressing a strong desire to be acquainted with you. I had recollection enough, however, not to give him a letter to you, as I suspected that a certain thing called politics might be the cause of a difference between you, particularly as he told me that he was an



By kind permission of the Earl of Ilchester.

Sketch and Inscription on the back of the Portrait of the Right Honble. C. J. Fox, now at Holland House.

intimate friend of Rigby's; and if the old proverb is true, 'Noscitur a socio,' I guessed, that he was not a man after your own heart. His wife, I never saw but once, and that was at the play, and then the dean and I seemed to be both of a mind in trying to avoid her company and

conversation as much as possible.* I agree with you, that there never was a more scandalous thing than making the man* provost, that is made. Your last,† however, I believe, from what I have heard, was not much better. But why should you be vexed to find that mankind are fools and knaves? I have known it so long that every fresh instance of it amuses me, provided it does not immediately affect my friends or myself. Politicians do not seem to me to be much greater rogues than other people, and as their actions affect individuals less than other kinds of villainy do, I cannot find that I am so angry with them. It is true, that the leading men in both the countrys at present are, I believe, the most corrupt, abandoned people in the nation, but that being the case, is it not better that Rigby should be employed in making a provost, or in betraying his friend by the meanest and blackest ingratitude? But, now I am on this worthy subject of human nature, I will inform you of a few particulars relating to the glorious discovery of Otaheite which Dr. Hawksworth said placed the king above all the conquerors in the world, and if the glory is to be estimated by the mischief, I do not know whether he is not right. When Wallis first anchored off the island two natives came alongside of the ship, without fear or distrust, to barter their goods with

* John Hely Hutchinson, appointed provost of Trinity College, Dublin, by letters patent, 15 July 1774.

† Francis Andrews, provost of Trinity College, Dublin, 1758-74. In contemporary satires, Andrews was referred to as "Don Francesco Andrea Bumperoso." Letters of provost Andrews will be found in Eighth Report of Royal Commission on Hist. MSS., 1881, part i., p. 192.

our people. A man called the boat keeper, who was in a boat, that was tied to the ship, attempted to get the things from them without payment. The savages resisted and he struck one of them with the boat hook, upon which they immediately paddled away. All night the people upon the island were in motion, lights were seen, and drums were heard beating, and in the morning great numbers came in canoes of all sizes about the ship. They behaved, however, in the most peaceable manner, still offering to exchange their commodities for anything that they could obtain from us. The same trick was played them by attempting to take away their things by force. This enraged them and as they had come prepared to defend themselves with such weapons as they had, they immediately began to fling stones, one of which went into the cabbin window. Wallis upon this ordered the centinel to fire, and the guns loaded with grape shot to be fired. This as you may imagine immediately dispersed them. Some were drowned, many killed, and some few got on shore, where a great number of the natives were assembled. Wallis then ordered the great guns to be played, according to his phrase, upon them. This drove them to the hills, where he still ordered the same pastime to be continued in order to convince them, as he says, that our arms could reach them at such a distance. . . . These particulars I had from a man, who went the last voyage, and had them from the gunner of Wallis's ship. We have one of the natives here, who was wounded in that infernal massacre. There is another curiosity here, Mr.

Bruce *; his drawings are the most beautiful things you ever saw, and his adventures more wonderful than those of Sinbad the sailor and perhaps as true.

I am much more afflicted with the account you sent me of your health, than I am at the corruption of your ministers. I always hated politicks, and I now hate them ten times worse, as I have reason to think, that they contribute to your ill health, and then I will allow them to be perfectly pernicious. You do me great justice in thinking, that whatever concerns you, must interest me, but as I wish you most sincerely to be perfectly happy, I cannot bear to think that the villainous proceedings of others should make you miserable, for in that case undoubtedly you will never be happy.

Charles Fox† is a member of the Turk's head, but not till he was a patriot, and you know the song: More joy in Heaven if one repent.

There is nothing new, but Goldsmith's 'Retaliation,' which you certainly have seen."



Woolbeding Collection.

Infant Pan.

* "Travels to discover the source of the Nile, 1768-1773." By James Bruce.

† Charles Fox and Beauclerk were very intimate. On one occasion Beauclerk visited Fox the morning after he had lost a large sum of money at cards, expecting to find him very much depressed. Fox was reading Herodotus in the original. "What would you have me do," he said calmly, "when I have lost my last shilling?"



From Dryden's Fables. *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A.*

Tailpiece to "Cymon and Iphigenia."

CHAPTER X.

IN 1773, the Beauclerks were settled in their new house in Adelphi Terrace and we find Boswell dining there on April 20, in company with Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Charlemont (he was elected in this year), and some other members of the Literary Club, for the express purpose of balloting for Boswell's admission into that distinguished society. He was proposed by Johnson and probably seconded by Beauclerk, who, he said, was "very zealous" for him. He gives some account of the conversation. Johnson and Garrick discuss Goldsmith's ignorance, always a fruitful topic with his brethren of the club and Johnson praises his historical work, contrasting it with that of

Robertson, whom he calls a writer of romance. They talk of Pope, of Milton, of erecting monuments to distinguished people and at last the gentlemen go away to their club, and Boswell remains behind in a state of anxiety which even the "charming conversation of Lady Diana Beauclerk could not entirely dissipate," until the welcome news comes that he is elected. We have another picture of an entertainment given in this house and in this year; this time from the pen of Horace Walpole. He had evidently been terribly bored and had probably suffered from twinges of his enemy the gout; at all events, he writes a very peevish account of it in a letter to Lady Ossory, dated December 14, 1773:

"I dined and passed Saturday at the Beauclerks, with the Edgecumbes, the Garricks, and Dr. Goldsmith, and was most thoroughly tired, as I knew I should be, I who hate the playing off a butt. Goldsmith is a fool, the more wearing for having some sense! It was the night of the new comedy called 'The School for Wives,'* which was exceedingly applauded, and which Charles Fox says is execrable. Garrick has at least the chief hand in it. I never saw anybody in a greater fidget, nor more vain when he returned, for he went to the play-house at half an hour after five, and we sat waiting for him till ten, when he was to act a speech in 'Cato' with Goldsmith! that is the latter sat in t'other's lap, covered with a cloak, and, while Goldsmith spoke, Garrick's arms, that embraced him, made

* By Hugh Kelly.
† Addison's "Cato."



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Children Playing.

foolish actions. How could one laugh when one had expected this for four hours?"

Rather a severe test for a twice-repeated joke truly; no wonder that it was less successful than on the first occasion, when the parts being reversed and the idea new, a large audience was kept for some time in shrieks of laughter.

The largest piece of work which Lady Di executed in these years was accomplished in the short space of a fortnight and as, although it has vanished among forgotten things in a lumber-room in these latter days, it was enormously well thought of at the time and had a room built for its reception, it may be well to consider it here. It consisted of seven large drawings in "sut-water," designed to illustrate Horace Walpole's tragedy "The Mysterious Mother,"* and although the flattered author's praise of these drawings is rather fulsome and has moreover a proprietary tinge as being, in a sense, the inspirer of so much talent, still we must remember that to satisfy the ideals of an author and to execute such a large piece of work in such a short time was a *tour de force*, showing no small ability on the artist's side.†

* These drawings are presumably at Carne House in the possession of the Earl of Portarlington, but cannot be traced.

† Horace Walpole mentions Lady Diana in his "Anecdotes of Painting." He says: "Has any painter ever approached a scene, a character of Shakespeare that approached to the prototype as near as Shakespeare himself attained to nature? Yet is there a pencil in a living hand as capable of pronouncing the passions of our unequalled poet: a pencil not only inspired by his insight into nature, but by the graces and taste of Grecian artists; but it is not fair to excite the curiosity of the public, when both the rank and bashful merit of the possessor, and a too rare exertion of superior talents, confined the proof to a narrow circle. Whoever has seen the drawings and bas-reliefs, designed and executed by Lady Diana Beauclerc, is sensible that these imperfect encomiums are far short of the excellence of her works."

Horace Walpole had caused a revival of Gothic architecture in England, whether for good or ill, by his erection of his Gothic castle at Strawberry. He had a passion for the middle ages and he loved his castle because it represented to him his ideals ; the castle and its contents filled his mind and, in turn, affected his imagination. Perhaps this is the only way we can account for his writings, which are full of blood and thunder and romance of the most lurid type, being so different from what we should have expected of the fastidious, critical and cynical letter-writer. Be this as it may, he tells us that in 1764 he dreamed he was in an ancient castle and that he saw a gigantic hand in armour resting on the banister of the staircase. From this rather suggestive vision, he evolved the history of "The Castle of Otranto" in which giants in armour clank and groan at night-time in deserted chambers and enormous helmets drop from the skies and despairing damsels escape down trap-doors into secret passages. The whole paraphernalia of the melo-drama is there and we are spared nothing ; even the characters in the story get satiated and fail to be moved by these peculiar occurrences. The literary world, however, received this story with enthusiasm. It was published at first anonymously, but afterwards with the author's name and encouraged by its success he wrote the tragedy which Lord Byron admired so much and which caused him to say that Walpole was "the author of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language." "The Castle of Otranto" certainly was the forerunner of many tales of romance and adventure, but of the tragedy we can only say that if it is a

type of what tragedy should be, it is lucky that we are not favoured with any more. The story, which he said that he took from life, although he afterwards discovered one very



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Landscape with Cupids Bathing.

much like it in a novel by the Queen of Navarre, would be inadmissible in these days. It is badly constructed and very stilted in the dialogue and is both unsavoury and

uninteresting. Such as it is, however, it seems to have inspired Lady Di very happily.

"Just at present I am the vainest creature in the universe," he writes to Lady Ossory in December, 1775. "Lady Di has drawn the scenes for my tragedy, which, if the subject were a quarter as good as the drawings, would make me a greater genius than Shakespear, as she is superior to Guido and S. Rosa. Such figures! such dignity! such simplicity! Then there is a cedar hanging over the castle, that is more romantic than when it grew on Lebanon."

We can imagine Lady Di's pleasure at this generous appreciation of her work and the interest she must have taken in the construction of the hexagonal tower which was "hung on," as Walpole said by Mr. Essex, an architect from Cambridge.

The year 1775 had opened badly, for Beauclerk had had a serious illness in January. Dr. Johnson writes to Boswell at this date: "Poor Beauclerk is so ill that his life is thought to be in danger. Lady Di nurses him with very great assiduity"; and in March of the same year he is ill again for the Doctor writes again to Boswell and tells him that though Beauclerk is in great pain it was hoped he was not in danger and that he was going to consult Dr. Heberden to try the effect of a "*new understanding*." The new understanding evidently was successful, as in April he is walking up Johnson's Court with Boswell and delighting the latter by confessing to a veneration for the well-known spot.

It was in March of this year that Boswell won a small "bett" from Lady Di by venturing to ask Dr. Johnson what he did with the carefully scraped orange skins which he always

put in his pocket after squeezing out the juice into a drink which he made for himself at the Club. This proceeding had puzzled Beauclerk and Garrick very much, but no one had liked to ask him what he did with the skins. Boswell, who boldly put the question, was not made much wiser by the



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Child and Sheep.

answer, but he won his bet all the same. Another scrap referring to Lady Di is to be found in his pages. He discussed "Mrs. V." with her—probably Mrs. Vesey who had what Walpole called "Babels," in imitation of Mrs. Montagu where she collected "all the graduates and candidates for

fame" and whose malapropisms were notorious—and during the discussion Lady Di said that she understood that "Mrs. V." was an idiot. Bozzy replied that he had been introduced to her and that she was so much less of an idiot than he had expected that he did not think her an idiot at all. "I think," said Lady Di, "she is bad enough, if that is all a lawyer can find to say for her, that she is only less an idiot than he imagined," and on Bozzy reflecting on the different species of idiots that are loose upon the world, the land idiots and the water idiots and so on: "I think," says Lady Di, "that is worth writing down." This does not read brilliantly after the lapse of a century and more and Bozzy evidently recorded it in order to introduce the compliment to himself, but it is probably quite accurate and was certainly spontaneous.

We are, as usual, greatly indebted to Horace Walpole for his stray notes on the Beauclerks' doings in the years 1775 and 1776. In December of the former year he mentions a party at their house at which Garrick recited an ode written by Mr. Cumberland in praise of Gray's odes and which was so involved that Beauclerk said he could not understand it and asked Garrick to read it backwards and see if the effect were not just as good. "He did, and it was," is Walpole's comment. In June, 1776, he writes to Lady Ossory a letter which must be transcribed in full as it gives two pictures of their life which cannot be neglected. He writes:

"Had there been any news I should have heard—nay,

perhaps I did, for I called at Mr. Beauclerk's in the evening where I found Lord Pembroke, Lord Palmerston, Garrick, Burke, the Dean of Derry, Lord Robert Spencer, and Mr. Gibbon; but they talked so loud (not the two last) and made such a noise and Lord Palmerston so much more noise with trying to talk that it was impossible to know what they said, under a distance of a mile from there . . . .

To make a decent letter I'll transcribe some lines I found on my table on Sunday night. I had dined at Lady Blandford's and the Beauclerks and Mr. Gibbon and M. Le Texier * had been to drink tea with me in the meantime. The last wrote the lines in a moment and they are certainly good for impromptus:

"Si vous aviez sçu, qu'aujourd'hui
Dut venir dans votre *castel*
La plus aimable mylady
Qui n'a nulle autre ai son pareil.
Vous n'auriez bougé du ceans
Et sans courir la prétantaine
Vous auriez attendé cent ans
Plutôt que perdre telle aubaine.
Pourtant dans icelle visite
Nous serions bien desappointé
Sans la bonne Dame Marguerite
Qui nous a fait d'excellent thé.
Elle a suspendu nos regrets
Et nous a prouvé comme un livre
Par ses soins et son sçavoir vivre
Qu'à tels maitres sont tels valets."

---

* M. Le Texier, whom Walpole preferred as an actor to Garrick, is often spoken of in the annals of the day. He seems to have stage-managed amateur theatricals in which he himself took part, as well as to have given recitations of plays. He was greatly in request in society.

I am to have Mr. Essex to-morrow from Cambridge to try if he can hang me on anywhere another room for Lady Di's drawings."

These drawings he continued to praise and we find mention of them in nearly all his letters. He talks of her original genius; he says that her compositions unite the several qualities of Guido's grace, Albano's children, Poussin's expression, Salvator's boldness in landscape and Andrea Sacchi's simplicity in composition and then he laughs at himself and says "How an author's vanity can bestow bombastic panegyric on his flatterers!" and winds up with saying: "I know how prejudiced I am apt to be; sometime or other you will see whether I am so in this instance."

By-and-bye the beauty of the casket he has built for these works of art delights him and he expresses his satisfaction freely. In July, 1777, he writes to the Rev. W. Mason: "I don't know anybody so much in the wrong as you are for not coming to me this summer; you would see such a marvellous closet, so small, so perfect, so respectable; you would swear it came out of Havering in the Bower, and that Catherine de Valois used to retire into it and write to Owen Tudor. Lady Di's drawings—no offence to yours—are hung on Indian blue damask, the ceiling, door, and surbase are gilt, and in the window are two brave fleur-de-lis and a lion of England all royally crowned in painted glass, which, as Queen Catherine never did happen to write a billet-doux in this closet, signifies Beauclerc, the denomination of the tower. This

cabinet is to be sacred and not shown to the profane, as the drawings are not for the eyes of the vulgar. Yours shall have a place, which is the greatest honour I can do them. Miss Pope, the actress, who is at Mrs. Clive's, dined here yesterday, and literally shed tears, though she did not know the story. I think this more to Lady Di's credit than a tom-tit pecking at painted fruit."

In this cabinet was hung Lady Di's portrait by Powell after Sir Joshua Reynolds and later on a cabinet which was decorated with plaques after her designs and in which he kept his treasures, was placed here. Vanity of vanities! it is sad to think that these drawings which rose to fame so suddenly and were so royally housed are now among the vanished things which have left no trace behind them.



Woolbeding Collection.

Child.



From Dryden's Fables. *Engraved by Gardiner.*

Tailpiece to "Palamon and Arcite." Book I.

CHAPTER XI.

"MY little hexagon finished. Mr. Beauclerk and Lady Di dined here to-day; he looks so much less ill than he did that one need never despair of any recovery after his and Lazarus's," wrote Horace Walpole in 1777.

Beauclerk's constitution, never a good one, was being gradually weakened by successive illnesses, by perpetual late hours and dissipation, by constant pain and by the inordinate use of opiates in which he indulged. His illnesses were frequent and he suffered much, but he seems to have had a great power of recuperation. In June of 1766, the

Beauclerks stayed at Strawberry Hill for four or five days "so I had both content and exercise for my philosophy," says the master of the house and after that they went to Bath for Beauclerk's health. There are several letters preserved in the Selwyn correspondence which appear to have been written at this date. George Selwyn, in spite of his friendship for "Bully," was on the best of terms with Lady Di and constantly expresses his sympathy for her. "Poor Lady Bol, *quelle triste perspective pour elle!*" he wrote to Lord Carlisle in 1767, "j'en suis véritablement touché" and in January, 1768, he mentions that she dined with him in company with Lady Sarah Bunbury and others. It is true that a few weeks later when he entertained Horace Walpole, just after the appearance of his "Historic Doubts," he regrets being unable to secure Bully who is dining with his brother and that he himself constantly dined with Bully and the Baptist and records having "all the St. Johns in the world" to dinner, but the fact remains that he was ever a good friend to Lady Di and did not lose touch with her through all her misfortunes. In later years they had a common interest and we find Lady Di consulting him on the choice of a school for her daughters Selwyn's devotion to his adopted child Maria Fagnani, or Mie-Mie as she was called, is too well known to need any comments here.* The following letter, which is undated, was probably written

* Maria Fagnani married 1792 the Earl of Yarmouth, afterwards third Marquis of Hertford. She died in Paris 1856.

in August 1776, as Madame Fagnani, the mother of the child, came to London in that month and had one of her interviews with Selwyn concerning the fate of Mie-Mie. In these years Selwyn was kept in a state of constant anxiety, not knowing if he were really to have possession of his little ward or no and all that he obtained in the present instance was a promise of keeping her with him for another year. He was certainly an excellent person to consult on such a subject, as he had taken infinite pains to find out the best school and appears to have either visited Mie-Mie or received a letter from the schoolmistress informing him of her welfare, every day of the week. There is a letter from Lady Harbord to Lady Bingham in the Selwyn correspondence with an account of Miss Terry's school at Campden House and several notes from Miss Terry herself assuring the anxious guardian that the child is well, that she is having a party at high romps, that she is sorry he is so uneasy and that her spirits are *not* depressed. "She is very lively; ate a good dinner, and behaves just like other children." Finally, being evidently worried to death by the over-anxious Selwyn, she hopes he will come and stay his hour or more if he likes and that if he suspects the dear child is neglected, he can take her away !

To this doubtless excellent "seminary for young ladies" Elizabeth and Mary Beauclerk were sent in 1776 and their mother, to whom Miss Terry does not write as often as she did to Selwyn, writes to the latter in some anxiety :



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Cupids and Lion.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

12, South Parade, Bath,
Thursday, Nov. 1776.

Will you excuse my reminding you of your promise? I have not heard from Campden House,* which perhaps may be one reason for my thinking this place detestable. The fog has been choking me all the morning, and now the sun is blinding me. A thousand children are running by the windows. I should like to whip them for not being mine. I will not trouble you any longer with my ill-humour. If you are so good as to write, pray let me know if your distresses about the Fagnanis are yet at an end.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

D. BEAUCLERK.

A delightfully spontaneous note, which is followed by another, dated :

Bath, *Nov.* 21, 1776.

I am vastly obliged to you for your long letter; indeed, it was not at all a ——. I dare not write the word because you seem to have such an objection to it; and as I am quite ignorant of its † *sens radical*, it is better not to use it.

* Campden House was built by Sir Baptist Hicks. It was afterwards leased for the space of five years, by Queen Anne for her son the Duke of Gloucester. It was burnt down in 1862.

† In Jesse's edition of the Selwyn correspondence, it is suggested that the word omitted was "bore," which was then considered a slang and vulgar expression by some.

I have wrote once more to Mrs. Terry, and I hope that nothing but the children not being perfectly well will prevent them coming with you. I am perfectly at ease about their journey, approve of the cavalcade, and still more of the private orders. I must insist upon Mary's sitting backwards, at least part of the way. I would not have Mie-Mie crowded for the world, and should be quite unhappy if I thought my girls were the least trouble to you or her.

Bob * is here, and tired to death already. *Entre nous*, this is a most detestable place; and to make it complete, the Princess Amelia † is here, poking about in every corner. It is impossible to stir without meeting her, and as I have no hopes of her being gracious enough to take notice of me, I am obliged to avoid her. Perhaps you think that her taking notice of one would be a still better reason for avoiding her.

The Fawkeners are gone; I do not know where. Mr. B. sends his compliments to you. I think my signing my name is as unnecessary as your doing it.

The last letter of this series refers to a house she has taken at Bath for Selwyn:

4, Russell Street, Bath,
Wednesday, 1776.

I have just taken a house for you in one of the most airy situations here. It must be taken for a month certain,

* Probably Lord Robert Spencer.

† Princess Amelia, second daughter of George II. She died October 31, 1786, at the age of 75. She had a house at Gunnersbury, and frequently saw Lady Di when at Richmond and her daughters attended her balls, so that she must have become "gracious."

and as much longer as you please. I thought this would be no objection, as it is so good a house, and as it grows very difficult to get good houses. Mr. Wade found it out for me, and is proud of having got it so cheap (five guineas a week), which is at least a guinea cheaper than he could have got it had it ever been let before.



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Cupids and Goats.

I have been too ill to go out to-day, therefore was obliged to trust to Mr. Wade about the house; indeed he is a better judge than I. There is another circumstance, which I hope is no objection, that it is within a few doors of us; for we were obliged to leave the South Parade, it was so intolerably close, and we are now in Russell Street, near the Circus: your house is in Bennet Street, close by. The house consists, below,

of two rooms and a small one for a servant; two rooms over that; three very good bedchambers over that; and four garrets over all. Mr. Wade says they are very good rooms, and the cleanest, best furnished in the town. The offices also are good: they provide you with linen, remarkably good also, you paying for the washing.

I am quite out of breath, for I never did so much business in my life before, or wrote so long a letter. If, after all, you should disapprove of what I have done, I shall be in a fine fidget. So my poor little girls have the chicken pox? When do you come? Pray let me know. Fires are ordered in your house, that it may be quite aired, and it will be ready to receive you immediately. Part of this letter was dictated by Mr. Wade; part by my footman; part by my maid; which makes an agreeable mixture of style: I hope you like it. Mr. Beauclerk is not at all well: all his pains have returned. I am very disinterested, you must allow, in taking this house directly, for by that means I can have no hopes of Mary and Elizabeth coming here. You will be very ingenious if you can decipher this letter—I cannot myself.

Here the letters stop abruptly, leaving us in the dark as to whether Selwyn was pleased with his house or whether the Beauclerk girls found another escort and arrived safely at Bath. If Lady Di had preserved Selwyn's letters, so numerous that he did not think it necessary to sign his name, we might have had a much more complete picture. It is

however, possible that the following note, which is undated, may have been written after Selwyn's arrival at Bath and after the girls had also found their way to the same place, although there is nothing to prove where it was written. It runs:

DEAR MR. SELWYN,

The girls shall wait upon Mie-Mie whenever you please to send for them. I have no servants, but if it is not convenient for you to send for them, I can contrive it somehow or other; only let me know the day and hour. Mr. Beauclerk continues very ill. The doctors say they cannot pronounce one way or the other for some days to come. I am worried and agitated too much to have the pleasure of dining with you myself: I wish you would come here sometimes; it would be a charity.

Ever yours,

D. B.

According to Gibbon, Beauclerk and he had arranged to go to Bath together in the Spring of this same year, but Beauclerk had thrown him over at the last minute. He does not seem to have borne him any malice, but writes to his step-mother in December,



British Museum.

Caricature of Edward Gibbon.

1776, that he hears most favourable accounts of his friend's recovery. In March, 1777, he writes to her again :—

"Lady Dy tells me that she was once in your company at Dr. Delacour's for whom both she and Beauclerk express a veneration almost equal to your own. As little or no conversation passed between you, she had only an opportunity of admiring the harmony of your voice and the beauty of your teeth, on which she bestows lavish encomiums. They mean to visit Bath again this Spring, and I am very desirous that you should be acquainted with her. You will find her one of the most accomplished women in the World, and she will soon discover in you qualities more valuable than those which are now the objects of her encomiums."

In his letters to Lord Sheffield there are several allusions to the Beauclerks, but none of great interest. He mentions once that they dine with him and in November, 1778, sends them a message of condolence to Brighton which he says must be a "damned place" at this time of year and on March 14 he writes :—"This moment Beauclerk, Lord Ossory, Sheridan, Garrick, Burke, Charles Fox and Lord Cambden (no bad set you will perhaps say) have left me."



Woolbeding Collection.

Child with Umbrella.



From Dryden's Fables. *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A.*

Headpiece to "Palamon and Arcite." Book III.

CHAPTER XII.

OF the years which preceded Beauclerk's death in the spring of 1780, we have but scanty record. Horace Walpole mentions *en passant* that he wants an astronomer like Beauclerk to help him to understand a camera-obscura which he bought and whose mechanism he cannot understand; he mentions the portrait which Lady Di drew in 1778 of her cousin the fascinating Duchess of Devonshire, which was engraved by Bartolozzi and tells his correspondent, the Rev. W. Mason: "I shall not leave my little hill for the dinner at the Royal Academy on Thursday, only to figure the next day in the newspapers in the list of the Mæcenars of the age. Lady Di Beauclerk has

drawn the portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, and it has been engraved by Bartolozzi. A Castilian nymph conceived by Sappho, and executed by Myron, would not have had more grace and simplicity; it is the divinity of Venus piercing the veil of immortality. The likeness is perfectly preserved, except that the paintress has lent her own expression to the Duchess, which you will allow is very agreeable flattery; what should I go to the Royal Academy for? I shall see no such *chef d'œuvre* there." Considering that Gainsborough's great picture of the Duchess was exhibited in this year, we can, I fear, only regret that Walpole's partiality for his friends should lead him to exaggerated praise of what was really excellent in itself. His friend Mason wrote back and asked him to procure a print; a request which he does not hold out much hope of being able to fulfil. The Duke of Marlborough paid for the plate, he says and would only allow two hundred impressions to be taken; Lady Di herself has not one left, as everyone, either from taste or fashion, "tore them away" and he himself has already begged one for the Duke of Gloucester.

In 1780, her drawing of her two daughters was engraved by Bartolozzi and in that year Walpole, still greatly taken up with his seven pictures in the Beauclerk Tower, made an arrangement with Sandby to reproduce them in his new "Acqua-tinta," so that if by chance the original should perish, some idea of their beauty might be handed down to posterity. It is unfortunate that he did not carry out this idea.

On January 20, 1779, Garrick died. He had retired from the stage some years back, but must have been a great loss in the Beauclerks' society.* There seems to have been a good deal of illness about just then, as



After a drawing by Lady Diana Beauclerk. *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi.*

The Duchess of Devonshire.

"Bully" was reported to be ill or dying† and at one time actually dead and Beauclerk's own life was getting near the end. Poor Bully reappears intermittently in the literature of the day. He loses his money and pursues

* Topham Beauclerk attended his funeral in Westminster Abbey and was in the same carriage with Whitehead the poet laureate, Dr. Burney, and Mr. Wallace.

† Lord Bolingbroke died May 5, 1787.

heiresses, he is or is not, engaged to the vivacious Miss Pelham, he thinks he will dabble in politics until that craze wears off; he is an inefficient pitiful figure of a man to the last. He is seen to best advantage in his letters to George Selwyn when writing to propose that he and two other vagabonds, Charles Fox and Richard FitzPatrick, should share in his turkey, or when writing little notes about his sons which seems to suggest that he had some real affection for them. But it is only an occasional gleam. "Lord Bolingbroke I hear will live," says Walpole in July of this year. "At first they thought he had taken laudanum. It would have been a monstrous injustice in opium to have killed him, when it will not despatch Beauclerk." Does this not suggest that in spite of his friendship for the latter, he was aware of his uncontrolled temper and of his cruelty to his wife and children of which we have heard from other sources?

The truth is that Beauclerk was a strange mixture of good and evil and that his health reacted very strongly on his mind until, in the end, his lacerated nerves overruled and spoiled the native sweetness of his disposition. It is a sad and humiliating thought that we are so dependent on the fibre of our being for the development of character, but so it is. Beauclerk had the quality of quick recovery and of mastering for the time the ills of his body and we find that in 1779, he was as active as ever in the intervals between his illnesses in building the library in Great Russell Street and picking up books to increase its value. Malone writes to Lord Charlemont in

April 1779 that Beauclerk is a formidable antagonist as to picking up old books and gives us a fair idea of his habits by observing that he sends his servant to the booksellers by six or seven in the morning on the day when the sales commence and succeeds in running away with anything rare; a proceeding which does not inconvenience either Beauclerk or his servant as it is the hour when he usually goes to bed and merely causes the latter to be half an hour later than usual.



Lady Herbert and Children.

From a sketch by Lady Diana Beauclerk at the British Museum.

In the Autumn of this year the Beauclerks moved into the fine house in Great Russell Street to which had been added a library which Horace Walpole said reached half way to Highgate and quite put the Museum's nose out of joint. It was then called Thanet House having been built by the Earl of Thanet and had since been inhabited by Lord Lovell, afterwards Earl of Leicester, a great-grandson of Lord Chief Justice Coke and by Francis Marquis of Tavistock, whose wife died of a broken heart after his premature decease in 1767. The exterior of the house is untouched although it has been divided into three parts,* but the interior was greatly altered

* Nos. 100, 101 and 102 Great Russell Street.

by Cubitt,* the library has been pulled down and the garden built over. Enough remains, however, to show that it contained many large, fine rooms, and must have presented a beautiful appearance when filled with the art-treasures from Muswell Hill. Needless to say, everyone went to see it and to admire the famous library and the usual open house was kept during the few remaining months of Beauclerk's mortal career. It is probable that the friends who came to see the new house may have sometimes obtained permission (by written application) to see the British Museum which had been opened in 1759 and may have been conducted by an official in parties of five to admire its treasures. We may be sure that Beauclerk took an intelligent interest in its progress and development. He seems to have retained his charm of manner and keenness of wit to the last. It is a thankless task searching for live wit among the crystallised words in a written page, but much as one would like to follow the examples of a certain author and say, "So and so, with a brilliant epigram, left the room," it seems almost necessary after reading some of his actual letters, to try and test the spirit which animated his actual words as far as we can judge them as seen through their reporter's spectacles.

The account given of Beauclerk's conversation with Dr. Johnson during the expedition to Cambridge in 1765 and which is from the pen of the Rev. B. W. Turner, who writes to Mr. Nicholls and comments on Dr. Sharp's anecdote in the "Gentleman's Magazine," may be quoted

* Thomas Cubitt, born 1788, died 1855.

as showing the careless badinage with which he regaled his learned friend and is also valuable as coming from another hand than that of the customary Boswell.

Beauclerk drove the Doctor to Cambridge in his



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Cupids and Goats.

phaeton and while there the talk ran on Kit Smart whom Johnson averred to be mad.

Beauclerk. What do you mean by mad, Sir?

Johnson. Why, Sir, he could not walk the streets without the boys running after him.

After Johnson left the room Beauclerk said, "What he says of Smart is true of himself," and he afterwards told the story of how Johnson wrote "Rasselas" in two

days and a night and travelled down with the money to help support his sick mother. After Johnson's return he speaks slightingly of Mrs. Macauley and is freely chaffed by Beauclerk.

Beauclerk. Come, come, Doctor, take care what you say, and don't be too saucy about Mrs. Macauley, for, if you do I shall find means of setting her upon you as soon as we return, and she will comb your wig for you pretty handsomely !

Johnson. Well, Sir, and pray by what means do you propose to achieve this notable exploit of yours, Mr. Beauclerk ?

Beauclerk. I'll soon tell you that, Doctor. You can't deny that it's now a full fortnight since Mrs. Macauley made you a present of her history; and to my certain knowledge it still remains in your study without one of the leaves being cut open; which is such a contempt of the lady's genius and abilities that should I acquaint her with it, as perhaps I shall, I wouldn't be in your place, Doctor, for a good deal I assure you.

Johnson laughs at this and confesses that there may be some truth in it, although he warns Beauclerk that he had better not be too rash, hinting that he has not been any more ready with his paper-cutter than he has himself.

In the pages of Boswell's life, we have many specimens of Beauclerk's power of repartee and one or two of the anecdotes, for the relating of which he was famous. He seems never to have descended to puns which, in an



Designed by Lady Diana Beauclerk.

Engraved by Mariano Bovi.

Bacchus Resting.

From a print coloured by hand, in the possession of the Earl of Normanton.

age when conversation shifted from the sublime to the ridiculous was a distinct gain. "Orators yield to table-talk and a bad pun now takes place of all other forms of speech," Lord Charlemont writes during a Parliamentary recess and when one thinks of Goldsmith delighting in a bad pun made by a friend of Beauclerk's while dining with Sir Joshua Reynolds and trying to pass it off as his own at Burke's dinner-table, one can but be thankful.*

We read that Boswell defended Stevens and said that he was a man of good principles, "Then he does not bear them out in practice,"† said Beauclerk. "Whenever you undertake to kill, let it be only your enemies," he said to Goldsmith when advising him not to doctor his friends. When Boswell told him that Johnson had said of an acquaintance of theirs who was supposed to have no belief in immortality, that if it were not for this belief in immortality the gentleman in question would cut a throat to fill his pockets, Beauclerk said in his acid manner: "He would cut a throat to fill his pockets if it were not for fear of being hanged," and when Langton admired the conversation of a well-known wit in whose company he had been for the first time: "See him again," said Beauclerk sarcastically.

* The pun in question was *à propos* of a dish of yellow peas which appeared at Sir Joshua's dinner-table. "They should be sent to Hammersmith" said the wit, "for that is the way to Turnham Green!" (turn 'em green).

† Stevens had attacked Garrick in the newspapers. Johnson admitted that he ought to be kicked; Beauclerk, a stauncher friend, thought he should be killed, although he afterwards asked him to dinner!

Probably the most amusing scraps of conversation are to be found in his quarrels with Johnson. Johnson, who loved a home truth, was fond of putting Beauclerk in his proper place at times. Once he quoted Pope's lines, somewhat altered to suit the occasion: "Thy love of folly and thy scorn of fools," he remarked, "everything that thou dost shows the one and everything that thou sayest shows the other." On another occasion he said: "Thy body is all vice and thy mind all virtue," a remark which caused even the imperturbable Beau to protest, for he finished: "Nay, Sir, Alexander the Great, marching in triumph into Babylon, could not have desired to have had more said to him."

But the quarrel which caused the greatest stir and commotion arose from a heated discussion on the Hackman trial. Mr. Hackman, a clergyman, had killed Miss Reay in a fit of jealousy. He had two pistols, and Johnson argued that he had intended to kill both himself and Miss Reay, while Beauclerk maintained that he had taken two pistols in case one were to miscarry or be insufficient. To support his theory he told two stories. He said that "every wise man who intended to shoot himself took two pistols, that he might be sure of doing it at once. Lord ——'s cook shot himself with one pistol, and lived ten days in great agony. Mr. ——, who loved buttered muffins, but durst not eat them because they disagreed with his stomach, resolved to shoot himself, and then he eat three buttered muffins for breakfast before shooting himself, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion. He had two charged pistols;

one was found lying charged upon the table by him after he had shot himself with the other." "Well," said Johnson, with an air of triumph, "you see here one pistol was sufficient." Beauclerk replied smartly, "Because it happened to kill him;" and he afterwards added, "that is what I happen to know and you don't." Johnson was much incensed at the rudeness of this remark and probably also annoyed at the flippancy of the story, which was said to refer to a friend of his, Mr. FitzHerbert, who shot himself in 1772 and it was only on Beauclerk recovering his temper and apologising that they were friends again. Boswell tells us that Beauclerk's coach was late that night and that he and Johnson chatted together long after the rest of the company dispersed and a fortnight later there was a reconciliation dinner at Beauclerk's, when the host was more brilliant than usual. "Mr. Beauclerk," says Bozzy, "was very entertaining this day, and told us a number of short stories in a lively elegant manner, and with that air of *the world* which has I know not what impressive effect, as if there was something more than is expressed, or than perhaps we could perfectly understand. As Johnson and I accompanied Sir Joshua in his coach, Johnson said, "There is in Beauclerk a predominancy over his company that one does not like. But he is a man who has lived so much in the world that he has a short story on every occasion; he is always ready to talk, and is never exhausted." A charmingly naive comment, showing that the jealousy of good talkers of other's powers is no invention of the profane and suggesting that many of Johnson's good things, prepared with care and

forethought for the literary *menu*, were nipped in the bud by the flow of Beauclerk's eloquence.

In the mass of material it is difficult to choose the most characteristic touches. Perhaps, leaving aside the part he bears in conversation, ranging from traditional poetry to bears, we may take his account of his visit with Mme. de Boufflers to Johnson's lodgings in the Temple which Boswell gives us, as he says, as nearly as possible, "in that gentleman's lively manner."

"When Mme. de Boufflers was first in England," said Beauclerk, "she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was over she and I left him, and were got into Inner Temple Lane, when all at once I heard a noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, upon a little recollection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality, and, eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the staircase in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple gate, and brushing in between me and Mme. de Boufflers seized her hand and conducted her to her coach. His dress was a rusty brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by this singular appearance."

It is certainly a vivid picture and with this we must leave

the bright side of his intellectual life and dwell for a moment on its closing scenes. The warning note, struck so many times, was now sounding with more insistence. In Tickell's Epistle, which is supposed to be written by Charles Fox to John Townshend, we find this verse:

> Soon as to Brooks's thence thy footsteps bend,
> What gratulations thy approach attend!
> See Beauclerk's cheek a tinge of red surprise
> And friendship gives what cruel health denies.

And in April of 1780 we find Johnson saying in a voice faltering with emotion: "Sir, I would walk to the extent of the diameter of the earth to save Beauclerk."



Woolbeding Collection.

Child and Snake.



Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A.

Tailpiece to "Leonore."

CHAPTER XIII.

SOME few months after his first occupation of the house in Great Russell Street, in the Spring of 1780, Beauclerk grew rapidly worse. It had been a busy time and he appears to have enjoyed his life, when his health allowed, right up to the end.

There is nothing to tell us in what frame of mind he died, nothing to tell us whether, at the supreme moment, Lady Di did not passionately regret the man for whose sake she had braved the world and given up so much. All we know is that he died on March 11, 1780, leaving everything he possessed to his wife.

"Poor dear Beauclerk," writes Johnson to Boswell on April 8, 1780, "nec, ut soles, dabat joca. His wit and his folly, his acuteness and his maliciousness, his merriment and his reasoning, are now over. Such another will not be found among mankind.

He directed himself to be buried by the side of his mother; an instance of tenderness which I hardly expected. He has left his children to the care of Lady Di, and if she dies of Mr. Langton and Mr. Leycester, his relation and a man of good character; his library has been offered for sale to the Russian Ambassador."*

At a meeting of the Literary Club, Lord Althorpe said: "The Club has had a great loss since we last met," and Johnson answered: "A loss which perhaps the whole nation could not repair;" and speaking of him, said: "No man was ever so free when he was going to say a good thing from a look that expressed what was coming, or when he had said it from a look which expressed it had come."

Later on, he said one evening at Mrs. Thrales', that "Beauclerk's talents were those which he had felt himself more disposed to envy than those of any he had known." There is little of interest in the will that is not told in Johnson's letter. It was written on March 6, 1780, five days before he died and in it he is called Topham Beauclerk of Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

"I desire to be buried in the chapel of Garston in the county of Lancaster, being the place of interment belonging to my ffamily and that I may be deposited either at the

* Prince Lieven.

side or ffeet of my late Mother Lady Sidney Beauclerk and the particulars of my ffuneral I have already given by word of Mouth which I desire may be attended to." He then states that he gives and bequeaths to his wife Lady Diana Beauclerk his goods and chattels, Monies, personal estates, effects and leasehold estates for her own use and disposal and all his real estates which are not entailed, the right of presentation in the chapel of Garston and the chapel itself. Their son Charles is to be heir, Lady Diana to be sole guardian of the children, or if she were to die in their minority George Leycester and Bennett Langton were appointed guardians of the son and he left it to his wife to appoint "what guardians she shall think proper for her daughters." The will ends with a legacy to his valet. "Also to my valet de chambre Thomas Clarke, All my Cloaths of every kind, fifty guineas in Money and my ffrench gold watch, one of two which hang at my Bed's head the other is a chased watch by Graham. And lastly I do hereby revoke all former wills."

There is no mention of other legacies, but after his death Lady Di presented Bennet Langton with the portraits of Johnson and Garrick by Sir Joshua Reynolds under both of which Beauclerk had written suitable inscriptions. In Garrick's case, it was a quotation from "Love's Labour Lost," beginning :

—— a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal, *

* "Love's Labour Lost." Act 2. Scene 1.



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Bacchanals.

and in that of Johnson it was from one of the Satires of Horace and was singularly appropriate :

—— Ingenium ingens.
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore. *

Langton removed this inscription when the picture became his property and Johnson said : "It was kind of you to take it off" and then added after a pause, "and not unkind in him to put it on," which shows that he was capable of looking at both sides of a question.

The sale of the library began on April 9, 1781 and continued for forty-nine days, ending on June 6, the auctioneer being Samuel Paterson in the Strand. More than a year had elapsed since Beauclerk's death, but it would have taken some time to arrange and probably there had been some hopes of a private sale. In the catalogue of the sale it is called "Biblioteca Selectissima & elegantissima, Pronobilis Angli T. Beauclerk, S.R.S.," and stated that it contains "upwards of thirty thousand volumes in most languages and upon almost every Branch of Science and Polite Literature" and is to be sold by auction by order of the Executors at the great rooms formerly held by the Society for the Encouragement of Art, opposite Beaufort Buildings, Strand. Turning over the pages at random, we do indeed find books in many languages and on most subjects : education, grammars, dictionaries, treatises on language, theology,†

* Hor. Sat. iii. lib. 1-27.

† When Wilkes expressed surprise at a man of Beauclerk's character collecting sermons, Johnson pointed out that if he had not done so, he would have excluded a large branch of literature and added, with less plausibility, that he might have wished to improve his mind.

including "Heteredoxi et Increduli," a fine collection of classics, poetry, philosophy, logic, ethics, mathematics, ancient and modern medicine, anatomy, history, chemistry, architecture, painting, sculpture, music, voyages, travels, law and the theatre, are all represented. Under this last head was included a collection of old English plays for which Malone was bidding for Lord Charlemont and of which we find several references in his letters. He writes on June 18, 1781, "I delayed writing to you till Mr. Beauclerk's sale was concluded, that I might be able to tell you what purchases I had made there for you. The rage for all sorts of ancient English literature is so great at present that all books of that kind went extremely high, Mr. Garrick having made a collection of old plays, every manager now thinks it necessary to do the same. Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden, has now commenced collector, and having a great deal of money, and, as it should seem, not much wit, employed a very ignorant fellow to purchase for him, who gave most extravagant prices, and seemed to have no other rule than to bid more than any one else. In consequence of this, I picked up very few plays there, either for you or for myself. However, I got you a few curiosities; the original edition of lord Surrey's Sonnets* at the moderate price of £3 which, however, is only a few

* "Songes and Sonettes, written by the right honorable lord Henry Howard, late earl of Surrey, and others. Black letter 8vo. Imprinted by Richard Tottell, 1567. This copy was presented by Mr. Thomas Rawlinson to Mr. Matt Prior, and by him given to the late Mr. West, president of the Royal Society." Beauclerk Catalogue, p. 109.

shillings more than it was sold for at Mr. Webbe's. I got you also the Gascoigne * at a reasonable price enough. A gentleman bid as far as three pounds for it, so I gave it up, and it was struck down to him; however, he found afterwards it wanted a few leaves, and it was put up again; it then fell to 27*s*. Luckily, I have some of the leaves that are wanting, and I shall be able to make it very nearly perfect. I bought also for you Coryat † and lord Essex's letters, the latter a great bargain, and a few small books. I am quite ashamed to tell you how far the spirit of opposition carried me in bidding for the 'Life of Cibber' ‡ with the manuscript notes. As you seemed desirous to have it, I thought a guinea or two extraordinary would be of no great consequence. However, at last I was forced to give it up. I have since learned that it was bought in by Lady Beauclerk. Her manager, when he heard the book was intended for you, said he was very sorry he had not known it. By what he mentioned, I imagine you will have a letter from her on that subject. Beauclerk's books are thought to have sold extremely well; they produced £5,011. The duke of Marlborough had a mortgage on them for

* The Pleasauntest Workes of George Gascoigne, esquyre, with the princely pleasures at Kenilworth Castle. Black letter 4to. 1587.

† Thomas Coryat, author of "Crudities," "Crambe," etc. London, 1611, 1616.

‡ Described as follows in the Catalogue: "Cibber's (Colley) Apology, 2 vols., 12mo, 1756, with a very singular anecdote, relative to Garrick's reading his farce of Lethe before the King and Queen in 1771, after he had quitted the stage; tending to establish an opinion of Cibber's (see his Apol. Vol. 2, p. 76): "That actors accustomed to loud and general applause cannot exert or show themselves without it." The story is from Mr. Garrick's own mouth, and the relation of it in the "handwriting of Mr. Beauclerk."

£5,000, and the money was every day paid to his banker. He has, you see, a tolerably good guess how far he may venture to go when he opens his purse."

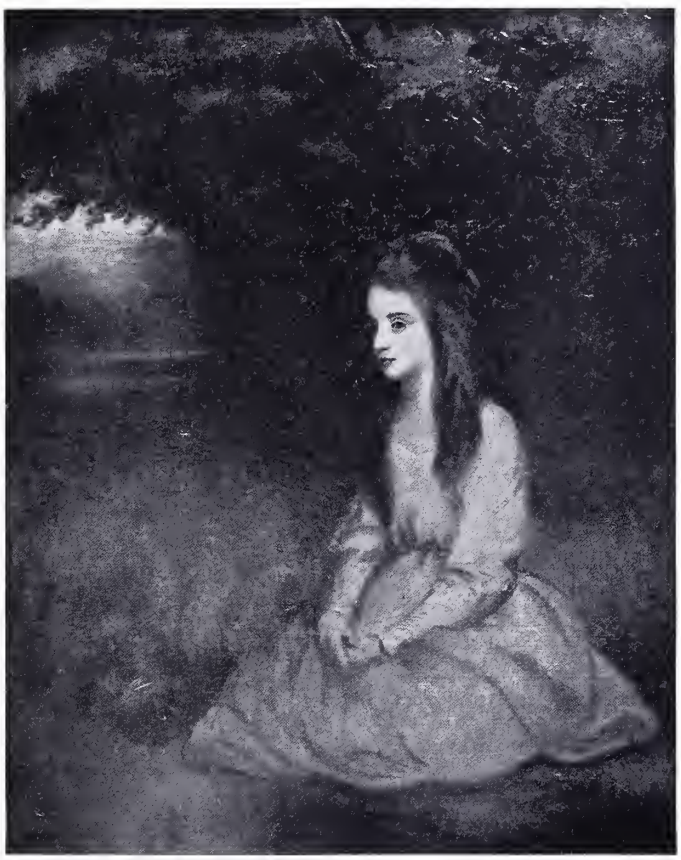
There are various references to these books in after letters. Malone says that Beauclerk was most careless and never had his books examined; that the "Gascoigne" wanted eleven more pages and was misplaced in the binding and that it will have to be re-bound and the missing parts had to be replaced from a modern edition. Lord Charlemont on his side writes to thank his friend for the purchases, especially for "Surrey's Sonnets" and "Gascoigne"; he thinks that the latter can be patched with handwriting if printed matter cannot be obtained. There were other things included in the sale besides books; notably the instruments from the observatory, one of which, a very fine reflecting telescope by Short, the largest he ever made, was bought by Alexander Aubert, F.R.S., for his observatory in his house at Highbury.

In the spring of 1780, Sir Joshua Reynolds's beautiful picture of Una and the Lion, for which Elizabeth Beauclerk had sat, was exhibited in the Royal Academy. It was only finished a short time before Beauclerk's death.*

Lady Di must have sold both the house in Great Russell Street and Little Marble Hill; eventually she settled in

* This picture was in the possession of Mary Palmer, Sir Joshua's niece and heiress. On her death in 1820, it was sold with the rest of the collection. Sir Thomas Lawrence was one of the bidders, but it fell to the Earl of Normanton (whose wife was daughter of Lady Herbert) and is now at Somerley. It is believed that there were two pictures, but there is no trace of any other.

Devonshire Cottage, Richmond. This house, which sharing in the common fate of her residences, has been pulled down, stood on the site of the Wilderness Club; it overlooked Petersham meadow and had a beautiful view of the river.



By Sir Joshua Reynolds. *By kind permission of the Earl of Normanton.*

Una and the Lion.

Richmond and Twickenham were then in the height of fashion and society there had the additional delights of playing at arcadian joys, so dear to the eighteenth-century heart and of more freedom of intercourse and more reasonable hours than prevailed in London. Lady Di was in the

midst of friends. Horace Walpole, of course, stood foremost amongst these and besides the hospitality of Strawberry Hill there were a dozen other houses with doors always open to the little community of "Twitnamshire," which seems to have met at one another's hospitable board every night of the week. Lord* and Lady Buckinghamshire were then at Marble Hill, Miss Hotham at Little Marble Hill; Ragman's Castle, a cottage once inhabited by the actress Miss Pritchard, belonged to George Hardinge, one of the justices for Wales, a man celebrated for his literary friendships. His efforts to make Lady Di's acquaintance are rather amusing, especially as he gives an account of trespassing inside her domain and of getting a glimpse of the lilac decorations, which shows that she removed them from Little Marble Hill when she left. Then there was Richard Owen Cambridge in the meadows opposite Richmond Hill, and many another well-known name. But perhaps there were more interesting people at Richmond even than at Twickenham. The Wells, which had formerly brought so many people, amongst whom one could find many names celebrated in English letters, such as Pope, Gay, Bolingbroke, Addison, Steele, Prior, Defoe and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, had gone out of fashion, but the beauty of the place and its vicinity to London caused it to be very popular. It boasted a theatre, too, which had quite eclipsed the one erected by Colley Cibber, being built in 1775 by a lady named Horn for James Dance, the actor; it was opened in the following year, when Dance spoke a prologue composed by Garrick. Since that time, how many

* Lord Buckinghamshire died August 3, 1793.

great actors and actresses have trod those boards! Garrick, Macready, Liston, Buckstone, Charles Matthews, the two Keans, Mrs. Siddons, Miss Foote, Mme. Vestris are only a few of the illustrious names which occur to us; Garrick has spoken here his own prologues; it was the scene of Charles Matthews' *début* and of Edmund Kean's farewell—his last appearance on any stage in this mortal life, for he died during the performance of "Othello."*

The Sheridans lived at Douro House just opposite the Terrace on Richmond Hill, and Sir Joshua Reynolds had a house just beyond, from which he had a view of Lady Di's cottage. In the year 1780, the Duke of Queensberry,† better known as the wild Lord March or as the "Old Q" of the caricaturists of his latter years, bought the house afterwards known as Queensberry House and transferred to it the pictures and furniture from his beautiful place Amesbury, which he was too idle to visit. Here George Selwyn used frequently to come and here Horace Walpole used to visit him. The Duke of Clarence was often at the house by the river, Ivy Hall and entertained a great deal. Another element in Richmond society appeared when the French emigrants came over and when great efforts were made to entertain them and to try, in some measure, to alleviate their sufferings. Walpole writes to Miss Berry in 1790:

"I have much more agreeable society at Richmond, with small companies and better hours, and shall have till

* See Chancellor's "Richmond."

† Born 1725, died 1810.

after Christmas. Lady Di, Selwyn, the Penns, the Onslows, Douglasses, Mackensys, Keens, Lady Mt. Edgecumbe, all stay, and some of them meet every evening. Richmond, my metropolis, flourishes exceedingly. The D. of Clarence arrived at his palace there last night, between 11 and 12, as I came home from Lady Douglas. His eldest brother * and Mrs. FitzHerbert dine there to-day with the D. of Queensberry, as his grace, who called here this morning, told me, on the very spot where lived Charles I.,† and where are the portraits of his principal courtiers from Cornbury. Q. has taken to that place at last, and has frequent company and music there of an evening. I intend to go."

He tells us in another letter that Richmond is in the first request; that Mrs. Bouverie was there with a large crowd—probably numbering Lord Robert Spencer among the number—that the Bunburys and Sheridans were there and Lady Cecilia Johnston was at Hampton; in short, it was endless.

From all accounts, this was probably the happiest part of Lady Di's life, for in later years she was much worried with money difficulties; her failing sight deprived her of her chief occupation and her failing health drove her to the usual remedy of narcotics. She was lonely, moreover, after the marriage of her two daughters and the grandchild she adopted although the source of so much joy was also the source of great and increasing anxiety.

* Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.

† It was built on part of the site of old Richmond Palace.

We have a picture of the early part of her widowhood from the pen of Miss Burney, who describes a dinner party given in 1782 by Sir Joshua Reynolds in his house on Richmond Hill.

"From the window of the dining-parlour, Sir Joshua directed us to look at a pretty white house which belonged to Lady Di Beauclerk. 'I am extremely glad,' said Mr. Burke, 'to see her at last so well housed; poor woman! the bowl has long rolled in misery; I rejoice that it has now found its balance. I never, myself, so much enjoyed the sight of happiness in another, as in that woman when I first saw her after the death of her husband. It was really enlivening to behold her placed in that sweet house released from all her cares, a thousand pounds a year at her own disposal, and her husband was dead! Oh, it was pleasant, it was delightful, to see her enjoyment of the situation!'

"'But without considering the circumstances,' said Mr. Gibbon, 'this may appear very strange, though when they are fairly stated, it is perfectly rational and unavoidable.'

"'Very true,' said Mr. Burke, 'if the circumstances are not considered, Lady Di may seem highly reprehensible.' He then, addressing himself to me as the person least likely to be acquainted with the character of Mr. Beauclerk, drew it himself in strong, marked expressions, describing the misery he gave his wife, his singular ill-treatment of her, and the necessary relief the death of such a man must give. He then reminded Sir Joshua of a day in which they had dined at Mr. Beauclerk's soon after his marriage

with Lord Bolingbroke's divorced wife, in company with Goldsmith, and told a new story of poor Goldsmith's eternal blundering."

Was the picture overdrawn? Probably not, as three of Beauclerk's most intimate friends agreed in their account. We can only regret that Miss Burney did not go a step



By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

Children with Basket.

farther and tell us a little more about the relations between husband and wife; but she probably did not think the subject of sufficient interest to warrant a repetition of the whole conversation.

Cruel he certainly was, but the other side of his character, that side which charmed his friends and which inspired them not only with an admiration of his wit and

attainments but with a personal affection to himself, must not be overlooked in any estimate of his character.

To his faithful friends Johnson and Boswell his loss was certainly great and we have a picture of them standing by the rails of the Adelphi talking together of the two comrades they had lost, Garrick and Beauclerk, both of whom had lived in Adelphi Terrace just behind them. "Ay, Sir," said Dr. Johnson tenderly, "and two such friends as cannot be supplied."



Child Spilling Milk.



From Dryden's Fables. *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A.*

Headpiece to "Theodore and Honoria."

CHAPTER XIV.

"DID I see you in the act of sipping coffee at Lady Di's on Sunday evening?" writes Hardinge to Walpole in 1783. "What a scene it is! N.B.—I have seen the lilac festoons. But will you forgive my ambition to know the artist? If that is more than I can hope to obtain, may I have the *entrée* of her sweet gardens when she is from home? . . . *Apropos* of the lilac. Suffer me to explain our trespass. Mrs. Hardinge and I rambled and saw the birds were flown. We asked leave to peep; and the Major-Domo would have my name, whether I would or no. As a misconstruction is possible, pray guard me against it."

LORD ROBERT SPENCER.

From a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Engraved by Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., 6, Pall Mall.



Sir Joshua Reynolds. *H. Every*

LORD ROBERT SPENCER

From the original Picture in the possession of Admiral the Honorable E. Howard

Walpole evidently wrote a very stiff answer to this note and made the writer conscious that his intrusion was impertinent and he signed himself "your obedient humble servant," which greatly vexed the officious Hardinge. "I am *your affectionate friend*," he says, "and I had rather *you* should also be mine. Nothing will make me unhappier



Engraved by Middiman, from an original drawing by W. Watts.

Little Marble Hill.

than to see any coolness between us, your grateful and unalterably attached friend, G. Hardinge." In the letter of profuse apology which he writes concerning this intrusion he says that as he is Walpole's friend and Lady Di's near neighbour, he did not think that she would have had any objection to making his acquaintance, but since Walpole has, he begs him to please leave him in his

natural obscurity and to give no hint of his wishes to Lady Di. In October, 1784, he writes again from Ragman's Castle: "I thought no more of your generous offer to me yesterday in a certain gallery (the gift of a calf) than Lady Di thinks of my passion for her, though I am not cured of it by her want of taste . . . I have more business to do with your friendship. It is a message to the dear Lady Di. Be so good as abuse her in my name (whatever you may tell her in your own) for not liking me or Mrs. Hardinge. We have seen her for a quarter of an hour (which flew like half a quarter of a minute) in our castle. A little after this tantalising peep at her, we left the neighbourhood, but a long week is past since we left our card at her door and that was the first moment after my return that we could wait upon her. Etiquette says, that we must now (to borrow a metaphor from our constant object the Thames) lye upon our oars; that we must go to her next, and for that purpose wait for a summons from her; else I would ask her to us, or invite ourselves to her, for Mrs. Hardinge and I are enchanted with her."

By all of this it will appear that like all persistent people Hardinge got his way in the end and far from wondering at the number of his literary acquaintance, one can only be surprised that anyone escaped such an incorrigible lion-hunter. There is no further mention of this attempt at friendship except in the undated letter from Walpole to Hardinge in which he begs him to come to Lady Di who is in trouble; the position of the persons in this little

drama being distinctly reversed. We can only hope that he was not a fair-weather friend and that he went at once and tried to do what he could to help. "I am now with Lady Di," writes Walpole, "who is ill from great distress by a misfortune relating to her family. If you could come hither for ten minutes, you would do an act of charity as you can perhaps give her some advice, which I cannot do. It is not a point of law but compassion; and yet I know not how to put her into a way of doing any good, I send you my own chaise, because it is ready; and it shall carry you back directly. You will oblige Lady Di extremely as well as yours ever, H. WALPOLE."

As to what this misfortune was, we have no hint. Lady Di is mentioned as frequently as ever in his letters, but nearly always in reference to society. He says in December, 1790, that the Duke of Clarence is at Richmond, at Lady Di's, at home, or at the Duke of Queensberry's, with suppers that finish at twelve. He says in 1791 that he has picked up gossip from Lady Di as to the Empress Catherine ordering a bust of Charles Fox to be placed between those of Demosthenes and Cicero; he mentions going to the Duke of Queensberry's party to see the Regatta and being in the large room with the Duke of Clarence, Lady Di, Lord Robert Spencer, and the "House of Bouverie," to see the boats start from the bridge to Thistleworth and back to a tent erected on Lord Dysart's meadow just below Lady Di's windows, whither they went to see them arrive and where they had breakfast. Walpole saw the second heat from the bridge,

where he sat in his coach. "The day had been coined on purpose," he said, "with my favourite east wind. The scene, both up the river and down, was what only Richmond upon earth can exhibit. The crowds on those green velvet meadows and on the shores, the yachts, barges, pleasure and small boats, and the windows and gardens lined with spectators, were so delightful, that when I came home from that vivid show, I thought Strawberry looked as dull and solitary as a hermitage. At night there was a ball at the castle, and illuminations, with the Duke's cypher, &c., in coloured lamps, as were the houses of His Royal Highness's tradesmen. I went again in the evening to the French ladies on the green, where there was a bonfire; but, as you may believe, not to the ball."

Life was far from stagnant at Richmond and Elizabeth and Mary Beauclerk, when they grew up, must have had their fair share of amusement, especially as they also went out in London with their aunt Lady Pembroke. She was sincerely fond of her neices and Lady Louisa Stuart says that she was the happiest creature she ever saw in her life when the engagement between Elizabeth and her son Lord Herbert was given out in 1787.* Lady Louisa also says that Lord Pembroke consented to the match rather to her surprise and wrote the kindest letters imaginable and that his son is rather attached to his *fiancée* by long acquaintance and habit than by any passionate affection. She describes meeting the engaged couple at a party given by Lady

* "Gleanings from an Old Portfolio," edited by Mrs. Godfrey Clark.



After a drawing by Lady Diana Beauclerk. *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi.*

Mary and Elizabeth Beauclerk.

Hopetoun in Abermarle Street for the Prince of Wales, at which the hero of the evening behaved in a peculiar manner and was finally taken away by his friends and states, in support of her theory, that they did not dance together or take any notice of each other in public. This, she argues, proves that *he* is not in love, for Mr. North once made a whole row of people get up in his anxiety to speak to Mrs. North and was totally indifferent as to what these people thought of him, while her brother Charles Stuart used to be ashamed of "dangling" and apparently had no very deep feeling for his wife. The argument seems rather a shallow one, but Lady Louisa's great friend Miss Herbert was not very favourable to the match, for she had whispered to her that "it was a bad breed and that Lady Diana would govern them all," and perhaps she herself did not care about it, and so her view was rather biased.

The marriage took place in 1787 and seems to have turned out happily. It was considered a "prodigious fine match" for the bride, who, however, died before her husband succeeded to the family honours and estate. She had two surviving children, Robert Henry, who eventually succeeded his father as twelfth Earl of Pembroke and Diana who married in 1816, Welbore, second Earl of Normanton and whose beautiful portrait by Lawrence now hangs in the picture gallery at Somerley. Lady Herbert's own portrait, by Beechey, is at Wilton and represents her as a pretty, placid woman with her powdered hair turned back from a rather expressionless face. It is not certain

in what year Mary Beauclerk married Count Jenison of Walworth. The families were already connected by marriage, as in 1791 Lord Charles Spencer's eldest son, William, married Susan, widow of Count Spreti and daughter of Ralph, Count Jenison of Walworth and it is probable that the wedding took place about 1794 or 1795. Count Jenison took his wife to Germany about the year 1796, leaving his eldest child in the care of her grand-mother and the letters which follow will prove how well she fulfilled her charge.

Charles Beauclerk* married on April 29, 1799, Emily Charlotte, second daughter of William Ogilvie and of the Duchess of Leinster, and in one of her letters to her daughter Countess Jenison, Lady Di mentions that the wedding takes place at the Duchess of Leinster's† and that Lord Holland, whose cousin she was, is so pleased that "he jumps about the room for joy" and that the match gives general satisfaction. Charles and his wife settled at a house called Money Hill and are constantly mentioned in the letters.

So time passed away and Lady Di was always occupied with her pencil as well as living in a constant whirl of society. This, however, grew less as she grew older. Her sight failed, she lost her teeth and her looks, her nerves seem to have felt the strain of all she had gone through; she aged prematurely and towards the end of her life, kept very much indoors and was a good deal alone.

* Died 1846.

† Born 1731, died 1814. She was a daughter of Charles, Duke of Richmond and sister of Lady Holland, Lady Louisa Conolly, and Lady Sarah Bunbury. She married Mr. Ogilvie in 1774.

She does not seem to have managed that comfortable little fortune well which delighted Burke to contemplate; she was evidently cheated by servants and like Bennet Langton, had no turn for economy. The want of money depresses her very much and she evidently borrowed money at one time from Lord Charles to help her out of her difficulties. Lord Charles, who bought the Ansidei Raphael and gave it to the Duke of Marlborough, seems to have been always the best off of the family. He had a house at Petersham quite near Richmond and was a great comfort to Lady Di in her declining years. Lord Robert, too, had a fine collection of pictures, but he was forced to sell the greater part of them as well as his town house in 1799, "all from poverty" says Lady Di, commenting on it to her daughter Mary. He bought the beautiful house "Woolbeding,"* so often mentioned in the letters in 1791. Here he placed all that remained to him of his collection and a fine library with some valuable classics and Italian literature. Here is preserved a great quantity of Lady Di's sketches, some of them framed and some of them pasted into a great folio scrapbook bound in calf just as she had placed them herself with carelessly painted borders of grey to frame them and "D. B." written underneath. There is besides a graceful spindle-legged cabinet with Wedgewood plaques let in which are after her designs; the well-known group of three bacchanals, one of whom is being carried on the shoulders of the other two and which has been used by both Wedgewood and Bartolozzi with so much

* Now in the possession of Colonel Lascelles.

success, being the central plaque. There are also some Wedgewood jars after her designs and it is evident that Lord Robert,* a connoisseur in art himself, appreciated his sister's talent, of which he has preserved a very early specimen in the copy of a boy after Rubens, painted at the age of 11. The house and collection including these works by Lady Di, were left by him to Mrs. Bouverie's youngest daughter Diana, who was generally supposed to be his own child, and whom Lady Louisa Stuart called "the tell-tale Bouverie . . . . for there never was such a perfect indisputable Spencer, Lord Robert's walking picture, and the very prettiest creature that ever was seen." There seems to be some ground for believing this to be true as besides the rather conclusive proof of his leaving the place to her rather than to the other Bouverie children, Lady Di frequently mentions her as being supposed to resemble herself. There is a pretty little sketch of her at Woolbeding by Thomas Edridge.

A visit to Woolbeding seems to have been one of the few pleasures left to Lady Di as time went on and she often wished to go when prevented by ill-health and an empty purse. When she did go, we find that the Bouveries were always staying there and were indeed constant guests up to the time of Mr. Bouverie's death in 1810. Lord Robert married his widow in 1811.

Death had removed many people who were associated with Lady Di's early life before the letters to her daughter begin in 1797.

* Lord Robert died 1831.



From the water-colour picture in the South Kensington Museum

The Gipsies.

Her first husband, Lord Bolingbroke, died May 5, 1787, after a long and trying illness. He was buried in the interesting old church at Lydiard and left Henry St. John guardian of his sons. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" there is a long and laudatory article by a writer who signs himself F. P. It sets forth, at some length, the many qualities which distinguished Lord Bolingbroke; it speaks of his youth full of promise, of the great interest which his uncle, the statesman, took in the development of his character, "he was enraptured with him and from his childhood delighted in his conversation" he says and adds that the first Lord Bolingbroke chose his nephew's tutor and that when at Eton he frequently visited him at Battersea. He recounts how Lord Bolingbroke the younger went to Paris to improve his knowledge of the world, how delighted the Duke of Marlborough was with the marriage and how unfortunate it was that the marriage was not exactly a happy one. "Their regard for each other was excessive" he says and hints that it was merely a misunderstanding which parted them and certainly lays no blame on his paragon who, apparently, was possessed of all the virtues.

He was succeeded by the eldest son George with whom Lady Di always kept up friendly relations, although she seems to have seen more of the second son Frederick and to have partially adopted his only son by his first marriage.

Doctor Johnson died in 1784 and though there is no proof that she kept up relations with him after Beauclerk's death, it was a link with the past broken and in the spring of 1797 Burke and Walpole died. In spite of his failing

health and the unhappy fancies which haunted him at the end, Walpole's death was a real loss to Lady Di. "Poor Lord Orford is dead, and I have lost a real friend in him," she wrote to Countess Jenison on March 6th of this year.

Bennet Langton, who had been appointed her son's guardian in case of her own death, died himself in 1801. In this case it is more than probable that she saw something of him as besides giving him the two pictures by Reynolds, she had, according to Miss Hawkins, been connected with him in some business concerning those people who gave so much trouble after Johnson's death by sending in begging letters stating their claims to have been remembered in his will. He certainly visited her in the first year of her widowhood, though not frequently enough as she complained to Boswell. "Why," said Boswell, "Madam, he is of such a length, he is awkward and not easily moved." Lady Di, who was then at Richmond, replied "But if he had laid himself at his length, his feet had been in London, and his head might have been here *eodem die*."*



Woolbeding Collection.

Child with Hat.

* Boswelliana.



From Dryden's Fables. *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A.*

Headpiece to "The Wife of Bath's Tale."

CHAPTER XV.

LADY DI accomplished her most important work during the years which immediately followed Beauclerk's death. It is not always easy to discover the exact date of the sketches which were reproduced by Wedgwood or Bartolozzi and it is much to be regretted that she left no note-book or diary to give us some clue, but there is no doubt of the date of the two publications by which she is chiefly known, the illustrations to Dryden's Fables and Bürger's "Leonore." The ballad of "Leonore" created a great sensation and seems to have impressed the imagination of the people of many countries. It was several times translated into English verse. Sir Walter Scott, who was

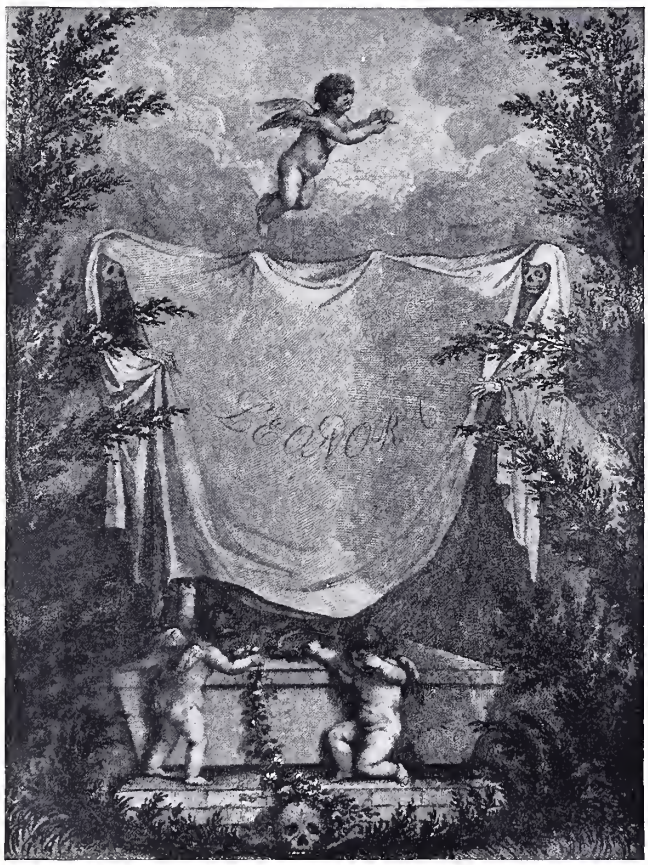
the most successful in preserving the ballad form and swing of the original, heard of it originally through Mrs. Barbauld or Miss Aitken as she was then, reciting Taylor's translation at a party at Dugald Stewart's house in Edinburgh. He says that he began it after supper and finished it at daybreak and that as it was done merely to please himself and a few friends, he retained two lines from Mr. Taylor's version which had specially struck his imagination. It was published in 1796 with some other translations and he tells us that it came out with the version of Taylor, of Pye, the poet laureate, of "my ingenious and amiable friend of many years, William Robert Spencer" and many others amongst whom he might have enumerated Mr. Stanley,* and that owing to the number of translations, his own did not attract public attention.†

The story is weird and suggestive. Leonore, in great grief at the death of her lover in the Crusades, says that life holds nothing worth having. She watches the returning warriors and, when quite assured that he has perished, resolves to kill herself in spite of the pious exhortations of her mother. The vision with its tragic ending comes as a punishment to this unholy resolve. She is woken from sleep by the form of her lover, who tells her to rise up and follow him and announces that his horse awaits below and will carry them to their wedding. After some natural hesitation, she agrees and mounts behind him. The description of the ride, which forms the bulk of the poem, might

* Afterwards first Lord Stanley of Alderley.

† Rossetti translated it at the age of sixteen.

have inspired the pencil of an artist whose imagination was susceptible to weird influences, but is not very suitable to Lady Di's peculiar genius. The unhappy girl clinging to the horseman, who in the end changes to a skeleton, is



Engraved by Bartolozzi, R.A.

Title-page to "Leonore."

haunted by dim shapes of disembodied spirits and horrible visions from the tombs.

The story of Lady Di being lent Mr. Stanley's translation, or rather adaption, of the poem is told in the letters of Maria Josepha Holroyd.*

* Letters of Maria Josepha Holroyd, edited by Miss Adeane.

"I have seen 'the little thing called Leonore,'" she writes to Serena, who has asked the question, "and have got it of my own from the Author, alias Translator, Mr. Stanley; for I suppose you mean a tale in verse from the German. I cannot say I am delighted with it. The best parts are the lines at the end, his own addition. Another translation is coming out soon by Mr. Spencer which is likely to be better, but Mr. Stanley was very ill-used about it. He lent his translation to Lady D. Beauclerk, who took advantage of it to make beautiful drawings from it, and Mr. Spencer, her nephew, I think, undertook to improve the translation and meant to publish it with engravings from Lady Diana's drawings. Mr. Stanley did not intend to publish, but hearing of this, he was affronted and had his translation published in hot haste."

Lady Di and her nephew appear to have stolen a march on Mr. Stanley and altogether to have behaved rather badly on this occasion, but as the publication of his version was not thought of until theirs was on the point of coming out, they can hardly be said to have stood in his light in a serious undertaking. Of the relative merits of the two translations a good idea can be formed from a little book which contains both versions, and also one by Henry Pye, the Poet Laureate. William Spencer refers to this in his preface, saying that he would "probably" not have ventured to produce his own if he had known that he was in competition with the Poet Laureate and Pye, who presents a close and faithful rendering of the original, says that he does not wish to interfere with the edition from "the pen of a young poet



Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A.

Illustration to Bürgher's "Leonore."

of illustrious birth," but as there already exists a version, he does not think that one more will signify. The young poet of illustrious birth on his side gives us a very fair piece of work, but has quite missed the ballad form, while Mr. Stanley has altered the story to suit his own sense of justice. He does not do this because he pities the unfortunate heroine, but because he does not think it right to present the Almighty in the guise of "an irritable and vindictive ruler" and he therefore restores the lover at the end of the poem and deals out forgiveness to the headstrong Leonore.

Mr. Stanley's edition of "Leonore" was published by William Miller in Old Bond Street in 1796 and had a frontispiece as well as a head and tail piece by Blake, in which that artist's weird imaginative art is, strangely enough, for the subject should have inspired him, not at its best. There is a starry sky it is true and spirits dance before the disc of the sun and peer upwards from graves, but it strikes us as more or less grotesque and the body of the phantom horse is like a long white worm. The headpiece represents the warriors returning from the war to the delight of their friends and families, with Leonore and her mother standing apart and the tailpiece, by far the most decorative piece of work, represents the figure of Leonore on her couch with the stooping forms of her mother and her resuscitated lover.

Lady Di's "Leonora" appeared in the same year. "Leonora, translated from the German of Gottfried Augustus Bürgher by W. R. Spencer, Esquire, with designs by the Right Honourable Lady Diana Beauclerc. London. Printed by T. Bensley for J. Edwards and E. S. Harding, Pall

Mall. 1796."* It was engraved by Bartolozzi and his pupils and has a long preface by William Spencer, in which he praises the form and technique of the poem and says that in the composition of stories deeply tinged with superstition, the Germans would carry away the palm of excellence from this country, "were it not secured by the impregnable towers of Otranto" and goes on to say "the story in a narrow compass unites tragic events, poetical surprises, and epic regularity. The admonitions of the mother are just, although ill-timed. The despair of the daughter at once natural, and criminal; her punishment dreadful, but equitable. Few exceptions can be made to a subject, new, simple, and striking; and none to a moral which cannot be too frequently or too awfully enforced." How strangely placed the words and how pedantic and severe the moralising! The writer, nevertheless, was a charming man, genial and talented and Lady Di doubtless took much pleasure in collaborating with him. He was the author of the beautiful and touching "Beth-gelert" and of many *vers d'occasion*. His style was satirised in "Rejected Addresses" under the heading of The Beautiful Incendiary.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Spencer's wife, the beautiful Countess Spreti, posed as a model for Leonore and that she said that the hardest day's work she ever did in her life was the one she passed when sitting for the picture in which the heroine is represented as drooping and half falling off her horse behind her skeleton-lover.

* The poem has also been the subject of numerous parodies. "The Bürgher and Brighton Leonora, Dedicated to All Desperate Daughters," "Miss Kitty," etc.

Lady Di's illustrations are graceful and many of her vignettes perfectly charming. There was a good deal of delay in getting the book ready for publication, Mr. Spencer tells us, as "much time was required by the artists to do justice to those exquisite designs, which are its brightest ornament," and we find some details as to the various artists employed in Tuer's Life of Bartolozzi.*



Engraved by Bartolozzi, R.A.

Illustration to "Palamon and Arcite." Book II.

Francesco Bartolozzi, who had been persuaded by Dalton, the King's librarian, to come over to England in 1764, arrived just at the time when Ryland and Picot brought over the red-chalk method, or stipple printing, from Paris, where Demarteau had used it very successfully to reproduce the chalk drawings of Boucher and Vanloo. This method at once became the rage. Bartolozzi, who had been educated as an artist, had a thorough knowledge of anatomy and

* In a copy of Mr. Spencer's version of "Leonora" in the possession of Lord Stanley of Alderley there are manuscript notes by Miss Seward, the Swan of Litchfield, who appears to have written another version, or to have written at any rate a variation of some parts of Mr. Spencer's translation. She says that the description of the horseman changing into a skeleton is to a certain degree insufficient, "but for the images she confesses herself to be indebted to the charming pencil of Lady Di Beauclerc."

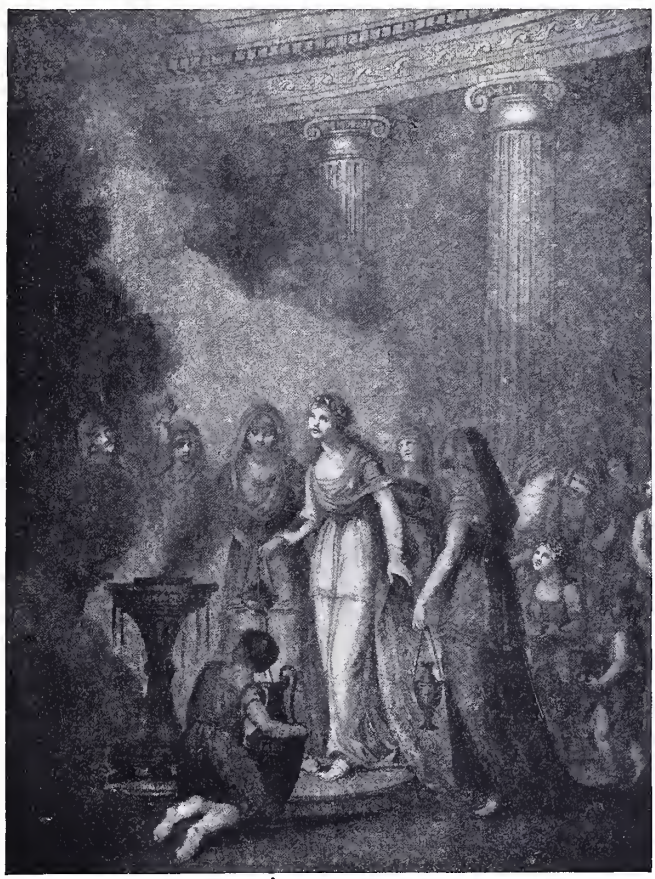
a wonderful facility for freely interpreting, rather than copying, the originals set before him and many amateurs and inferior artists owed him not a little. That this was not the case with Lady Di's work the reproductions here given of her original sketches will amply testify; in most cases they exceed in charm the engravings executed by Bartolozzi and his pupils.*

The success of "Leonora" was so great that in the following year Lady Di undertook to illustrate Dryden's Fables, a subject which suited her pencil much better. In this work one of Bartolozzi's pupils William Gardiner, who had been by turns musician, actor, artist, parson, engraver, scene-painter and bookseller and who finally committed suicide, was a good deal employed. He complains, indeed, that "some of the plates to Lady Diana Beauclerk's edition of Dryden's Fables were entirely my own and many of those with the name of Bartolozzi affixed were mine." Mr. Tuer states that on careful examination, he thinks this statement is untrue. Gardiner was a jack-of-all-trades and excelled in nothing, but was employed in "forwarding" the whole of the plates illustrating Dryden's Fables, which bore his own and Bartolozzi's name, a manner in which the latter usually employed his pupils, putting the finishing touches himself.

Mr. Tuer says that Gardiner's hand may be traced in

* "At the close of the last century, ladies' designs for etchings and engravings were very much beholden to the artists on copper. I have known some who made the correction of these part of their livelihood; and at Bovi's in Piccadilly have seen that made out beautiful, which in itself was too incorrect to allow of discussing its beauty."—Anecdotes by Maria Lætitia Hawkins.

nearly all the smaller illustrations to the Fables, although some are signed Bartolozzi and that all bear traces of the master's touch, especially the vignettes forming the headpiece to Book II. of "Palamon and Arcite," the headpiece to Sigis-



Engraved by Bartolozzi, R.A.

Illustration to "Palamon and Arcite." Book III.

monda and Guiscardo, the tailpiece of the "Cock and the Fox" and the head and tailpieces of "Cymon and Iphigenia." He contrasts with these the tailpiece of "Palamon and Arcite," Book I.) and the headpiece of the "Flower and the Leaf" which are entirely executed by Gardiner and bear

signs of his finicking style and he might have added the tailpiece of "Theodore and Honoria," as that is by far the weakest of the series. Anyone who has seen Lady Di's original sketches for the vignettes, executed in pencil and red chalk, will notice how much they have suffered at the engraver's hands, especially the headpiece to the "Flower and the Leaf" which is a perfectly charming example of a form of art in which she excelled.

These vignettes form the most attractive feature of the book, as although the full-page illustrations are excellent as to technique, they are rather stiff and uninteresting and the composition is not nearly so free and decorative as it is when she is following the dictates of her own fancy.

The book was called: "The Fables of John Dryden ornamented with engravings from the pencil of the Right Hon. Lady Diana Beauclerc. London, Printed by T. Bensley, for J. Edwards, No. 77 and E. Harding No. 98 Pall Mall. MDCCXCVII."

Horace Walpole who mentions in 1787 that Lady Di had drawn two pictures for Boydell's Shakespear Gallery, one an illustration of Macbeth and the other of Lear, the latter of which he pronounced to be very fine, says in April of 1791: "I am just come from Richmond, having first called on Lady Di who is designing and painting pictures for prints to Dryden's Fables. Oh, she has done two most beautiful: one, of Emily walking in the garden, and Palamon seeing her from the tower; the other, a noble, fine composition of Theseus parting the rivals when fighting in the wood. They are not, as you will imagine,

at all like the pictures in the 'Shakespear Gallery;' no; *they* are worthy of Dryden." It will be seen by this that it was no new idea of Lady Di's and whether or no she had any definite project of bringing out her illustrations in book form, she must have executed most of the sketches before she illustrated "Leonora." It is probable that the success of the latter made her revert to the older scheme and encourage her to publish it. Horace Walpole died in the spring of the year which saw the first edition of the Fables and it is doubtful if he saw the completion of a work in which he evidently took much interest.*

In the letters which begin at just this date, it will be noticed that Lady Di who was then sixty-three years old, had not only lost her sight but, in a great measure the use of her hands and that even writing a short letter tired her. "I am still so weak that writing hurts my eyes, and for the present there is also an end of my drawing I fear for a long time," she writes on March 6, and later in the same letter: "I cannot hold my pen to write particulars," and these two difficulties of using her hands and her eyes trouble her on nearly every page. This seems to settle the question that the drawings for the Fables, so exquisitely fine and delicately finished, must have been executed at an earlier date. It is true that many prints engraved by Bartolozzi bear a later date, but they were very likely drawn from the mass of

* She also illustrated Spenser's "Faery Queen" and the drawings are now in the possession of the Countess Louise Jenison, but I do not think that they were ever engraved.

material she had by this time collected. In 1781 Bartolozzi had issued the beautifully-illustrated edition of the Marlborough gems, a publication which must have interested Lady Di very much and Wedgwood also copied some of them for his own purposes.

The first record of Lady Di's connection with Wedgwood is to be found in a letter from Wedgwood to Charles

Designed by Lady Diana Beauclerk.

Wedgwood Plaque. Boys as Bacchanals with Trophies.

From Miss Meteyard's "Wedgwood and his Work," published by Bell & Daldy. By kind permission of Messrs. G. Bell & Co.

Fox, dated Great George Street, July 23, 1785. He writes: "A thousand thanks for the beautiful drawings he has received, and will be much obliged to Mr. Fox if he will be so good as to signify to Lady Diana Beauclerk how much he esteems himself indebted for this flattering mark of her Ladyship's notice." *

* The great popularity of Wedgwood's ware had necessitated the removal of his business to Charles Street, Grosvenor Square, not so much that large premises were necessary to show off his goods, as to "*do the needfull* with the Ladys in the neatest, genteelest and best method." The ladies, we hear,

It is evident that Lady Di also gave the Wedgwood family some of her sketches, as in Metyard's Life of Wedgwood we find that William Flaxman, brother of the artist, was engaged in framing sketches for Miss Wedgwood, which had been presented to her by "such artist friends as Miss Crewe, Lady Templeton, and Lady Diana Beauclerk." The Wedgwood designs are unsigned, but it is generally easy to distinguish her familiar style and very often the design has



Designed by Lady Diana Beauclerk.

Wedgwood Plaque. Cupid and Fauns with Trophies.

From Miss Meteyard's "Wedgwood and his Work," published by Bell & Daldy. By kind permission of Messrs. G. Bell & Co.

been also used by Bartolozzi. This is the case in the cabinet before mentioned at Woolbeding, in two jugs which were picked up at Genoa and are now at Portofino Castle, in several articles at the South Kensington and British Museums, and in countless others too numerous to mention. For the most part they are scattered over the face of the earth, in isolated pieces, totally unrecognised and it is for this reason

used to come in "large shoals" together to admire the pottery. The Duke of Marlborough was one of his patrons and he reproduced many of the Marlborough gems.

(and the same reason stands good for many prints which are admired but not specially considered as her designs) that the two books she illustrated are considered as forming the highest expression of her art and the most accomplished work which her productive pencil has given us.

Designed by Lady Diana Beauclerk. *By kind permission of Mr. F. Rathbone.*

Wedgwood Plaque. Two Fauns.

Tailpiece from "Leonore."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE letters so often mentioned will bridge over the gap between the death of Horace Walpole in 1797 and of Lady Di herself in 1808. We miss the pen of the vivid and picturesque letter-writer, who was at the same time so reliable and exact in his information and if it had not been for the kindness of her descendant Count Jenison, of Walworth, we should have had very little idea of her latter years.

As it stands, it is chiefly a record of bad health, of the development of a little child, who in after life seems to have possessed all those good qualities with which her grandmother credited her and of the eternal money worries from which she was seldom free. Mary Jenison, who well remembered sitting on Charles Fox's knee and

must have been born about 1796, lived with her great-aunt the Dowager Lady Pembroke at Pembroke Lodge, Richmond, after her grandmother's death in 1808, until Lady Pembroke* died at the age of 94, in 1831. She then went to Germany and only saw her mother for the first time since she was a baby, on her death bed. She died herself at Heidelberg in 1888 or '89, when she must have reached the age of about ninety-two or three; she was unmarried and greatly loved by all who knew her and she preserved her health and spirits up to the last. Count Jenison, her father, about whose appointment Lady Di was so anxious, held the post of Privy Councillor and Chamberlain to the King of Würtemburg and a family relic preserved by a grand-daughter of Mr. Spencer, the translator of "Leonora," shows that he and his wife must have met Napoleon during the troubled times which followed the French Revolution. It consists of a miniature of the Emperor by Isabée and has an inscription on the back: "Presenté par l'Empereur à Mme. la Comtesse Jenison Stuttgard 1806." Lady Herbert died in 1793, but the letters only begin in '97, so that we have no private record concerning her illness and death, though the illness of her children distressed Lady Di very much later on.

Of her son Charles, the principal events recorded are the successive appearances of eight of his nine children and, as before stated the child of her son Frederick

* Lady Pembroke had been lady-in-waiting to Queen Charlotte for many years. She was a great favourite and the Windsor uniform was in compliment to her arranged in the colours of the Pembroke liveries.



By kind permission of the Earl of Pembroke.

From a water-colour sketch (unfinished).

Mary and Elizabeth Beauclerk as Gipsies.

St. John, the "little Bob" of the letters, occupied her mind very much. Frederick St. John was an officer in the army and he married in 1788 Mary, third daughter of William, fifth Marquis of Lothian,* who died in 1791 on the birth of her son Robert William. Frederick married again in 1793, Arabella, third daughter of William, sixth Lord Craven and had four sons and three daughters. In the care of this numerous family, the son of his first wife seems to have been rather neglected by father and step-mother and he was handed over a good deal to his grandmother's care.† "Little Bob" in after life became Consul at Algiers, and died in 1844, having married Elizabeth, daughter of John Barker, Esq., of Wakefield, Yorkshire, by whom he had three sons and five daughters. In spite of all her interest in the new generation, Lady Di's declining years were sad. So many of her friends had gone. Horace Walpole's castle was inhabited by the sculptress Mrs. Damer, the Miss Berrys were also her neighbours; with none of these does she appear to be very much in sympathy, although they must have had many tastes in common. Her chief friends were probably "little Lady Buck," who was a good soul but not very interesting, Prince Starhemberg, the Austrian Minister, a man of great wit and talent as well as kindness of heart and an old Mr. Clark frequently mentioned in her letters. Her brother, Lord Charles, was at Petersham

* Lady Di signed her name as one of the witnesses at this wedding.

† Frederick St. John married a third time in 1821 Caroline, daughter of T. Parsons, Esq., and had one son who died at Madeira.

House and his son and daughter-in-law were with her when staying with him; the latter used to pose as model as long as Lady Di was able to profit by such help.

Little or nothing remains to be said. She had lived her life strenuously and drunk deeply in the cup of life,



By kind permission of Antony Spencer, Esq., of Wheatfield. *From a pastel by Lady Diana Beauclerk.*

John Spencer of Wheatfield, Son of Lord Charles Spencer.

both for pleasure and for pain. She had always, in spite of the one blot on her character, borne a high front to the world and been considered not only as a beauty and a wit, but as a woman with a very high and noble disposition.

* He died there in 1820.



From Dryden's Fables. *Engraved by Cheeseman.*

Illustration to "The Cock and the Fox."

The numerous sketches and the published work which are proofs of her indomitable industry testify to the power and charm of her talent; of the more subtle and evanescent charm of her personality we can only judge by the testimony of contemporaries and by the scraps preserved for us of her writings.

In one quality she seems to stand very near to us, to almost touch this twentieth century with her hand. She is intensely human; through all her writings can be distinguished the warm beatings of her heart, her likes and dislikes, her hopes and fears and this distinguishing quality is very striking in her last will and testament which is, in every way, a veritable "human document." She is so evidently anxious concerning the fate of her grandchild; so thankful that her son and daughter-in-law will take care of her and so make her last moments less terrible—how this sentence seems to spring from her heart and how far she is from posing in any way, here on the threshold of death—that this will, in many cases only a formal and legal document, becomes an intimate page of her closing life. It is written on several sheets of rather rough large paper and is in a scrawling writing, evidently penned by an uncertain hand. It runs as follows:

1806, RICHMOND, *July*.

I declare the following to be my will and testament in my own handwriting, and I hope Lord Robert Spencer and my son Charles Beauclerk will see it executed.

D. BEAUCLERK.

Whatever effects I may happen to have in my possession when I die I leave to my son Charles Beauclerk *excepting the following things* :

My books I leave to my Daughter Mary Countess Jenison, my Pianoforte and all my music books to my granddaughter Car. Mary Jenison. There is a miniature of her father Count Jenison, with a large Pearl locket and chain all in my Red Leather box, all which I leave also to my granddaughter Mary Jenison.

This Box I have order'd to be given into my Brother Lord Robert's hands when I am dead.

The Portrait of my Brother Robert I leave to the Honble. Charles James Fox.

That of my Father in Regimls. and the Blue Ribbon to my son Frederick St. John. To my Brother Robert I leave the Picture in crayons of Ld. Bolingbroke when a boy ;* also the two marble Statues and Pedestals in the room that opens to the Balcony.

To my son Ld. Bolingbroke I give a miniature of Ld. Robert Spencer (also in the red Box).

I beg that Mrs. Bouverie will accept as a remembrance of me the small alabaster Venus under a glass.

The large blue china vase to Mrs. Spencer according to a former promise.

To my sister (Pembroke) the two old enamelled ewers and the white old china vase with Lizards for handles. All other china to Mrs. Beauclerk my Daughter-in-law. As my son Charles and Mrs. Beauclerk have been kind

* Now at Woolbeding.

enough to promise to take care of my Dear little Girl (and by this promise have made my last moments less terrible), I beg (out of the books before mentioned as left to my Daughter) they will chuse out a few proper for my little Mary's reading or for their own children. The few books I have destined for little Mary will have her name written in them. She has many books now her own property.

D. BEAUCLERK.

August 2, 1806.
Richmond.
Witness, DAVID DUNDAS.

Codicile.

If I have at my Death any money either in cash or notes I leave it to my granddaughter Caroline Mary Jenison, that is to whoever is kind enough to take charge of her, will employ it for her use, in whatever way is best for her. I also leave her my repeating watch.

D. BEAUCLERK.

Richmond,
Jan. 2,
1808.

Having mark'd in this my will that I meant to leave the Picture by Sir Joshua of my brother Robert to the late Mr. Fox, I must now alter that and leave it to my son Charles Beauclerk.*

D. BEAUCLERK.

December 31, 1808.

* Now at Woolbeding.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

May 1, 1808, RICHMOND.

Codicile to my Will.

I leave to my granddaughter Mary C. Jenison, the Pianoforte, and the two new Globes I bought for her. All my painting apparatus and drawing Paper, my repeating Watch, the silver tumbler I generally drink out of, her own little Bed and bedding and the small white bed that is in the little bow room below stairs, as these may be of use to whoever keeps her.

She has (her own property) books in shelves. Her name is, or will be, written in these.

I leave all the Green-House Plants to my Brother Lord Robert Spencer. All my wearing apparel I leave to Nurse Edgerton.

D. BEAUCLERK.



Designed by Lady Diana Beauclerk. *By kind permission of Mr. F. Rathbone.*

Wedgwood Plaque: The Young Pan.

Lady Diana Beauclerk died on August 12, 1808, at the age of seventy-three, and was buried in the Parish Church at Richmond. There is no monument or brass to her memory. In the parish register it is recorded that the Right Honourable Lady Diana Beauclerk is buried in the church, aged seventy-three.



From Dryden's Fables. *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A.*

Tailpiece to "Palamon and Arcite." Book II.

CHAPTER XVII.

WITHOUT attempting to give a complete list of Lady Diana Beauclerk's work, it has been thought advisable to collect together such information as can be obtained, both concerning the pictures themselves and their present owners.

DECORATIVE WORK.

Seven Drawings in Soot-water to illustrate Horace Walpole's Tragedy, "The Mysterious Mother."

The Earl of Portarlington, Came House, Dorset.

"*The Beauclerc Closet* is a hexagon, built in 1776, and designed by Mr. Essex, architect, of Cambridge, who drew the ceiling, door, window, and surbase. In the window

is a lion and two fleur-de-lys, royally crowned, ancient but repaired and ornamented by Price; and being bearings in the royal arms, serve for Beauclerc. The closet is hung with Indian blue damask, and was built on purpose to receive seven incomparable drawings by Lady Diana Beauclerc for Mr. Walpole's tragedy of 'The Mysterious Mother.' The beauty and grace of the children are inimitable; the expression of the passions most masterly, particularly in the devotion of the Countess with the porter, of Benedick in the scene with Martin, and the tenderness, despair and resolution of the Countess in the last scene, in which is a new stroke of double passion in Edmund, whose right hand is clenched and ready to strike with anger, the left hand relents. In the scene with the children, some are evidently vulgar, the others children of rank, and the first child that pretends to look down and does leer upwards, is charming. Only two scenes are represented in all the seven, and yet all are varied; and the ground in the first, by a very uncommon effect, evidently descends and rises again. These sublime drawings, the first she ever attempted, were all conceived and executed in a fortnight." —*Strawberry Hill Catalogue.*

These drawings in ebonised and gilt frames, glazed, were sold at the Strawberry Hill Sale to Col. the Hon. L. Damer, M.P., for £13 13s. They have never been criticised from the artistic standpoint. Horace Walpole evidently overpraised them, and is chiefly intent on side issues; Miss Hawkins, who as evidently undervalues them, confesses that she is influenced by a dislike to the play and that she regards them with "disgust and contempt." Miss Burney also is too

much biassed by her feeling for the tragedy, but she confesses the excellence of the work and Dr. Burney, who has not read the play, is chiefly struck with the refinement of the artist. Miss Pope, the actress, burst into tears when she first saw these dramatic pictures, and Ireland, in his book on the Thames, when describing Strawberry Hill, says: "Amidst the many elegancies in this retreat the modern decorations from the pencil of Lady Diana Beauclerc, particularly those from the subject of Mr. Walpole's tragedy of 'The Mysterious Mother,' are works that do honour to the age, and on which it is impossible to speak of the fair artist without seeming to be lavish in adulation."

Room decorated with lilac at Little Marble Hill.

"Lady Di Beauclerc is painting a room at her charming villa, that was Mr. Gyles's, and that I have christened Spencer Grove. It is nothing but a row of lilacs in festoons on green paper, but executed in as great a style as Michael Angelo would have done for a Pope's villa, and without even making a sketch. You would know *the countenance of every single flower*, and call them by their names, but alas! those glorious wreaths that you would wish to cut out and glaze, were any glasses large enough, are painted in water-colours, and will not last two summers. In each panel in the surbase she has painted a sprig or chaplet of geranium, or ivy, or periwinkle, and every one is a capital picture. Every plant has its identic character, as her human figures have."—*Horace Walpole to the Rev. W. Mason.*

Room decorated with honeysuckle and pictures of Bacchanals, at Little Marble Hill.

"Lady Di is painting another (room) with some pictures framed with wreaths of flowers—'Flowers worthy of Paradise!'—there is already a wreath of honeysuckles, surpassing her own lilacs, and such as she only could paint and Milton describe; and there is a baby Bacchus, so drunk! and so pretty! borne in triumph by Bacchanalian Cupids. Twickenham does not vie with the pomps of Stowe, but like the modest violet, *qui se cachoit sous l'herbe*, has its humble sweets."—*Horace Walpole to Lady Ossory, June* 30, 1785.

PORTRAITS.

Pastels.

Portrait of herself, probably partially copied from her own picture in the large group of the Duke of Marlborough and family and into which she has introduced the costume of Rubens' wife.

The Duke of Marlborough, Blenheim Palace.

Portrait of Elizabeth Spencer, Countess of Pembroke.

The Duke of Marlborough, Blenheim Palace.

Portrait of a baby asleep.

The Duke of Marlborough, Blenheim Palace.

Copy of a child from the picture of Rubens, his wife and child, after Rubens.

The Duke of Marlborough, Blenheim Palace.

Portrait of the Honble. George St. John, afterwards Thirp Viscount Bolingbroke, as a boy, with George Selwyn's dog "Râton."

Colonel Lascelles, Woolbeding.

Copy of a child after Rubens, painted at eleven years of age.

Colonel Lascelles, Woolbeding.

Portrait of John Spencer, Esq., of Wheatfield, son of Lord Charles Spencer, as a boy.

Aubrey Spencer, Esq., Wheatfield.

Portrait of Lady Elizabeth Spencer, second daughter of George, Duke of Marlborough, afterwards wife of John Spencer, of Wheatfield.

Viscount Churchill.

There is a miniature in the possession of Mr. Aubrey Spencer, of Wheatfield, which is copied from this portrait. It has an inscription on the back: "Copied from a portrait done in crayons, in Cornbury House, Oxon, of the Lady Elizabeth Spencer, second daughter of the third Duke of Marlborough, and afterwards wife of John Spencer, Esq., of Wheatfield.

"The original picture was done by the Lady Diana Beauclerk. *This copy* by Mary Anne Spencer, 1828."

Copy of Portrait of the Duchesse de Grammont after the original by Sir Peter Lely, now at Hampton Court.

W. H. Grenfell, Esq., Taplow Court.

Portrait of Mary and Elizabeth Beauclerk, with doves, after the picture of Guercino's daughters, "in the costume of the country near Bologna." A copy of this picture is in the possession of—

Mrs. Hervey, Richmond.

PORTRAITS.

Black and White.

Portrait of Georgina Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire. Engraved by Bartolozzi, 1778.

The Duke of Devonshire, Chatsworth.

"The nymph-like simplicity of the figure is equal to what a Grecian statuary would have formed of a dryad or goddess of a river."—*Horace Walpole.*

Portrait of Mary and Elizabeth Beauclerk. Engraved by Bartolozzi, 1780.

"The gay and sportive innocence of the younger daughter, and the demure application of the elder, are as characteristically contrasted as Milton's L'Allegro and Il Penseroso."—*Horace Walpole.*

Portrait of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox.

The Earl of Ilchester, Holland House.

Head and shoulders; elbow resting on a pillar. On the back is another sketch of the face with which the artist was apparently dissatisfied, and an inscription: "This sketch

of Mr. Fox by Lady Di Beauclerk was given to me by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Beauclerk, at St. Leonards Lodge, on Friday, the 25th of September, 1818, when Miss Vernon and I went to visit them previous to their departure for the Continent."*—*Caroline Fox.*

Beneath this is written :

"This drawing was given a few years since by Miss Fox to my dear Lord Holland. Alas! it came into my possession this wretched year, and I now beg his acceptance of it."—*E. V. Holland, Dec.* 1840.

The third Lord Holland died in 1840, and the drawing was presumably given by his widow to his successor.

Portrait of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox.

Colonel Lascelles, Woolbeding.

Another sketch in the same attitude, only three-quarter length. Probably drawn for Lord Robert Spencer.

Neither of these portraits has been engraved.

ETCHINGS.

Caricature of Gibbon.

British Museum.

Mary and Elizabeth Beauclerk as children.

British Museum.

* The Beauclerks went to Italy and were at Pisa 1820-21, where they entertained a great deal and were acquainted with Shelley, who is said to have admired Lady Diana's work.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

Copy of the head of Venus from the Marlborough Gems.
British Museum.

OIL PICTURES.

Cupids Sporting; a pair.
The Earl of Ilchester, Holland House.

BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS.

"*Leonora*, translated from the German of Gottfried Augustus Bürgher by W. R. Spencer, Esqre., with designs by the Right Honourable Lady Diana Beauclerk. London. Printed by T. Bensley for J. Edwards and E. S. Harding, Pall Mall, 1796."

"*The Fables of John Dryden*, ornamented with engravings from the pencil of the Right Hon. Lady Diana Beauclerk. London. Printed by T. Bensley for J. Edwards, No. 77, and E. Harding, No. 98, Pall Mall. M.D CC.XCVII."

Horace Walpole mentions two illustrations for Boydell's Shakespeare, which were exhibited in the Gallery in Pall Mall. No mention of them is to be found in Boydell's Catalogue. Lady Diana also made some illustrations to Spenser's "Faery Queen," but they were never published.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

DECORATED BOOK COVER.

"*A Copy of Virgil, printed by Baskerville*, with drawings on the covers by Lady Diana Beauclerk; on the edges, which are highly gilt, is a view of Blenheim, which disappears altogether when the volume is closed."—(?) *Strawberry Hill Catalogue.*

In the Sale Catalogue, besides being alluded to in the general notice at the beginning, which mentions rare and interesting articles, it is described as: "Baskerville's Virgil. 8vo, curiously bound in vellum, and ornamented at the edges and on the sides with original designs. Unique." It was bought by Messrs. Payne and Fox for six guineas.

WATER COLOURS.

The Fortune-Teller.

South Kensington Museum.

"A very pleasing drawing, Gipsies telling a country girl her fortune at the entrance of a wood, designed and executed by Lady Diana Beauclerk, and considered her *chef d'œuvre*."—*Strawberry Hill Catalogue.*

It was painted in 1792.

Hawking Party.

The Earl of Pembroke, Wilton House.

Landscape with Figures.

The Earl of Pembroke, Wilton House.

Nymphs and Fauns in a glade.

The Earl of Pembroke, Wilton House.

A Masquerade Scene (circular).

Earl of Portarlington, Came House, Dorset.

"A Masquerade at Vauxhall, in bister; by Lady Diana Beauclerk. There is a wonderful expression in the faces, and the attitudes, though some of the figures are quite masked and others have half-masks."— *Strawberry Hill Catalogue.*

It was bought at Strawberry Hill sale by Col. the Honble. L. Damer, M.P.

Woodland Scene with Figures.

The Duchess of St. Albans, Bestwood Lodge.

Set of Small Pictures framed together.

The Earl of Normanton, Somerley.

Circular Picture; Cupids in Landscape.

Merrick Head, Esq., Pennsylvania Castle.

Portrait of Lady Herbert and Children.

Merrick Head, Esq., Pennsylvania Castle.

Both of these pictures were in the possession of the Penn family.

Small Sketch of S. John the Baptist.

Miss Maitland, London.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

Illustrations to Spenser's "Faery Queen," and other Sketches.

Countess Louise and Countess Anna Jenison Walworth.

Portrait of Lady Herbert and Children.

British Museum.

Nymphs and Faun in a glade.

Mrs. Hervey, Richmond.

Lady Diana gave this sketch to her niece Lady Shaftesbury, daughter of George, Duke of Marlborough, who gave it to Mrs. Hervey's father, the late Bishop of Jamaica, son of John Spencer of Wheatfield.

A group of Bacchanalian children crowning Infant Bacchus with vine leaves. Sepia and flesh tints.

Mrs. Arthur Maurice.

Large Scrapbook containing sixty-seven original sketches.

Colonel Lascelles, Woolbeding.

Five landscapes with figures.
Eight landscapes.
Sketch of children with lion.
Lady Herbert and children.
Two groups of horses.
Original sketches for Bacchanalian children, afterwards engraved by Bartolozzi.
Design for a ceiling.
Child-Bacchus.
About thirty small sketches, chiefly figures.

Colonel Lascelles, Woolbeding.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

Two sketches of putti.

The Earl of Ilchester, Holland House.

CABINET.

"Ebony cabinet ornamented with ormolu, lapis lazuli, agates, pieces of ancient enamel, bas reliefs by Wedgwood, and nine capital drawings of a gipsy girl and beautiful children by Lady Diana Beauclerc, with other drawings by her; and with strawberries and Mr. Walpole's arms and crest. The design of the cabinet by Mr. F. Edwards in 1783."—*Strawberry Hill Catalogue.*

This cabinet stood in the Beauclerk closet. It was sold in the Strawberry Hill Sale to John P. Beaven, Esq., for £53 11*s.*, and is described as being "enriched with seventeen rare and original drawings by Lady Diana Beauclerc."

A Sheraton Cabinet, with three Wedgwood plaques after Lady Diana's design of boy Bacchanals; ground of solid blue jasper.

Colonel Lascelles, Woolbeding.

A two-leaved screen of Manchester velvet with heads of a Satyr ana a nymph.

From Strawberry Hill Collection. Date 1788.

Colonel Lascelles, Woolbeding.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

Casket painted in grisaille with amorini and scroll decorations. About 2ft. in length.

Lieut.-Colonel Clinton, Ashley Clinton, Hants.

This casket was given by Lady Diana to Colonel Clinton's grandmother, Lady Montagu.

ENGRAVINGS.

F. Bartolozzi, R.A.

(Extract of engravings after Lady Diana's drawings, from Tuer's "Life of Bartolozzi.")

953. *Child stringing leaves.*

961. *Children playing and drawing.*

982. *Two children giving a third a ride by means of crossed hands.**

1498. *Interior of a temple, and a sacrifice of young females.*†

1578. *Three Cupids, one with a wreath of flowers.*

* Published by W. Dickinson, 24, Old Bond Street, 1791. A colour print of this subject is in the Print Room at the British Museum, engraved by E. Scott. It is inscribed: "Painted by G. Morland," and was published "In Firenze, per Niccolò Gagni e Giuseppe Bardi." These verses are written beneath the picture:—

"Perchè nudrir tormento!
Diman sarà com' jeri;
Scherziamo, e diansi al vento
I torbidi pensieri."

† Probably the same as the Temple scene in "Palamon and Arcite," Book III.

1579. *Three Cupids, one has hold of the hair of another, the third attempting to rescue him.*

1628. *Beauclerk, Lady Diana, and her Sister* (a mistake for Mary and Elizabeth Beauclerk).

1629. *Beauclerk, Lady, and Children* (?).

MARIANO BOVI.

A set of fancy subjects of women and children (10).

Another, the so-called Pompeian set (10).

Venus (colour print). Published Oct. 7, 1803, by M^no^ Bovi, No. 12, Piccadilly. Engraved by M. Bovi.

A set of four large oval prints:

Bacchus' Favourite.
Bacchus' Delight.
Bacchus Triumphant.
Bacchus Resting.

Published and engraved by
M^no^ Bovi, Oct. 31, 1801.

There are some very fine specimens of these engravings at Somerley, which have been coloured by hand, probably by the artist. Mr. Grego, the well-known collector, has two magnificent counter proofs which were bought at the Warwick sale, and were probably from the collection of William IVth, whom Lady Diana knew well as Duke of Clarence.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

F. Bartolozzi.

Portrait of Georgina Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire. Engraved 1778.

*Portrait of Mary and Elizabeth Beauclerk.** "Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, No. 1, Berwick Street, Soho. Published May 15th, 1780."

Wedgwood.

In the preface to Class II. of Wedgwood's Catalogue (1789), he says that he has been enabled to enrich his collection of medallions "with some charming groups, which Lady Diana Beauclerk and Lady Templeton, whose exquisite taste is universally acknowledged, have honoured me with the liberty of copying their designs." — *Extract from Wedgwood's Catalogue* (1789).

	Size. High.	Wide.
241. *Group of three boys*, from designs by Lady Diana Beauclerk . .	5½	4¾
242. *Ditto of two boys*	,,	,,
The same, *different sizes* to .	3½	2¾
243. *Four boys*, single, *from the same* .	4½	3½
The same, *different sizes* to .	3	2¼
244. *Bacchanalian Tablet* of the six preceding articles, under arbour with panther skins in festoons† .	26	5½

* A fine example of each of these engravings, framed in blue, was sold at the Strawberry Hill sale and bought by Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

† These were used as mantel-piece suites.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

Extract from the Catalogue of the Tangye Collection of old Wedgwood, compiled by Mr. F. Rathbone for the Birmingham Art Gallery:

364. *Vase*, basalt, leopard's head handles; relief of boys as Bacchanals, designed by Lady Diana Beauclerk, trophies, Cupids on cover, &c., 19 in.

Lent by R. and G. Tangye.

2672. *Vase*, blue jasper; reliefs of boys, designed by Lady Diana Beauclerk, festoons, &c. in white, 13½ in.

Given by R. and G. Tangye.

"12 *plates of Wedgwood's ware*, with cameos of brown and white and blue festoons, from the designs of Lady Diana Beauclerc."—*Strawberry Hill Catalogue.*

Young Satyr (oval plaque). Solid blue jasper, marked Wedgwood No. 17.

"*Oval jasper-ware plaque*, designed by Lady Diana Beauclerk; three Cupids, one drawing, another holding a bust."

British Museum.

"*Cameo, Wedgwood's jasper-ware*, black ground, elliptic, group of Cupids after Flaxman, 18th century. 5¾ in. by 4⅛." *

Victoria and Albert Museum.

* Another curious mistake, as it is one of the best known and most often repeated of Lady Diana's designs.

Large red terra cotta vase, with black cameo figures of young Bacchus and fauns, vine leaves and grape border round the neck, glazed inside, $9\frac{1}{4}$ in., diam. 7 in."

Victoria and Albert Museum.

Two bas-reliefs, from a design in wax; the model was in the Strawberry Hill Collection. Date between 1780 and 1787.

Dr. Sibson, London.

Square medallion of two boys as Bacchanals, with grapes. Probable date 1778.

Solid blue jasper, marked Wedgwood No. 18.

J. H. Morgan, Esq.

Mr. F. Rathbone's Catalogue of old Wedgwood.

The specimens given above are, of course, only a few out of the many objects of Wedgwood ware, having designs by Lady Diana and are merely given as such. Each design was used separately or together many times and examples are scattered over England and the Continent. In the eighteenth century it was said, that "an Englishman, journeying from Calais to Ispahan, may have his dinner served every day upon Wedgwood's ware." This happy state of things, alas, no longer exists, but there is still a good deal of Wedgwood to be picked up in foreign countries, especially Italy, where there was quite a craze for the ware at the time.

CHINA.

Teapot, cup and saucer, in imitation of Sèvres, ground of gros bleu, oval medallions of pastoral subjects.

Mrs. Dashwood Lang, Torquay.

There is a tray to match with open borders and a sugar basin with a lid which have passed into another branch of the family.

Dessert plate, painted with goats, and given by Lady Diana to Horace Walpole with five dessert plates with a border of boys, from designs by Pietro da Cortona —her own being evidently painted to complete the set of six.

Formerly in the Strawberry Hill collection.

MODELLINGS AND BAS-RELIEFS.

"*Two Bas-reliefs of boys in wax on glass.* Designed and modelled by Lady Diana Beauclerk, sister of George, Duke of Marlborough. On the back are written these lines—

'Tho' taste and grace thro' all my limbs you see,
And Nature breathes her soft simplicity,
Me nor Praxiteles nor Phideas form'd;
'Twas Beauclerk's art the sweet creation warmed.
From Marlbro' sprung—We in one heav'n-born race
Th' attempered rays of the same genius trace;
As big with meteors from one cloud depart
Majestic thunder and keen lightning's dart.'"

Strawberry Hill Catalogue.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

These bas-reliefs were set in frames with the Beauclerk arms and cameos by Wedgwood and Tassie.

"*A pair of exquisitely modelled groups of Boys with Bird and Dog* in wax, truly beautiful specimens of the art, enclosed in a satinwood frame, enriched with medallions, also an ebony and gilt frame with plate glass."—*Strawberry Hill Catalogue.*

Group of Cupids in wax.

Earl of Pembroke, Wilton House.



Woolbeding Collection.

Children and Birds.



HORSES.

From a water-colour drawing by Lady Diana Beauclerk. By kind permission of Colonel Lascelles.

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LETTERS

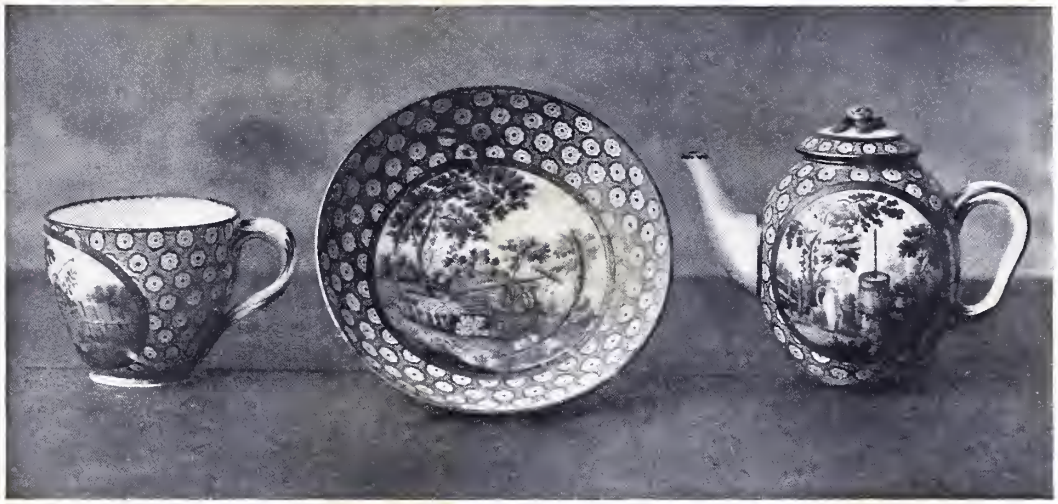
FROM

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK

TO HER DAUGHTER

MARY, COUNTESS JENISON OF WALWORTH.

From 1797 to 1807.



By kind permission of Mrs. Dashwood Lang.

Tea-set Painted by Lady Diana Beauclerk.

March 6th, 1797.

My Dear Mary,

I am very anxious to know how you do since the Count's last letter, so pray write if you have not. I am still so weak that writing hurts my eyes, and for the present there is also an end of my drawing I fear for a long time.

Since I wrote the above here is a letter from the Count, and in it a commission that almost drives me mad, because I am incapable of performing it at present. I will do all I can to find out somebody who can lay out gardens, but I don't know any myself. I myself have not the most distant idea of it unless I had seen the spot, examin'd it, knew where any views were to be opened, &c. I suppose the part shaded in the plan means higher ground, is the house in the middle to be an ornamented one or a useful one? I never saw a vineyard. All these things I must know before I myself can attempt anything. What are those cross-lines through the whole? and what is the little thing in the fence so? If I can get at any good garden designer I will—my part even when these questions are answer'd must wait till I am well enough to see or hold a pencil. The Count knows very well I will do my utmost. The sooner these questions are answer'd the better. Tell him all this for I fear I shall not be able to write this Post to him, if am able I will. I have sent for receipts for the Mock Turtle. I hope he got my letter with the No. of the Lottery 7: 50,671, and that I am to have one third of—it matters little for there is no money to be had—not a shilling at present.

Sir J. Jervis Admiral has trimm'd the Spanish fleet in the most Glorious manner ever yet known in History with 15 ships taken some and driven away the whole

Spanish fleet of 27. I cannot hold my pen to write particulars only it is the bravest and most wonderful thing ever done and will perhaps save this country.*

Mrs. S.† has been here a few days while William S. went a jaunt to Oxford. I shall seldom see her now I fear. William I have never once seen. Tell all this to the Count.

God bless you my Dear M. I cannot write any more.

We are so poor here! I have not means to pay for a letter even. Poor Lord Orford ‡ is dead and I have lost a real friend in him. Fred. means to write to you.

July 5th, 1798.

Let me know exactly your direction,
I mean what I am to call you.

My Dearest Mary,

I don't know whether this letter will reach Heidelberg before you, they say I write too soon, but I feel a desire of writing. Your little Girl is quite well § and likes the Flageolet so much that I hope you will send me the notes.

My sister has sent a note to ask to come. I have put her off, having (in reallity) a sad spasm, and indeed seeing her would encrease it. The Trevor's are so good to me! Charles‖ came here yesterday and scolded me seriously for not having sent him word the day you were to sail—he wants me to go to him next week—perhaps I may for a day or two, but everything fatigues me, my body and mind are equally weak I think.

A letter is arrived from the D: de Deux P.¶ for the Count. The Starenbergs** and Mr. Trevor†† advised me to open it, as there might be some commission the Count would like to have me do for him—but it contains nothing but desiring the Count will continue his correspondance &c. and a Post: in the Duke's own hand saying the Horses were arrived and that he should go and see them the 18th—so it is agreed the letter is not worth sending so far. I have not yet left off expecting you to walk into the room, and I still look into the meadow often, and for the first instance expecting to see the Count and the Dogs coming home. This appears

* The battle off Cape St. Vincent on February 14, 1797, in honour of which Sir John was created Lord St. Vincent.

† Mrs. William Spencer, widow of Count Spreti and daughter of Ralph, Count Jenison of Walworth, and sister-in-law of Mary Jenison.

‡ Lord Orford died March 2, 1797.

§ Mary, daughter of Count and Countess Jenison, adopted by her grandmother.

‖ Probably Charles Beauclerk.

¶ Maximilian Joseph, Duc de Deux Ponts, Count Palatine, became King of Bavaria in 1805.

** The Austrian Ambassador, a man of great wit and ability.

†† A cousin through her mother, the Duchess of Marlborough.

perfect madness ; it must wear off I think however in time. Poor Frank has taken no notice of anybody since he went except Count Star: he acknowledged him, it was quite moving to see how miserable the poor little Dog was. There are no pretty little Dogs at Blenheim yet—they are gone to London (the masters I mean not the dogs).

Write often I intreat; your letters will not tell me tho' half I wish to know, I shall therefore hope the Count will also write, tell him so—and tell him the oftener and the more he writes the more he will contribute to my comfort—happiness I cannot feel till we meet again! I will write more in the evening, when I hope my pain will have left me.

I have not yet thank'd your Dear Husband for the note he wrote me, or you for yours—the two first I mean—for that I receiv'd from the Nore vex'd me sadly finding you were still there, when I and everyone else hop'd you were landed on the Continent. The wind had been so fair, and then there was an absolute storm here which made me feel wretched in spite of being told it was not a storm at Sea. I shall have no peace till I hear you are landed, remember that.

God bless you both. Don't forget me and remember your promise of returning. My love to the Baroness—poor Mrs. S.* suffer'd sadly at parting with her indeed, but I defy anybody to feel what I do. No more of that however. Adieu Dear M.

Your affectionate

D. B.

Compts to the elder Count and Countess.† Do say that I would have written but am really too much out of spirits. Once more God bless you. I don't send love to the Count—he has it with him.

My Dear Creatures,

This is address'd to both of you. I am so vex'd you have not receiv'd my letters that I desired Count Starhemberg to send this, and he has added (you percive) a number of reccommendation letters for your Brother‡ at Vienna (and one to you) as I desired him, to keep him out of improper company. Indeed both Mons^{r} and M^{e} Starhemberg are the best natured people I ever met with, and to me they are so very good that I feel really and thoroughly grateful.

The little Girl (my little Girl) is in perfect health and has such beautiful Eyes that everybody is in love with her—they are a little owlish, but quite arch, and she does nothing but laugh.

* Mrs. William Spencer.

† Count and Countess Jenison.

‡ Probably Count Jenison's brother, who afterwards came to England.

I am tollerably well, going to Brighton for warm Sea-Bathing, and shall leave Mrs. Wright to overlook my little Girl, who I begin to be foolishly fond of. I shall write a much longer letter as soon as I get to Brighton. This is only as an envelope to the enclos'd. God bless you, my Dear Mary, and God bless you my Dear friend.

Yours,

D. B.

RICH^D. *Aug. 6th*, 1798.

I set out next Thursday to Woolbeding* in my way to Brighton—Trevors go also ! ! !

MY DEAR MARY,

Here I am in a dark, dismal, stinking House. Mrs. T.† likes it, but I shall try for a small Lodging for myself, This will be better in every respect, for I find its impossible to live with anybody (except you).

The little Girl is perfectly well Mrs Wright has just written to tell me so. I am very impatient to see her again so shall not stay much longer here, for I doubts its doing me any good as I cannot sleep All the Woolb.‡ party, Bou. &c. inquired kindly about you both and my Brother Marl. did yesterday and the Dss. Charles§ is come to make me a visit and sends his love to both of you. Bainbridge is coming to him here! The Steyne (where I have never been, only saw from my Brother's House) is really a beautiful sight, millions of *Beauties* walking round and the Regimental Band playing in the middle of it every evening. I have just been in the Tepid Bath. This moment.

Thank you, my Dear Count, for your letter—if there is a War (which nobody here will belive) you must come and live in England.

Mr. Trevor is in a great fidget about some letter that you was to give to somebody at Hamburgh and which he fears you forget. Oh Dear! I am sorry to tell you the Lottery ticket is—a Blank! there are nothing but Blanks (or worse) in the world I believe.

I can tell you nothing in this letter not having seen anybody yet except the Marl.‖ who are very good humoured indeed.

* Woolbeding, near Midhurst, in Sussex, bought by Lord Robert Spencer in 1791.

† Mrs. Trevor.

‡ The Woolbeding party—Lord Robert Spencer and the Edward Bouveries. Mrs. Bouverie was a daughter of Sir Everard Fawkener, for some time Ambassador at the Porte.

§ Charles Beauclerk.

‖ Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.

It is impossible to say how tired I am of beeing married! I shall run away however on Wednesday.

God bless you both my Dear creatures.

Yours,

D. B.

BRIGHTON, 20*th*, 1798.

Enclose your letters for me sometimes to Count Starhenberg he has pressed it so much that I could not avoid desiring you. I shall send this through him. Remember me to the Count and Countess. I am too unwell to write myself to them but will when I am better.

My love to *Octavia*. Will she be angry at my familiarity?

Sept. 25*th*, 1798.

I have this moment receiv'd the Shawls which are very pretty and I thank you very much, little Mary is quite delighted with hers, pray tell the Countess she has been Crowing and singing and pointing to all the different colours and hallowing with pleasure—one would almost think she knew it was for her. She is perfectly well but no tooth appears yet. You cannot think how pretty she is, or how lively. Mrs. Bouv.* says she is also the best nurs'd child she ever saw, and this made nurse so happy. Her Eyes will be like her Father's and her eye Brows—— Oh Dear how I wish you could see her here!

How much the best plan it would be for you both to come and live with me during my life, and have a small House quite near for parts of your family and also to receive company in—for I am aware how unpleasant the Count must find living with me on that account—and my health and spirits would not bear people coming—as for me I am sure it would add to the length of my life. Do think of it, pray pray do. I have been very ill lately with bilious attacks and rather dread a lonely Winter here—as for the Trevors I belive they are rather tired of Rich^d^ nor do I know when they will come back. The Starhenbergs are gone to Tunbridge and Brighton for a long time, so I am reduced to Lady B.† who is a good natured creature—but—— What a pretty Basket the Shawls came in, it pleased me because I saw you remember'd my passion for Baskets. My Dear Mary and my Dear Count do come and stay with me it will be easily managed. Will he do as we desired try for one of the two places Ct. Star.‡ mentioned? Courtslavery if the other won't do.

* Mrs. Bouverie.

† Lady Buckinghamshire, who was then living at Marble Hill.

‡ Count Starhemberg.

Your little Girl is now in the largest room below that you used to sleep in, but she might go into the little one if you both will come—and then make the little Green room the Count's dressing room. I wish you would explain to the Count and Countess that I would have written to them had my health permitted, but really it is as much as I am able to write to you and the Count—by the time I have written one letter I am fatigued to Death—however if you think it necessary let me know, and I will instead of writing to you that Post. When I saw Charles last about 3 weeks ago he said he was going to write to you—has he?

I have given Murray the Shawl from you, indeed she deserves it for she is doatingly fond of your little Girl and never leaves it, indeed it is such a little pretty merry thing that all people adore her. Her Eyes are a mile long—oh do come and see her. God bless you both.

Sept. 27*th*, 1798.

The heat of a dairy should be kept as nearly what it is in summer as possible, if you are nice you must try this with a thermometer and so put in a small stove in winter or a Brasier or in short any way to prevent the milk freezing.

The cows should have what you call soup at times, that is Malt Dust mixt with warm water. Lady B:* says when you make butter it must be with two broad wodden things (something like the Cymbals) and so beat it with these, one in each hand, no paws must ever touch it—and she says she has lately discover'd that it should not have salt put in or be wash'd—only squeez'd over and over again to get out the Buttermilk—there—I am sure I am very good to write all this—I am astonish'd at my own patience!

Mary is quite well—no sign of teeth. I really have made my head and hands ache so with all this that I can only say God bless you both.

Dec. 27*th*, 1798.

Febr. 16*th*, 1799.

I direct this to you my dear friend but don't read it it will only bore you—Mary will read it.

My Dear Mary,

I have had a long fit of illness and am but now recovering so I could not write and indeed now I can hardly without pain having an inflamation in one Eye very bad—however I was determined to write the first moment possible

* Lady Buckinghamshire.

to tell the Count that Count St:* says that he has written and in the most strong manner concerning him to Ct. Z.† and that you must now make your husband do his part by asking Z. for the thing he wants pressing it strongly. I could not write before about this and I had no soul near me to dictate to.

Little Girl is in perfect health—no teeth! and I fear her Eye brows are growing lighter. She is the strongest child both in body and intellect I ever saw. I cannot write a line more so God bless you both. I will write more next time but now I see but with one Eye and spectacles on that is quite painful.

Mary tries every day to pick out yours and the Count's Eyes (in the drawings) here is a lock of her Hair.

Sunday.

As I am better to-day I shall add to this—first about Mary—she does not yet speak a word and yet by her actions you understand every thing she wants and indeed the quickness of her Eyes talk just as distinctly as possible. Here I am as if in the main Ocean—a flood as far as one can see—boats coming over the railing quite at their ease. I am sadly distress'd about that nasty thing money—the Assess taxes are still more than last year and however to pay them God only knows—all my real friends are poor so I will not mention it to them. If my health was tollerable I should not mind poverty so much and indeed should be richer in fact—two years bills to M^r^ Dundas just paid; 50£!!

I fear you are both a little in my way, I mean poor as rats.

Mrs. Sp:‡ is still at Woolbedding and grown so strong and stout you would hardly know her. She has a very pretty little Girl indeed.

Charles§ is at Money Hill all this time. God bless you. Pray tell him to write a flattering letter to Count Zip: and press the thing.

Ã Monsieur
Mons. le Comte François Jenison de Walworth,
Chambellan de l'Emp.,
Heidelberg,
Palatinat,
Germany.

I wonder whether Mary receiv'd some sketches for painting a room? They are very bad and coarse only an Idea and indeed so are these pictures but I have been too ill to draw tollerably. I am rather better just at present.

* Count Starhemberg. † Count Ziphem. ‡ Mrs. W. Spencer. § Charles Beauclerk.

I have sent your letter (the Count's I mean) to Mrs. St. J: to convey to Fred:* as I do not yet know his direction, he set off for Ireland a week ago. All my friends are at Woolbedding. I never saw Mrs. Spencer half so well or so stout. I had the honour of a visit from W: S: whose employment now is to govern the P. of W: Lady J: all in love with him!!! I leave it to Monsieur de Starhemberg to convey this as he thinks proper.

This is to be convey'd by Count Starhemberg somehow, the other I shall send by the Post like a letter through Mr. de Malcor so in case one is lost there may be a chance for the other. This is the most like her common face, tho' not half so handsome, for since she has been wean'd she has a great deal of colour—her complexion is exactly the Count's and a fine dimple in one cheek—no tooth yet. God bless you both.

21*st Jan.*, 1799.

Little Bob† always writes enquiries about you both; he tells me he has wrote a letter to the Count—he is at school.

Count Starhemberg will write to Count Zipphem.

April 29*th*, 1799.

Cold as winter!

My Dear Mary,

I was determined not to write till I could have the satisfaction of telling you that little Mary has been innoculated and is now intensely well again, indeed she has never been ill—she had only four spots beside her Arm, all perfectly good, and I never saw her so well as now. I was fidgetted pretty sufficiently as you may imagine, I tried to write to you and the Count without mentioning a word of the innoculation, but I thought too much about it to be able to write upon any thing else, so I would not write at all. I am actually in love with this child and so would any body who knew all her pretty ways and sense. I am more afraid of dying since I have had her. I am better in health lately, and if there is to be any summer I hope to continue so.

Charles‡ is at this moment marrying I believe, at the Dss. of Leinster's and then he and his wife are to go to Money Hill—I have seen her twice and her manner is really delightful and interesting, I don't think her so very

* Colonel the Hon. Frederick St. John, Lady Diana's second son.

† Apparently Robert St. John, only son of the above, and of his first wife Lady Mary Kerr, daughter of the Marquis of Lothian, who died in 1791.

‡ Charles Beauclerk married in this year Emily Charlotte, second daughter of William Ogilvie, Esq., and of the Duchess of Leinster. The Duchess was sister of Lady Holland, Lady L. Conolly, and Lady Sarah Lennox.

very handsome, tall and a good figure, and in short a very fine-looking woman. Charles is wild with spirits, and I hear Ld. Holland jumps about the room for joy—she is his cousin you know, and he looks upon her like a sister.

The Trevors are here—Mrs. is sometimes very pleasant, sometimes—×.

I am to see Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell before they go to Scotland (Mary Bou:)*—I have never seen him. Poor Me Starhemberg has been very ill but is recovered. I like him for his attachment to her—he never leaves her a moment when she is ill, is half out of his senses when she is in danger they say. I wish your Husband would work very hard at the D. de D. Pont. I am sure he will succeed—Count Star: thinks the same.

What a fuss you and the Count would make with my dear little Girl if you were with her—she is enchanting.

I shall not be easy 'till I hear you are brought to bed and well.

Charles bid me tell you and the Count that you must excuse his writing as yet, that my writing will do as well.

God bless you my Dear Mary and my Dear Count.

Yours,
D. B.

My Dear Mary,

I want to hear that you are quite well again and no pains in the Ear, I should like to see my little namesake, but it is not a lucky name. Little Mary is an enchanting child, talks a great deal without saying a word yet and has but two teeth—two others are plaguing her. You would laugh were you to see what a horrid old Mumper I am—lost every tooth in my upper jaw that it had, the last pull'd out because they were loose.

Murray is gone from me thank Heaven—she grew too ill-natured and too bad in many respects. I find I have kept not only Mr. Por: but his two Brothers —sad work! no wonder I am so poor. My Brother Rob: † has sold his charming House in Town and Pictures and all from poverty, there is nothing else any where I believe, that is but poor comfort to you and I however.

What has the Count done at Munich? any good? Pray write, or make him, for it is a long time since he has written. I have been ill again—bilious—but am better—perish'd with Cold tho'.

The Trevors are here, she always, he sometimes. Lady Buck‡ always inquires and is going to knit the little Girl stockings. I wish you were all

* Mary Charlotte Bouverie married William Maxwell, Esq., of Carriden. She died 1816.

† Lord Robert Spencer.

‡ Lady Buckinghamshire.

fixed in England, I cannot write a long letter now as I expect M^e^ Starhemberg who must send this, so God bless you my Dearest Mary—a thousand loves to the Count.

Ever yrs,

D. B.

Remember me to Mrs. Lockhart.

June 2d, 1799, Rich'd.

À Madame,

Mde la Comtesse Jenison de Walworth,

Anspach,

Franconia,

Germany.

My Dear Mary,

I have seen your Doyen* and he seems amazingly good humour'd and well inform'd, rather too much of the latter, for he talks incessantly.

I am speaking to everybody about the Count's Brother and mean to try Sir Stephen Lushington. In the meantime I have found out a Miss with ten thousand a year who lives alone on this Hill—she is at present govern'd by an old Emigré Priest but may fall in Love with Rodolph perhaps—he will not object to her being 3 feet high 4 broad with a fine black wig.

Little Mary is as well and as beautiful as ever but the little puss will not speak, tho' I am sure she could, her countenance speaks fast enough. I have been in distress about Little Bob who I hear has the Whooping Cough at school, so he must not go to Rochly poor thing or here—at present he remains at school, the next Holyday I must contrive something—I believe Lady Buck will take little Mary for a few days, if so that will do—but all this join'd to the illness of the poor little Herbert children† has made me very bilious. They have all been so bad, and the youngest is still in the greatest danger that I could not help receiving Ld Pem:‡ (from compassion) in a better way than usual, indeed I have seen him but once till within this week for several months. Tell the Count that the Doyen exclaim'd the moment he saw Little Mary how like her Father! The little Nurse does vastly well as yet, and my new maid doats upon the child and the girl upon her, so she is well taken care of—she is quite adored by all the serv'ts, it is a continual romp. You have never told me what the present was that the DDDPonts gave her.

* Count Jenison's brother.

† Lady Herbert had died 1793. Only two of her four children lived to grow up.

‡ Lord Pembroke.

Poor Charles* has been very miserable, his wife was taken very ill indeed by his account, for they were to have come to Boyle Farm but could not He sent for Moreley to Mony Hill whose Prescription has done her good.

Surely if there ever is to be peace it must be soon, and then I shall hope to see you, my Dear Mary—and oh Dear how glad I should be to see both your ugly faces again! God bless you.

My Dear M.,

D. B.

Trevors are here.

June 24th—a fire in my room.

August 1st, 1799.

My Dear Mary,

I am griev'd most truly at the event you mention,† and I know your husband too well not to be certain how much he feels—fatiguing and melancholly as all the letters he is obliged to write must be, yet in the main it will be of use, as it will force him to exertion. I cannot bear to think of his looking so pull'd and ill—he must not worry himself. This you will say is easily said! I will not write to him yet, but pray let me hear soon again. I fear this will be a bad event also in many other respects (besides losing a valuable man). Do let me hear when you can. Will the Pension be continued? Oh Dear how I wish myself with you both just now! I pity his Mother thoroughly, and when you think it proper say much to her from me.

Count Starhemberg told me a few days ago (before I heard this event) that he had been writing to him and advising him to make himself known (and liked, of course) at Vienna. I think this advice good. Will he follow it?

Little Mary is quite healthy and so sensible that one forgets she does not yet talk. She cuts practical jokes and is the most intelligent little thing you ever saw and the most beautiful—people as she walks stop to admire her. I wish you could see her running about stark naked with her hair curling about her little round head.

I don't mean that she is always naked.

Poor little Bob is just arrived here; you cannot think how they neglect him. I fear I shall not be able to go to Woolbedding or Money Hill, as I cannot take two children about, the journeys would be two expensive, and I cannot leave them certainly.

I have got a nervous headache to-day so shall say no more, but give my love to your dear Husband and take good care of him. I need not desire this I believe.

God bless you my dear Mary. Write soon, pray do.

* Charles Beauclerk † The death of Count Jenison's father.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

Aug. 11*th*, 1799.

À Monsieur le Comte de Jenison Walworth,
Heidelberg.

I have waited some time my Dearest Friend to hear the name of the place where the Baths are which neither of you have thought of telling me—so now I am tired of waiting and write to Heidelberg, where you may at least find this when you come there.

Your last letter was the most sensible and the most aimiable that could be written, but a melancholly prospect for me as you give such vague hopes of my ever seeing you and Mary again! alas! you cannot help it I know, but this makes it more vexatious. I have sometimes bad moments when I consider what will become of my little angel when I die! I have nothing to leave her. She is actually at present a little angel. I long to see her sister too. She has high spirits but a mildness in her countenance that shews she will have a sweet temper. I wish you would follow Starhg's advice and go to Vienna, he promises to do every thing in his power to befriend you, and is really in earnest. I wish (if you have not lately written) you would write to your sister,* poor thing she is to be brought to Bed in Decr. I believe and has been very much shock'd at the event in your Family. She is very anxious indeed to hear from you—at present she is at Brighton. I have neither seen nor heard any more of the Doyen—he dined here one day—and talk'd enough for a Month, so I suppose he is resting his voice now. I spoke to Mr Tre: about Mr Zimmermann and he said if the D. of Portland would write to M. Wich. it would do—so I sent to bid William S.† make his Father‡ speak to the D. of P: I shall see that he does so. I have seen Sir Harry§ only once since his suit is depending—I suppose it will end in his marrying her. He made a thousand enquiries about you and Mary and desired me to say how much he felt interested about you both. Lady B: is gone to her Sister's, a Lady Middley. Poor soul she has been sadly vex'd about this divorce. The Trevors are as usual—always send kind things to you and Mary, but I cannot always write all that people send. My love to Mary, tell her not to give all her love to little Di, she must keep a great share for little Mary or I shall not die in peace. Mary has your Eyes (and can squint too like you) and your mouth I think, at least your smile, beautiful red lips, with the most intelligent countenance you ever saw—some looks of Mary—like a little Angel of Raphael's.

I have written till my fingers ache. God bless you both. I wish I knew where yr Baths are.

Yours,

D. B.

* Mrs. William Spencer. † William Spencer. ‡ Lord Charles Spencer.
§ Sir Harry Englefield.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

Nov. 20*th*, 1799.

It is so long since I have heard from you or Mary that I begin to have a thousand fears. Pray my Dear Friend write, if it is only a line. I never can write a long letter now, it fatigues my hand and Eyes I find, tho' I am now pretty well, barring bilious attacks. Two sad events have happen'd lately. Poor little Charles Herbert* is dead, this was expected—but what no soul expected is the sudden death of John Spencer's† eldest girl—it is really dreadful.

My little Mary is in perfect health, all sense, spirit, good nature, but does not speak yet except a language of her own with vast expression in it and modulation of voice. There is nothing she does not understand instantly. Your Sis:‡ is pretty well considering her size and how near she is to lying-in. Do write. Consider what innumerable things one hears from the Continent. I am miserable not to have had a letter last Mail. I cannot write a word more, so adieu my dear friend. God bless you. How is Mary? Love to her.

Yours,

D. B.

Desire Mary to write to Frederick.§ I receive many letters from him, really anxious about her, saying he has frequently written but got none from her. He supposes it the difficulty of letters coming.

Jan. 11*th*, 1800.

My Dear Mary,

I begin to be very uneasy at not having heard from you so long, or from the Count. Where are you? I shall send this to Mons. de Malcor, and perhaps he may know whether you are still at Anspach. I have been ill, but am well again. Little Mary too had a fever from her teeth, they say, and terrified me out of my senses. She is as well and as merry and as delightful in every respect as possible. She speaks but a few words, and I don't know whether I can wish her to speak plainer, her actions and Gibberish (which is very fluent) are so pretty and bewitching, in

* Son of Lady Herbert.

† John, eldest son of Lord Charles Spencer, married, 1790, his cousin, Lady Elizabeth Spencer, daughter of George, fourth Duke of Marlborough. William Spencer wrote a little poem to the memory of their daughter.

Epitaph

On Miss Spencer, who died November 15, 1799, aged nine years.

An angel form, for earth too pure, too bright,
Glanc'd in sweet vision o'er parental sight;
It fled—the holiest hope to faith is given
To find that dream—reality—in heav'n!

‡ Mrs. William Spencer.

§ Frederick St. John.

short she is my delight. I have taken to drawing again, and am happy to find that everybody thinks I draw better, and this proceeds from growing old and being more patient of course. I wrote to the Count last, and I want to hear what he thinks about accepting the Mission. There is no getting at the truth of what it was supposed the K.* had said, at least as yet. My Sister† has been the whole year and is still at Plymouth for the air for the two poor remaining children.‡ It is too dreadful to have them die off so, but I hope Di and Robert may get stronger. When she comes I will get Mrs. Spencer to talk and see how one can find out what we want to know. Perhaps the best way is to accept.

I hope you got Frederick's letter that I sent through the Stargs. I have not seen little Bob these Holydays, and it was my own fault for having no man to keep him in order, I was too unwell myself to undertake it, as he is now a great riotous school-boy, but with the best heart possible. The Trevors are here and very good and a great resource to me. You cannot think how good little Lady Buck is to Mary.

Having a little Laudanum in my writing makes it swim, so adieu my dear Mary. God bless you and your Husband. Kiss the little Di from me. Do write, pray.

Yours aff.,

D. B.

I want to know all about your motions, I mean your journeys. Where is the Count's Mother? Mrs. Spencer is better, but has been very ill in her lying-in.§

My dear Friend,

I have just received a letter from you and Mary with one enclos'd for Fred: ‖ which he cannot receive as he and all his family (except little Bob) are set sail for the East Indies where he is to be on the Staff at Madras, a lucrative but, I should think, a dismal undertaking. He means to stay there 4 or 5 years—he will probably return very rich. Little Bob is left to my care and his uncle Robert's (the real Guardian of all the family I think). I am very incapable of the charge, as I grow old and infirm and cannot bear the least

* The King.

† Lady Pembroke.

‡ Robert Herbert succeeded his father as twelfth Earl of Pembroke and ninth Earl of Montgomery, and married, in 1814, Princess Octavia Spinelli, and died in 1862. Diana Herbert married, in 1816, Welbore, second Earl of Normanton, and died in 1841.

§ George John Trevor, third son of William Spencer, was born at the end of the year 1799. He was afterwards Bishop of Madras and Chancellor of St. Paul's. He died July 16, 1866.

‖ Frederick St. John.

exertion, and a schoolboy is a violent undertaking in so small a House and Family as mine. Little Mary's quickness and understanding is quite extraordinary, and so is her disposition, she is impatient only when her Nurse does not understand her, which often happens, she never cries but gives her a sharp slap on the Ear, and then kisses her.

Tell Mary that my present Housekeeper doats upon her, but is so far from spoiling her that it is owing partly to her that little M: does everything she is bid instantly and with the greatest good humour. Little Bob is now here and she is so fond of him! and he of her you have no idea of it. I am sorry to say that your sister is still looking sadly, tho' better—she cannot bear London and is going with them all to Woolbedding which will do her good.

What can have made you fancy that Charles* has changed his opinions? and when I read what you said of his going so often to Court it made me laugh, for he never was there but to be presented on his marriage I believe. The Weather has been so bad and is still so bad that every body is ill—I had a dreadful sick family all the winter—nobody well but little Mary. Lady B.† is continually making her presents—next time you or Mary write pray send her some kind message that I may shew her. Has Mary receiv'd a heap of children's Books, a present to her from Sir Harry? M^e^ Starhemberg sent them to Ratisbonne. I have not seen the Starhembergs a long time, they are in London. God bless you both, I cannot hold my pen any longer.

Yours.

Apr. 20th, 1800.

Aug. 4th, 1800, Rich^d.^

I should have written to you before, my dear friend, but have been so tormented by my spasms lately that it was not in my power. It is impossible for me to find out how far the great person dislikes you, or whether he really does dislike you. I have employ'd different people, but there is no getting at truth. I should think you had better accept—the only bad thing in being refused here would be the possibility of its hurting you in other courts, at least this is all (I should imagine) you could feel about it—however in this your own feelings will guide you. I am not sanguine about it—Starhemberg rather damps my hopes upon this subject. Do let me hear the moment you have determined. Little Mary is grown too thin lately, the heat of the weather is, I hope, the only cause, for she is well in all respects; it takes off

* Charles Beauclerk.

† Lady Buckinghamshire.

a little from her beauty, she is a most delightful child and I adore her. Little Bob is now with me, they are so fond of each other!

So you think living is cheap in England! alas! everybody except the enormous Estates like my Bro[r] M., Duke of Bed. &c. are ruin'd. My income will not pay half the small establishment of my family (even upon Paper), every article is raised to three times what it was when you were last in England, and our Great men (as you call them) don't care a straw about it!

I believe I have not written to Mary a long time, but my writing to you is the same thing—tell her so and give my love to her. I hope to God she is better—I hate her shocking head-aches—do they continue?

It is very fatiguing to my Eyes when I write much—I can draw without half the uneasiness—I suppose holding my head down hurts me.

You ask after the little boy's education, for what profession. My dear friend you forget that I have no influence with anybody that has livings to give.

The Arch Bish: I never will speak to as long as I live and the Church I am particularly unlucky about. Poor Mr. Haler is dead without my ever having got the smallest thing for him in the course of 20 years. I must finish for my Eyes and head ach and my paper is full. God bless you both.

À Monsieur,

Mons. le Comte de Jenison Walworth,

Thürnhofen.

I am sadly vex'd about this abominable El: it is as great (if not greater) disappointment to me than to you, for I quite long to see you and Mary and also to shew you my sweet little girl. What nonsense, by the by, you write about her being put out of favour with me, by what? by unborn grandchildren, and the reason you give is still more curious, because they will have my name!!* Oh Dear! this you do not expect an answer to. My Dear friend I am also much vexed at your complaints of my short letters, why not conceive what is but too true, that my health for a long time made writing extremely painful? I am better now but fatigued by much attention to any thing, and can never write long at a time. As for my being much with Charles and his wife, that can never happen, as they are fix'd at Money Hill and I shall see them twice a year at most probably; I am not well enough to visit—and wherever I go I shall carry little Mary, she is invited there and to Woolbeding, but I have small hopes of going to either. Mary Bouv: is married to a very good sort of man, not handsome but remarkably sensible and pleasing, and

* Charles Beauclerk's children.

I never saw two people fonder of each other. She is in high beauty, they are going to Scotland. My Brother (Bob) has sold his House in Town and very ill, and his Pictures, very ill! We are all in a bad way as to Money as well as you. Murray is replaced by a delightful woman—little Mary doats upon her. My hand achs with holding the pen, so good night, my dear Friend. Tell Mary I would give the world (if I had it) to see you both and the other little Girl, though she is not half so pretty as Mary, I know. Mary has got 5 teeth almost 6, runs alone but will not speak yet, understands every thing and is a most bewitching child. Mrs. B.* thinks her like her Di,† and so do I.

You talk of going to some Baths and don't say how I am to direct to you. Mary's Ear plagues me sadly—poor thing! it is terrible.

Oct. 19th, 1800.

I wrote the last page two days ago and did not know it was only a half sheet.

You may possibly hear of the danger Fred:‡ family have escap'd, I shall therefore write the outlines of the story. Fred: and Mrs. St. J: slept on shore at St. Salvador, leaving their three children on board, and one stormy night they saw from their windows the ship on Fire! Can you conceive so dreadful a thing, for they could not then imagine that their children would be saved, which they were, however, at a great risk. Fred: has lost he says everything he had in the world. However they are all safely going in another ship.

What more has passed concerning the Mission pray let me know. My love to the Count and God bless you both. Mary talks incessantly lately about her Papa playing upon a Pipe and that he will teach her soon.

My Dear Mary,

Having so lately written to Sir William Hamilton§ to desire him to write about your husband, and not having received any answer, I could not begin another request; however Mr. Trevor will speak to Ld. Nelson I believe. The Starhembergs however seem to think the Q: of N: ‖ has no influence there, but I am of a different opinion.

* Mrs. Bouverie.
† Diana Bouverie, her youngest daughter.
‡ Frederick St. John.
§ Sir William Hamilton, at that time Minister at the Court of Naples.
‖ The Queen of Naples.

Is the Count quite sure he gave Murray the money for the whole Bill? She says there were some things return'd to Salisbury, and that the Bill in question she never saw, but the Count told her Mr. Malcor would settle it. Her letter to me has the strongest appearance of innocence and attachment to you and the Count—in short I will send you her letter in a post or two. Porter I hear had entirely ruin'd her, and even sold all her clothes and gone off. I fear she is in a deplorable situation.

I cannot draw my dear little Mary I fear, first because of Spectacles, then because nobody can draw ten thousand countenances in one face, and this is her beauty—her Eyes are so expressive they change every single word she speaks. She is growing like you I think. She has but one slight fault in her face, her nose is rather too small in proportion, but this will certainly alter—I remember Charles's was so—and she has a good right to Nose on both sides of her family. She looks pale now, having two great teeth still to cut. I will try however what can be done about a drawing of her.

I see but little of the Starhembergs—she is near lying-in. I have drawn a good deal, and had I not I should be in the King's Bench. I wish I could see the engravings for a book that you have done—is it possible? I have not written to the Count this age—writing to him in the midst of his triumph at Vienna only bores him perhaps. Tell me if he is still there. How charming your having got rid of your headaches! Little Bob inquires eternally after you—he is grown very handsome—amazingly so indeed. God bless you, my dear Mary.

Yours,

D. Beauclerk.

25th Dec., 1800.

Jan. 18*th*, 1801.

It was so long since I had received a letter from you, my dear Friend, that I was delighted at getting one. I thought you were actually at Vienna and in consequence had written to S^{r} W. H.* but he has never answer'd it. I am vex'd that Mary is sick again. If you put your threat in execution we must all set off to Beg all over the country—we might get broken meat perhaps. I believe I shall be reduced to this at all events. As yet I have fed myself by my drawings, but when my Eyes fail I must put on some rags and beg at Bl—m.† Seriously, were it not for my brother Rob I should now be in a very disagreeable situation. What you say about poor G: is exactly truth. His is the noblest mind spoilt by an entire giving way to Passions but the fond remains. I had a letter from him last summer that made me cry for a week, it was so full of real affection for me—

* Sir William Hamilton. † Blenheim.

poor soul! The Lady has not such a mind, with all her virtues. Little Mary is not well, so I have given her a grain of Calomel which has been of use—she looks so very black under her Eyes. She is my companion and comfort; were anything to happen to her I should not survive it. Her nurse is a treasure, the best servant I ever saw, and must never be parted from Mary, I think—indeed, she does half the work of the House. The Starhembergs are very desponding just now of course, and well they may. It has swell'd his head out I believe, for in my life I never saw anything like it. It is naturally 4 times too big, and his hair is cropt to the length of 2 inches all over, and every hair stands bolt upright and loaded with powder. I wish you and Mary could see it. She is going to be brought to bed. I have seen little of them this year.

Oct. 12*th*, 1801.

Peace is sign'd! Peace! Peace! Fireworks, Illuminations,
Guns without end day and night.*

My Dear Mary,

I have just got a letter from your husband I will answer it to you at present. Pray tell him not to scold at my not writing for my health is so bad that it is but seldom I can do so; just now I am better only a dreadful Cough that I have now had two months. Mary is the only delight of my Life, she is everything to me, so clever, so good-tempered and so very lively—she is the most animated beauty I ever saw, such expressive Eyes never were seen. She is the only person almost that I can bear with me. I suppose all this you will place to the account of my dotage, there may be something in that in respect to her beauty, but the few people who see her all are in raptures with her countenance and Eyes. I had the real pleasure of a visit from Charles Fox the other day, who looks well and comfortable, he admired Mary very much, thought her like you; most people think her more like the Count, and so she is in general, but she has as many different countenances as minutes in the day I think. I shall be very glad to see some of your engravings if you can send them. As for me my drawing is and has been for some time at an end, it hurts me to apply, and this is a bad thing for my pocket also. I only wish to get health enough to teach my sweet Mary some few things (reading is nearly accomplish'd) for I cannot afford many masters. A year or two hence if I live she shall learn Musick and a little dancing, if only to make her walk well—she has fine limbs and is upright and strong and active—she is always with me except when out of doors. Tell the Count I have never seen the poems he mentions. I hope by this time the Place is all settled

* The Peace of Amiens was not signed until March 25, 1802

properly, at all events I would on no account have it lost upon so trifling a reason as your doing what I know you cannot care about. My love to your Husband, tell him the Spencer's are always travelling about, she is now at Woolbedding and I hear looks well. I see Me. Starhemberg sometimes—sometimes him, but know nothing of his beeing in the least affronted with the Count, we do not meet often this is chiefly my fault I believe. God bless you both. Kiss Di from Mary who is eternally asking about her and her Papa and Mama; her questions are endless.

Dec. 27th.

You may imagine, my dear Friend, how much pleasure I felt from your letters and Mrs. Moore's account—only she thinks Mary does not look well, but this is accounted for. Mrs. M. is a most charming woman I assure you; she is delighted with you all particularly with Mary's manners. Little Di she tells me is nearly (this is my word being a little jealous of Di's beauty) as handsome as my Mary and is stouter and has more colour. Little M. is generally very pale and her limbs are too delicate, she is very journalière, but her temper and her countenance and her clearness of head nobody can do more than equal--in short by what I hear you have two of the prettiest Girls in the world. I shall love Mrs. Moore for ever, and indeed her husband, it was so good, so friendly their calling without knowing either of you, and merely the wish of making me happy. Whenever you do come to England you and Mary must be intimate with them—they have a sweet place at Petersham. Mary is just come home from her walk on the Hill, has been to the Trevor's and begs of me to tell you and her Mama that on New Year's Day she is to marry Mr. Trevor—with Mrs. Trevor's consent, she now bids me add; there will be a great ceremony—these are all her own words; she is now reading over me, witness her hand—Mary J: love to Di. Now I must say how truly I feel obliged to you for the two beautiful drawings. Tell Mary they are exactly in the stile I like, charming—and the Moore's tell me exactly the Place. Frames are ordered and I long to hang them up. As for myself my health is but bad, and old as I am I look a great deal older, thin, yellow and one solitary tooth left, so that when I hear that Di is like me it makes me laugh—indeed you never saw such a monster as I am. It would be better for me to go for the next two months to London, I know, but I cannot by any means afford it. How provok'd I am that Starhemberg did not call to bring Di's picture. I cannot yet hear anything of Col. Hope or even find out where he lives. I wrote to Mary only last week but I cannot help writing again.

God bless you both.

Yours,

D. B.

Poor Mrs. Trevor has had another dreadful fit—but is well again, and then vastly pleasant I think—it is a sad thing for she has a thousand good qualities and so has he, but they never can agree well together tho both really attach'd. Little Mary is looking better since the Calomel I gave her (one grain); I am quite wretched when the least thing is the matter with her. Your sister is still at Chatsworth and William also. My love to Mary, I can write no more so adieu, God bless you.

Yours,

D. B.

I need not write you any Political news you are at the fountain head.

Oct. 29*th*, 1801.

My Dear Mary,

I write to tell you that I am getting well and I believe most of my complaints are on the Nerves. Little Mary is in perfect health and spirits and the delight of my Life. I dare say little D: may be prettier because Mary's features are not regular (except her Eyes and lips) but she cannot have more animation of countenance. I long to hear that the Count has got the Place, I hope it is a good one. I should not be sorry myself to have one for I am forced now to live like a poor beggar (as I am) to get back into a tollerable situation. I cannot bear the idea of begging again or leaving debts behind me. I began this too late at night to go on, so good night for it is eleven.

Oct. 30*th*.

I have this moment received your Husband's very very kind letter with the tempting offer of your coming—alas my Dear Mary it cannot be at present! I have only one room to spare, and that I fear damp in the Winter. The bedroom must be kept for poor little Bob you know. Were you to come at least I could by no means contrive to place your little Girl D. There is not a corner now unoccupied besides—the alteration made in the House makes it more convenient for me, but very bad for visitors—as I have to myself the whole upper floor by breaking a door between the two rooms, for I could not sleep in the Winter before. All these terrible objections vex me but cannot be avoided. However, I confess the thought of your taking such a journey in the Winter and alone (and also so expensive to the Count) would terrify me, I should never be easy and be as bilious as possible. If when the Count is placed and richer he and you would come

and take a few lodging rooms near me, I should be delighted, you then might bring little D., and we could be as much together, but this scheme must be when you are richer I know. I dare say bedrooms might be procured at Richmond or rather a small Lodging House and not dear in the course of this next year. Now there is Peace people will be all running to Paris instead of passing their summers here or at waterdrinking places. I have written as much as I can at present.

My Dear Mary,

How happy your last letter made me! To have got this Place,* and in so pleasant and flattering a manner for you as well as your Husband, is delightful to me. As I suppose the Count is very busy just now I will not write to him yet, but pray let me hear soon where you are both settled. Mr. Dundas does not allow that the Cow Pox can have this bad effect so I have desired Mrs. B. to ask Moreley what may be done—I know Moreley however is not so partial to the Cow Pox as all the other Phys:—all the people here have had the Cow Pox and are very well. Mary is growing so stout and tall and looks so handsome you cannot think. I wish you could draw me a little sketch of D:'s face. I fancy they are the two prettiest Girls in the whole world! Tell your Husband how glad I am of this event on all accounts. I will write to him when you or he let me know he is fixed—perhaps sooner if I get better of my endless Cough. I think of trying to afford a Lodging for a month in Town this Winter—just to hold me and my dear little Mary—change may do me good they say. I am much better however than I have been. Sr. Harry is not married, no Div: as yet, he seems to doubt the Engravings selling here—he says and truly the Printsellers &c. are such greedy rogues—he desires many things might be said to the Count and you, he is now broader than he is long, considerably. God bless you both. I have written a good deal (for me) you see

Ever yours, my Dear Mary,

Richmond, *4th Dec.*, 1801. D. B.

I need not say how happy I am my dear friend at your having got so good a situation, for by all accounts it is still better than I expected in all respects—I long for more particulars, so pray write. Mary has been very good and has written often (better than you, observed). My little Mary is the cleverest Girl possible, learns quick as lightening, and her quickness in

* Privy Councillor and Grand Chamberlain to the King of Würtemburg.

taking a joke, and indeed in making one is what I never saw in a child—with all her livelyness and spirits tell her a moving story she bursts into a flood of tears, and a comical story makes her laugh so heartily it is quite delightful. I wish I was rich enough to give her Masters or healthy enough to teach her the little I know without interruption, but all I can do is reading &c. perhaps next year (if I live) a little drawing. How she will learn French I know not yet. I mean learn to speak it. However as she never forgets anything, and attends to everything with the greatest eagerness she will half teach herself. She never is from me when in the house, and is so entertaining from her comical observations! I am trying to get a cheap Lodging in London for these two next Months, it is so wet and cold here and I am more afraid for little Mary than for myself; 'tho she has perfect health in general. I long to see her sister, and also to shew you both Mary. You see I think of nothing but her, it is quite a passion—dotage you will say 'till you know her. I have just got a letter from your Sister from Wheatfield. William has been ill some time, really so they say, but is better just now. The Starhembergs are acting plays here, their own family only, and they say vastly well. Mad. Starhemberg acts delightfully. I could not go there as I had refused the Strawberry Hill Plays—in short I can go nowhere. I almost dread going to Town 'tho I want to be among my few friends for a short time. I saw Sir Harry last week (who always enquires about you and Mary), he is grown much fatter than ever, his affairs are not yet decided. Tell Mary I sent her letter to Charles, he has been in sad anxiety, his little Girl swallowed a pin! but after ten days it produced itself safely.

I have bored you enough, so adieu my dear friend. Pray write soon.

God bless you both.

Dec. 27th.

It is really an age since you have written to me my Dear Friend. I allow'd at first for your change of place &c. but now I begin to be impatient. Mary has been vastly good in writing however. As for me it is not once in an age I am able to write, my health has been so bad, such frequent Spasms, and then I can do nothing but groan and take Laudanum. I hope nothing from home will attempt to make your situation less pleasing, by Mary's account you are both very comfortable.

I don't know whether you heard of poor Lady Charlotte Nares's* (Sp: that

* Lady Charlotte Spencer, third daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough, married, 16th April, 1797, the Rev. Edward Nares, D.D., Regius Professor of Modern History and Languages in the University of Oxford, and author of "Thinks I to myself." The marriage was not approved by the family. She died in 1802.

was) death: poor thing the story is too horrid to write. Her Husband behaved with the utmost affection during her illness (other not so!); there are sad hard hearts about the world! Little Mary is continually asking about you and Mary, she is by far the most intelligent child that ever was and learns everything in a moment. I am so afraid by a trick she has got of sticking out her under jaw that she will make it grow so. I see so few people that I can have nothing to tell you that will in the least interest you. Sir H: Englefield was here this morning and made me swear to write a whole page full of kind things to you and Mary from him. This will do however I think. They are not divorc'd. Pray tell Mary there is an end of my drawing, my hands shake—and there will soon be an end of my Eating, for I have only 4 teeth left and these I must have pull'd out to-morrow they ache so. I am exactly the figure of old Mother Shipton. Your Sister is well I hear—she was here for two days about a month ago. My Brother Robert looks remarkably well. God bless you my Dear friend.

Yours,

Rich[d], *March 3rd*, 1802. D. B.

My Dear Mary,

It is a long time since you or the Count have written to me, I hope you go on well and increase in favor. Do not be negligent, for your comfort must depend a great deal upon the Pss.* liking you, particularly as she is so good-natured. My health has been very bad but now rather better except the extreme weakness of my nerves that makes everything (except my Dear little Mary) fatiguing to me. I can bear no exertions of any kind except teaching her, in short my existence is absolutely dependent upon her, and with all this I am obliged to be eternally thinking about money, affraid of every shilling, for were I to get into the same scrape that Charles relived me from I should really abhor myself. Mary now reads as well as I do and has a rage for it, she reads and understands everything perfectly. I have just got a master to teach her to write, as I am incapable, and she has just got a dancing master, a cheap man but good enough at present just to put her into a good posture. Were I to write eternally Mary would be my theme.

Little Bob is here, he looks well but is not strong, however he will be better by care—he is grown very handsome.

I hear his Father is making a great deal of money, but in her letters she says the contrary, the first is the fact I believe. My hands are so weak I cannot write long, much less draw. Pray write to me. A thousand loves to

* Duke Frederick II. married as his second wife the Princess Royal of England in 1797.

the Count 'tho he has quite left off writing to me. Mary's beauty depends much on her being quite well . . . so she is generally beautiful, a little like you sometimes, much more like her Father. Mary who is seeing me write this says: Pray give my love to papa, mama and my little sister.

Apr. 4th, 1802.

Oct. 12th, 1802.

My Dear Mary,

You know I cannot write often, as I have such abominable health, just now I hope for a few days of respite, so I take the opportunity. Mary is in perfect health and spirits, she is too fond of reading and would sit the whole day at it, if I did not force her from it. There never was a more delightful companion—as for her reading it is the wonder of everybody and I am proud of it as nobody but myself has ever undertaken her. I think now I am so poor it would be a good thing for me to keep a day school. She longs to see you and papa, but still more her sister, she says as she is sure she would romp with her.

I live as usual seeing very few people for I cannot bear company, indeed this is lucky as there are not 3 people here I like at all. If I can sell some more old Candlesticks (as I did last year) I will go to town for 2 months, as it is too cold for me here all winter. Next year I must get Masters for Mary, she gets a little French now and I am teaching her writing and many little things—in short she will not be ignorant at all events for she will know to the bottom of every thing and never forgets.

How is your health now? I hope for a letter soon. Do tell your Husband he is very good in writing, and bid him never think for one moment that I forget either him or you because I do not always write.

Lady Buck is a good soul indeed—I have seen S^{r} Harry sometimes, but he lives entirely with Mrs. C: now—indeed he ought to do so 'tho poor Lady Y. scolds—he is so perfectly round that you can hardly find out which is his head.

The Starhembergs are abroad, I like her very much. I have made my house very convenient for myself, but left little room for visitors, for my health is so bad, I must be quiet and have taken possession of all the upper floor, so that if you ever come I can make room only for you and your little Girl I fear—however that will be easily settled as there are Lodgings enough in Rich^{d} for servants, and I don't expect the Count, he would

be chiefly in London of course—but all this is nonsense as I fear we shall have war soon and then you cannot come. God bless you my dear Mary.

Yours affect:

D. B.

Little Bob is going on delightfully—he is to be in the Church, I find.

My Dear Mary,

My good anonymous friends who sent to you must have been Mr. and Mrs. —— she is the best pleasantest warm-hearted creature upon earth, I wish you knew her (when they went I did not guess where they were to go). I am so provok'd at not having call'd when you were all hunting. I am making all the inquiries I can after Col. Hope. I have such a dreadful cough that it fatigues me to death. Mary has had one but has nearly got the better of it—she is longing for her sister's picture—she tells people who mention her being pretty that she has a sister so much prettier! and with the greatest delight is waiting for the picture. She never leaves me but to walk out, I cannot bear to trust her with servants a moment, except when my spasm arrives—and then I am in more agony of mind for her than my own pain. I wish you could see her or rather know and converse with her—she really is a very extraordinary girl and I am not particular in thinking so, I assure you. You say nothing of yourself, I mean as to your health. The Count wrote me word you were not quite well. Oh fy! If by any chance you or the Count should meet with the T— (anonymous) on any road pray be as civil as you can to them for my sake. They are coming back soon I suppose. They are incog. I believe. Charles is building a House in Sussex and means to part with Mony Hill—a 4th child is arriving—sad work! her mother had 21—tremble at that! The Trevors are my only ressource here, she poor thing when well is very pleasant. Lady Buck is so taken up with Assemblies I have not seen her some time. Little Bob goes on wonderfully I hear in his learning. My Brother Robert is still at Woolbedding where the party have all been ever since his visits to Paris (by the by he brought me two beautiful Candlesticks from Prince). All the world have been or are at Paris, if I was 20 years younger and something richer I should have gone also. I wish I could afford a Lodging in Town for the months of Febr. and March, for I fear this place will half kill me at that time, but this is out of the question unless I can borrow a house, for never will I borrow any more money. I have not been able to write so much as this these two years, so now my head, Eyes and hand can do no more—

only give my love to your dear Husband. How is his Mother? God bless you. Mrs. Spencer and two of her children are at Woolbedding. Having got your letter since I wrote this and finding you have seen my friends I shall scratch out their names &c., a fit of prudence not usual to me. Explain to me when you write why Starhemberg did not see you, his being dirty could not have been a reason. I suppose the Count was hunting.

Dec. 19*th*, 1802.

My Dear Mary,

I have been hoping for a letter from you every post, and it is an age since I have received one. I want to hear every thing about you. I think you must have been arrived long since at Ratisbonne where you and the Count will have found many letters from me and from my Brother Robert. He is rather uneasy about his, as he has not heard from the Count since he fears the letter's having failed. My Brother's letter was to the Count and I believe he also wrote to you. He tells me he sent you a paper to sign long ago, but that you have forgot to send it back if it is signed. You must write immediately to S^{r} Robert H. too, otherwise you will find yourself one day in great distress. The moment you inform him where to direct &c. he will remit your money. You know that 400 a year is settled upon you intirely in your own power and that you have 3000$\mathcal{L}$ of your own in ready money, so that your annual income will be between 5 and 600 a year—besides the 3000, you are therefore perfectly independant—but it is necessary you should directly write about it—everybody is distress'd at your not writing.

I am at present very unwell and almost incapable of writing as I am so bilious and low. Pray my dear M. write directly to some of us. Charles is vex'd at your not having answer'd his letter I think, only he supposes, and so do I, that you have not receiv'd it—all our letters to Hamburg with an order to forward them to Ratisbonne should the Count have left Hamburg.

Adieu my Dear M.,

Yours affect:

D. B.

My Dear Mary,

I have been ill and in great frights, but they are all over now. Little Bob was sent suddenly from school, where there was a scarlet fever, and I, terrified about Mary, parted them. Lady Buck has had Mary these ten days. Bob is very well, and so I shall send for Mary to-day. She governs Lady Buck and all her Family,

and indeed whoever sees her, she is so clever. I quite long for her again, and Lady Buck &c. are all in the dumps at parting with her. I wish you would write a paragraph in yours and the Count's name in your next letter to express thanks &c. to Lady Buck. She actually doats on Mary. I have had a very civil and indeed friendly letter from S^{r} William Hamilton, who says he will do everything in his power for Count Zim:—the Chev. Saxe he says is his particular friend. Sir William is still abroad but means soon to come here.

You must not expect me to write much or often—it disagrees with me so much, I am old and weak. Little Mary said to my maid who went yesterday to see her and ask'd what she had to send me, God a bless a poor dear old granny. This is her language—she is a little angel. Little Bob loves her amazingly.

PARK STREET, *Febr.* 17*th*, 1802.

I don't write often to you lately my dearest friend because I take for granted you are always busy or amused now, and writing to Mary answers the purpose. It is impossible to say how much pleasure it gave me to hear of your and also of Mary's kind reception there; there are so many little reasons that add to my pleasure, perhaps some rather revengeful.

I have been in London these 6 weeks and return to Richmond to-morrow. Everybody is delighted with Mary, she is so clever, so wild and so good-natured. A most sad event has lately happen'd, the death of poor Lady Charlotte Nares (a favorite of yours), and the horrid behaviour of those who ought to have lov'd her is too shocking to think of. Her poor husband who behav'd like an angel to her is wretched. It is such a horrid tale I cannot write it. I must own that I have been better since I came to Town than in the country this nasty weather—but I must go back as I am at the very fag end of my money. The Bouv: always enquire about you—I forgot to say this before. Jenny is now married.* Fan and Di only remain—they are all amiable Girls indeed. Your sister is not very well, that is she does not look well, but is in good spirits. Oh Dear! I hear Mary's Dean is in Town! He is, I daresay, a good sort of man, but when I saw him in England before I thought him rather tiresome I confess. Charles has got another son†—but the eldest is ill‡—the Girl very well§—a fine Girl. Little Mary is the image of you.

Love to Mary. Adieu, my Dear Friend.

Yours,

D. B.

* To Sir Francis Vincent. She died in 1805. Frances died unmarried. Diana married the Honble. George Ponsonby.

† Charles Robert Beauclerk, born January 6, 1802, died 1872.

‡ Aubrey William Beauclerk of Ardglass, born 1801, died 1854.

§ Caroline Anne, married, 1829, to Robert Aldridge, died 1869.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

June 16th, 1802.

My Dear Friend,

This would have been address'd to Mary had I been sure where to direct to her. I wish much to hear from one of you when she returns from Heidelberg and hope your Mother has had a false allarm ; nothing has been said to Mrs. Spencer about it, because she is but just recovering from a Scarlet Fever, so I have not seen her a long time. My letters must be very insipid, I live so intirely out of the world that it is by mere chance if I hear any event till a month after it happens even in my own family, for my Brother Robert who I see oftenest is not very communicative you know, and I am not curious. The Trevors are at Richmond, she something better, they both very good-natured (in different ways). The most sensible person here is a Mr. Clark, an old man, with the most benevolent heart and clear head possible. He is so good as to let the Governess of his nieces teach Mary a little French. Mary pronounces it perfectly (the few words she knows) and this will prepare her for a Master. She is a fine little thing indeed and quicker than lightening; I suppose by next year, if I live so long, she must have something of a Governess, or at least somebody who can help her more than I am able in her learning, yet I hate a Governess. Mary writes as if you were both much satisfied in your situation which I am very glad of indeed. I have lost all power of Drawing, which will be a sad thing for me through a long Winter. I saw the Bouv: the other day, they dined here, and Jenny who is married to Sir Francis Vincent, I never saw two people seem so happy in each other. Mary (Mrs. Maxwell) remains still in Scotland, and everybody likes her, they say. She lives quite retired with her Husband, and they think of nothing but their little Girl I hear. Mrs. B.* has been remarkably lucky in marrying her daughters 'tho they are all very poor at present.

Now I have told you all I can think of, so must rest my trembling hands. God bless you my Dearest Friend.

Yours.

I am delighted to hear what I this moment receive from Mrs. S:† that your Mother‡ praises Mary to the greatest degree possible.

July 8th, 1802.

My Dear Friend,

As Count Starhemberg is so good as to say he will take this letter with him to you if he goes to Stuttgard, which is his present intention, I write to you instead of Mary, not being sure where she is, and because I wish to beg

* Mrs. Bouverie. † Mrs. William Spencer. ‡ Countess Jenison.

a promise from you; and this is that if I do not see you or Mary before my death you will give me your honor to come yourselves or one of you to fetch my little Mary whenever you may wish to have her—not send a servant for her. She will be well taken care of after my death till you chuse to have her, but I could not die in peace with the idea of her being trusted to go with any soul but one of her Parents. You see by this I trust that I may keep her as long as I exist, indeed parting with her would be worse than death to me. I long for you both to know her, her mind I particularly mean, for 'tho she is beautiful I dare say little Di is prettier by the accounts I have heard, but her understanding, her quick lively feelings I can give up to none. She is not quite well to-day and consequently I am not. My Spasms as they call them are worse than ever perhaps; if we ever have summer, I may be better.

I think people are a little softening, my sister and Lord P.* quite adore Mary. The sad story of Lady Charlotte† I cannot write. Poor thing! her parents' hardheartedness help'd to break her heart I fear — they really are become callous to all (but themselves), when I say they I mean more particularly the female. My Brother Robert and Charles have both often bid me give their love to you and Mary when I write, but I never can remember it, it is a wonder I do now. Your sister I have not seen these two months as she and all her family have had the Scarlet Fever and I have but just now given her leave to come here for fear of the infection for Mary. I hope and believe that you are both comfortable and happy. I long to see the Picture of Di, perhaps Count Starhemberg will bring it. I would not have little Mary's Picture drawn at present, she is not in beauty as she looks very thin from growing so tall. God bless you both.

P.S. to Mary.

Don't teaze Di about spelling, her sister read fluently and understood the full meaning of every word before she could spell by heart, indeed she does not do that well yet without book, but reads aloud and to herself as well as I do, the spelling comes by degrees. You may write anything by Count Starhemberg. I hope your Mother is better, my best Compliments to her.

Aug. 12th, 1802.

I am very impatient to hear from you my dear Mary how your Bathing agrees with you in particular. I wrote to your Husband some time ago, but

* Lord and Lady Pembroke.

† Lady Charlotte Nares. See ante, p. 285.

I fancy it is now hunting him. I have been very uneasy about my dear little Mary but she is getting well again. I hope she will now grow a little fatter, for her poor little bones stick out in all directions—through every thing her Spirits and her good temper are inexhaustible. I wish to God you knew her! you will one time or other love her, when you have her and study her. I believe I never told you that she pass'd half a day at the Park with her Cousins Herbert; my sister and Robert Herbert's Tutor were in raptures with her sense, clearness of head and comicalness. By your account little Di is exactly like her in mind I mean, if so no people ever had two such daughters. When in reading to me she meets with any generous noble action she flings her arms round my neck and tears roll over her beautiful face. This is thought a very extraordinary proof not only of her feeling but of clearness of comprehension; crying at a dismal story is of course, but that such a child should understand sentiment astonishes one. I have never yet let her read History, when her mind is form'd quite that will be time enough in my opinion. There is a great friend of mine, Mr. Clark, a very worthy sensible old man whose nieces live with him, and he lets their French Governess teach her the pronounciation of French—they all adore her. Since the weather has mended I have also. Little Bob is amazingly improv'd, I see him only 6 weeks in the Year as he is educating near Northamp:—a Clergyman who takes in only two or three boys, and his improvement is great. He and Mary are so fond of each other that it is quite pleasant. Fred: will grumble at the expense. All my friends are gone either to Paris or to Wales. My Brother Robert is gone to Paris for 3 weeks—were I young and rich I should like to do the same, but every reason makes me immoveable. Sir Harry was delighted by yours and your Husband's invitation—he is, poor man, immoveable like me at present, forced to keep and attend to Mrs. C: as her Husband allows her nothing I hear. But he desired that I would say that nothing if he ever can travel will give him so much pleasure as going to see you and the Count—there for once I have written a long message, which has tired me so. God bless you both.

You must not expect me to write often or much my Dear Mary, my health is very bad and I am old and my hands shake from taking Laudanum perhaps, but this cannot be help'd. I am delighted with the Cards, they are beautiful—and Lady Buck is very impatient for them I hear, for I have not seen her since I return'd from Woolbeding both of us being ill at home. Sir Harry I hear is confined with his Mother who is dying they say. If I am able to go to Town I shall tell him of his Cards too. Mary's perfections are not accomplishments, yet I have been too poor to afford great Masters and so am now looking out for a French maid. She has the clearest head and the quickest apprehension I ever met with, is docile to the greatest

degree, never said an untruth in her life and has the greatest contempt for anybody that does—in short she is perfectly amiable, and this I could bring every creature that was at Woolbeding to vouch for.

My Dear Count,

Now a few lines to you. I shall be happy to see you both—but neither of you will know me again I believe; the only thing that keeps me alive is my little Mary. She does love me quite as well as I love her which is saying everything. I am vex'd about your Eyes. What was the original cause? I will tell Charles what you said in a letter I have very lately receiv'd about his going abroad but am quite sure nothing could make him stir a step.

My eyes are going so now I must leave Mary to write. God bless you both and your children.

Richmond.

My Dear Papa and Dear Mama,

I wrote from Woolbeding to my sister, I was very happy there, and my Uncle Robert is fond of me I think. I have just found the letter I had written to my sister; there is a parcel of books for my sister and pencils for Mama such as you desired last year and they are still at Mrs. Spencer's. I am Dear Papa and Mama,

Your affect: and dutyful daughter,

C. M. J.

London.

We have again left my letter to my sis: in the Country.

Jan. 10*th*, 1803.

This letter is really for Mary.

I cannot express, my Dear Mary, how much I am delighted with your drawings, or how much I feel obliged to your Husband for letting me have them. Little Di is beautiful and has a more flourishing look than my Mary, but not handsomer than Mary when she is in good looks, which she is not at present—she is pale and wan. Di has a fairer skin and a true Spencer face. After saying she is beautiful I ought not perhaps to add that she is exactly like a picture of myself done about a Century ago, only handsomer as my Eyes were Grey. Her Eyes and dimples are like Mary's and her Hair, only Mary's is a crop. Mary looks at the picture and says, I wish I was exactly like it! I was just now showing your beautiful drawings to Mr. Trevor, and he perceived what I did not

that one was your uncle's. It is lucky he saw it, for I never look'd at the back. I am very glad, for I know he will like it. It is really and truly the most beautiful Landscape I ever saw in Water-colours ; but let me know what place it is, and what you did it from. I have bespoke Frames for all mine, and will send my Brother's to him the first time anybody goes in a Carriage to Town. He is but just returned with all the party from Woolbeding.

I am much the same as usual, some days tolerably easy, but have much more pains than ease; however at present it is my well week. You cannot think how pleas'd I am at your drawings and Di's picture. I never see little Bob now but in August. He is preparing for Harrow school, and goes on very well.

God bless you my dear Mary. My love to your Dear Husband, and kiss Di for me and a kiss from her sister ; Mary longs to see her. I am too poor to go to town, 'tho perish'd and blown away here.

My Dearest Friend,

I have just seen Mrs. Egerton, and she has brought me the cup. It is beautiful, but I did not want it to remind me of you, God knows ! She gives me a very good account of you all, and particularly of Mary's health. I daresay your little Girl is more strikingly handsome than mine, for my Mary's beauty is all in her Eyes and her smile and her 5000 countenances. She is brownish and now so excessively thin that it takes off from her beauty. She is like you, and grows like her Grandfather (at times) all together. She bewitches everybody; her health is very good and her spirits inexhaustible. I hope to God you may both see her and know her before I die, that I may be sure of her having somebody to love her as I do, when I am gone. This is often an agitating thought to me. She often is wishing to know you both and her sisters, poor thing. This detestable war!

Little Bob has been confined by a dreadful cut on his knee. He is going to Harrow school as soon as it is well. He will be a loss to Mary, for she is such a romp. My brother Robert is gone to Woolbeding ; they want me to go, but I am not able. Charles too has got an Estate not far from thence, but the House is not yet begun, not even the foundation, so he has taken a small House near to overlook his workmen. He is half ruin'd by this purchase, as this detestable war will make him lose 6 or 7000 in drawing out his money from the funds. As for me I am poverty itself, and so is everybody I believe except a few great people, and they keep all snug to themselves. Your sister is at Woolbeding. She is well now, but so thin, poor thing. Frederick has sent home his 3 boys (I hear this by chance) ; they are sent to some friend of Mrs. St. J.

You never mention Mrs. Lockhart ; I hope she is still existing. I have been very ill, a dreadful pain in my Ear—Mary will know how to pity that, but at present am tollerably well, only sometimes such low spirits, and generally the

subject is whether you will both love Mary as much as I do, and indeed as much as she deserves. Yes you will when you are acquainted with her mind and her sense. God bless you all.

Yours,

D. B.

Love to Mary. My little Mary sends a kiss to her sisters.

My Dear Mary,

I should have written to thank your husband for his letter long ago, but I have not been well and so nervous that writing was almost impossible. Let me know how you are, what sort of a little Girl you have, whether she is as pretty as the others &c. My Mary is not in beauty, she looks very thin, but her spirits are inexhaustible, thank God, and she has a most charming mind. Little Bob is just come for his Holydays looking very well, and is really an amiable boy. I see him now but once a year, so that I am a better judge of his improvements. He is not so clever as Mary, no child ever was I believe, but vastly well. They are very fond of each other. Mary tags about after him all day. He has not so much character as Mary. This odious War will prevent our meeting, I fear, and utterly ruin me among many others. Mrs. Spencer is getting well at last, poor thing. She has been ill these 4 months, and I have not been able to see her, but I hear she is so much better that I hope soon to see her. Charles I hope will at last get the place he bought. The owner of it died suddenly just before papers were sign'd, but not before he had paid 2000 for Farms near it, and the trustees for the Minors could do nothing. However they think the Chancellor will agree to his having it. It appear'd so much his own that he had begun the foundation of the House, and if it is given against him he will be a great loser, besides the loss of a beautiful estate he had set his heart upon. What is the new Girl's name? My best love to the Count, and God bless you both.

Ever your dear Mary,

D. B.

June 24th, 1803.

My Dear Mary,

I have not written for some time having been so very unwell, and to write dismal letters is very bad. I am much better at present—and Mary is in good health and spirits but much too thin of course, has for the present lost much of her beauty—as for her mind it is the most perfect I ever saw.

Here is a friend of mine, an old Mr. Clark, who says she is too fascinating and that were she to live with him he should never be easy a moment his anxiety would be so great about her; I tell you this to prove that I am not too partial to her, for this Mr. Clark is a remarkable sensible man, grave, old, and has nieces of his own that he don't seem to love half so well as Mary, 'tho he educates and keeps them all. I don't know whether she will turn out so beautiful, but who ever she lives with will find her a treasure.

Little Bob is well and at Harrow school; I am sorry to say his temper is far from good at present, however his heart is good, and I trust that a great school will subdue his fretfulness. Charles is wrapt up in Farming at his new estate.

If you make little Di wear a Backboard it will make her crooked I think, for they are always pushing themselves in all directions to avoid it, and in short I think it is a bad thing, but if you write again for one I will bespeak one if I go to Town this Winter, which perhaps I may, for I am sometimes too low-spirited here and quite alone.

I am shock'd to hear that anything is the matter with your Husband's Eyes. Were they ever bad before? I never heard they were. Little Mary's are sometimes weak and the only complaint she has seems to be some little sharpness in her blood. The Cow Pox succeeds so well in this Country that I hope it could not be the cause of your little one's illness. I dare say she will outgrow it whatever may be the cause. I have now written till my hands shake and Eyes dazzle, so my dear Mary I must end with my love to your Dear Husband. Little M. longs to see you all. God bless you.

Yours affect:

D. B.

The Starhembergs are acting Plays here, very well too they say. I go nowhere or I would have gone there. I like her extremely.

Nov. 30th, 1803.

I should have written to you or Husband long ago, my Dear Mary, but little Mary (who is now perfectly well thank God) has had the Scarlet Fever. I of course was nearly out of my senses the whole time 'tho she had it slightly. Dundas says that half her cure is owing to herself—her patience, obedience in taking everything and her uncommon Reason and resolution has astonish'd every one. There never was such a Girl, and I sometimes almost wish she did not love me quite so well for as I am not immortal she will grieve sadly! The Count asks me who I live with—actually nobody but my Dear Mary —sometimes the Trevors, Lady Buck and a good old man Mr. Clark. I see my old friends when they are in Town, they come here. My Dear Brother

Robert was here this morning, but as my health is too bad to go to Woolbeding I lose a great pleasure. I see my Sister sometimes.

Mary and I are puzzling ourselves to guess what you mean about Clubs and Diamonds and Monkeys; whatever it is we expect a specimen. I have not drawn for any book since the old ones which you have got, my drawing days are over. I hope now to be able to teach Mary, she as yet has had no masters but writing and accounts and a little of Dancing as she has read as well as I do ever since 3 years old. She reads too much, it is her passion, and yet is the most active little romp with the highest spirits possible 'tho she seldom has a playfellow when Bob is not here. She is terribly thin at present and I am trying to fatten her gently. You must not expect me to write much of any thing but Mary. Mrs. Trevor says it is a passion—and it is. I wish to God you were here to know her that you might love her as much as I do.

Charles is wrapt up in his Farm. I expect to see him soon, in his way to Town. My love to the Count, I mean to write to him next. I cannot write long together for my Eyes are grown weak and my hands are not so steady as I could wish. God bless you both. Kiss your two little Girls from me.

Ever yours my Dear Mary,

D. B.

19*th Jan.*, Richmond 1804.

My Dear Count and my Dear Mary,

I must write to you jointly for writing is very fatiguing to me. I have pass'd 7 or 8 months in misery from bad health and spirits—and now that I am a little better I worry myself to death about my little Mary—she is so dreadfully thin! She grows so like your Father (Mary's father I mean, not the Count's father) that everybody who remembers him is struck; of course she is not so handsome as she was, but her countenance when she speaks or smiles is delightful. Another source of misery to me is lying awake whole nights thinking, and generally of what will become of little Mary when I die! I have not a shilling to leave her.

I will not write much for I find myself in a humour to tire you to Death, being low and nervous. I confess that I dread another Winter here alone. Little Bob is vastly improv'd in every way—he is now at the General's riding and fishing and very happy. It is a long time since I have heard from either of you; I am very anxious for a letter, but this eternal horrid war takes away all one's comfort and all one's money.

Mary is litterally nothing but skin and bone with two great beautiful Eyes. I have just seen old Mrs. Garrick—do you remember her, Mary?

God bless you both.

Mary wrote a letter to you two months ago but I dare say it never arrived. Once more adieu.

Yours ever,

D. B.

Aug. 6th, 1804.

Woolbeding, *Sept. 26th*, 1804.

Here am I my dear Mary to every one's astonishment, but still more to my own, for I set out in a condition quite terrible, but my Brother Robert ask'd me in so kind a way that I at that moment determin'd to go at all events—and I have no reason to repent it—quite on the contrary —I am much better and Mary is growing a little fat. Mrs. Bouv. and Di have undertaken her and have already done great good, she is mad with spirits and happiness. Here I shall stay as long as they do, till after Christmas I believe. We made a week's visit in our way to Charles and his wife with almost 6 children—they live always in the country—and he was going to build upon the Estate he bought, but had no money, so they now are forc'd to hire a House near his Farm. You cannot imagine how much they all like Mary, not for beauty, for that is at present nearly gone except her Eyes, but her livelyness—her temper &c. Di Bouverie is a charming creature, beautiful, and cares not a straw whether she is or no. She has taken Mary quite under her protection, and they do scamper about all over this place incessantly except when Di makes her learn some French—indeed they are all so good to us that I have not been so happy some years (notwithstanding my pain).

The Spencer's have been here but they are gone—she tells me one of her Brothers is coming—I wish it was your Husband! Give my love to him and don't let him forget his poor old Mother-in-law. Mary insisted upon sending the enclosed 'tho I wish'd her to write better.

God bless you my Dear M.

Ever yours,

D. B.

Woolbeding, *Nov. 5th.*

You will be surprized my Dear Mary to find that I have taken this flight. I came here as ill as possible, but this place and being with all the people I love has made me much better, and perhaps finding that they are all so pleas'd

with Mary may have done my health good as it has made me happier. My Brother is quite fond of her, and indeed so is everybody—they are all so surpriz'd at my not having spoilt her, and even William S: is enchanted with her. Many men very superior in their understandings have been here, and each has declared they never saw a child with so clear a head and with such fine animal spirits join'd to it. I am so glad I came here with her, she is also looking better as Mrs. Bouverie has cured her of her complaint for the present by making her take a remedy of Doctor Halifaxes prescription. I will tell you what it is that you may give it to her sisters. Twenty grains of Tin powder with 3 of Rhubarb mix'd up with Honey is the dose, and they must take it every night for a week or so. Mary after this took a little Senna Tea once or twice, and she is fatter and has a colour.

The Spencer's are here, William at present in a gracious humour. Mrs. S. quite robust. I feel so happy and contented here that I actually dread going back to my own solitary House where I am all anxiety if Mary is out of my sight, and here they are all taking care of her, and she reads History for the first time to D: Bouverie, who is a delightful creature and is teaching her French. She is out all the morning with Di, scampering and planting &c. I dine with Mary in my own room, as I am very unfit to sit out a long dinner at 6 or 7 o'clock. Here I hope to remain till after Christmas and then make the Beauclerks a visit, by the by a sixth child is coming there—she is constantly in that state—they live always in the country—no House built or likely to be built I fear. I think I have now given you a full account of myself and my better self Mary—here she is (and desires her best love to you, Papa, and both her sisters) with her great Eyes sparkling. My best love to your Husband.

God bless you both.

Richmond, *6th Apr.* 1805.

My Dear Mary,

I must write 'tho it will be hardly leggible to thank you and your dear Husband for writing and also for the watch he has sent Mary for it has made her so very happy—also for the pack of Cards for Charles (this I had particularly wanted), I have not yet sent them as it is difficult I have been most seriously ill in Town but am better now I am return'd here 'tho my House is become less. This sounds odd but the servants' rooms were so damp nobody can live in them and I am forc'd to give up my rooms below, all except Mary's, to them, and as I myself take up the whole floor where I live some are driven into the Garetts the rest into the best spare Bedchamber.

All these inconveniences are now to me very distressing, I am become so weak and perfect quiet is all I wish, and in two days I am to go through the worry of having all my servants changed except my own old H. Mary is expecting a French maid, and to enable me to have this many alterations must be made. All this now I am weak and hardly recover'd makes me rather worse—however I am certainly better I will finish this letter when I have got through this sad work of turning away people I am quite afraid of. I like your Brother exceedingly, and Mary was delighted but blushed to such a degree you never saw anything like it, from a feel that he was her Papa's Brother and he was so good humour'd to her. I hope he will make us a visit sometimes here 'tho I cannot give him a Bed, and that don't signify as he would be sadly bored a whole day. I am still sadly weak and eternally relapsing into pain 'tho I think warmer weather will cure me—there I have again thrown all the Ink about, my hands are so trembly and the Ink so thin.

Since I finish'd this almost all my servants have been discharg'd and I am as nervous as possible, so adieu my Dear M: love to your Husband.

God bless you both.

Dear Papa and Mama,

I do not know how to thank you enough for the very pretty watch you have sent me. Pray tell my sister that when I can work as well as she does I will send her something 'tho I am affraid it will not be so pretty as her work.

I am your affect: daughter,

C: M: J.

You must not blame Mary for all these blots, most of them I made in taking a pen from her to write myself and it was too full of Ink. The note to her sister was written long ago and I thought it was gone—and you must allow for both these letters being written without copy and entirely from her own head

My Dear Friend,

Indeed I was very happy to receive a letter from you, it is long since I have had one, you know. My health is in so bad a state that it is seldom indeed that I can write at all. I am dreading the damp of this place during this winter, and fear it will be impossible for me to go to Woolbeding as I can hardly move at all. Mary is very well and the comfort of my life—she is not near so pretty as she was, but

is everything that is good and sensible and pleasing. I like your Brother and so does every one of my friends very much, he is so good humour'd, and 'tho not a Beauty to be sure there is something so pleasant in his countenance. Mary is like him, 'tho rather handsomer.

It is not Mary Bouv: that is dead—she is in Scotland with her Husband Mr. Maxwell, but poor Jenny* who married Sir Fran: Vincent. They actually adored each other and were the happiest of mortals with two little boys. I cannot write on the subject—she was too amiable and is too much regretted for me to write a cool account of her death and poor Sir Francis's despair, some of the family will never recover this shock. She was the youngest but one (Di).

I wish Mary could send two or three more packs of her cards—one for Dundas, and, if she pleases, one for the Dss. of Marl. who has been begging for one, but I don't care much about the latter. I really have not the power of holding my pen any longer, so good night and God bless you. My love to Mary and the children. Mary sends hers to her sisters all, and I hardly know how many she has.

Richmond, *7th Aug.* 1805.

Richmond, *Sept. 16th,* 1805.

More war I fear! You must not be surprised my Dear Mary at my being long at times without writing as I have such dreadful health. At present Frederick's return from the E: Ind: has done me good I think, he is the same open-hearted good soul as ever—and made many kind inquiries after you and the Count—he was received by the K:† and D: of York with the utmost kindness. I do believe Fred: is one of the best-hearted creatures breathing. I am glad to find that L^{d} Pem: is so pleas'd with Lieut. Charles Jen:‡ that he says he ought to be put forward in the Army, and this is a good thing as Lord P:§ is sure to have a good deal in his power I think—and the K: quite loves him. Mary is growing a great bouncing girl and stout; just now she is changing her teeth and as she has a pretty wide mouth she is not in beauty, but the animation of her Countenance and gaiety of it makes everbody admire her at first sight, and when she talks and is acquainted she is really very handsome, her temper perfect. If her spirits are sometimes a little too violent a look stops her. Fred: was struck with her beauty and she has taken such a fancy to him for his good humour. You must not expect what is call'd an accomplish'd Miss. I cannot afford her fine Masters. She is learning of a very good Musician here the Grounds of

* Lady Vincent died in 1805 † The King. ‡ Jenison? § Lord Pembroke.

Musick and a little dancing from a middling sort of dancing master, but it will be time enough to get her a good one, she is so active and so well made that a few lessons would do. All I have help'd in is to make her understand clearly, to be truth itself, and her conversation is pleasant to every one. She says (what is perfectly true and what used to provoke me sometimes) that people would shew her off because she happened to read well—and that you and her Papa will be disappointed when she sees you as she is sure you have been told she is something wonderful and this really vexes her. She has really a clear and quick comprehension with the best temper in the world and may be taught anything. I cannot give 2 Guineas a lesson for dancing, or 3 Guineas for musick, the price of lessons. Fred: is delighted with little Bob—poor Mary is very sorry to lose him. I wish I may be able to go to Woolbed:* for Mary's sake, it is so dreadfully dull for her here 'tho she makes her mind up to anything. My Brother Robert is so fond of her too. My best love to your Husband; I don't let Mary write letters often for she gets into sad scrawls worse than mine as yet, she can write well but not when eager or in any hurry. She sends all sorts of love &c: to her Sisters.

Yours,

D. B.

Since I wrote the other side I have receiv'd a letter from you and the Count—and the account you give me of the necessary education for a German Court frightens me for my poor Mary. She has a French woman as her maid and she begins to speak it — she is learning Musick and whenever I can be in London she shall have some lessons in dancing from the best Master—this is all I can say at present; all her perfections are these—an uncommon clear head and heart, with every noble feeling possible and full powers to learn anything, but I cannot think it right to begin worrying children too soon with a multiplicity of accomplishments—clear their understandings first or they never will be clear. Mary is now capable of learning anything, has a great love for reading and an excellent memory. Now indeed I wish myself rich enough to have the very best masters for her. I fear not to be able to go to Woolb: for several good reasons, but I am not quite sure yet. God bless you my Dear Mary; I shall write soon to your Husband.

My Dear Mary,

I have been long silent because my health has been so very bad that I am forced to take Laudanum every other day almost and this confuses ones head

* Woolbeding.

too much to write or do anything—the worst part is its often preventing my attention in teaching Mary and I have not money enough for Masters. I wish they were as cheap as yours—here the worst of them have 5 shil. 6.0 or half a Guinea a lesson. I have found with some difficulty a dancing master who is poor and is at present content with 5 shillings a lesson. I have a French woman with her whom I like but she costs me 20 Guineas a year, and notwithstanding all these rubs Mary does every thing well. She will teach herself better than any masters. She is the most pleasing creature possible and everybody likes her—to me she is everything, my life depends upon her. My sister doats upon her and this will be of the greatest advantage to her when she is a few years older, and her cousin Lady Di Herbert loves her beyond description—you must see that these are the two happiest things that can happen to her there. We are all poor you see—Frederick* and his wife are return'd from India, he exactly the same open-hearted creature he ever was, she much improv'd in her manner; they both made great inquiries after you and the Count. Charles† is always at his Farm. You cannot think what a beautiful Girl D: Herbert‡ is (a woman I should say), and I don't like her the less for her affection for my Mary. I hope to get a letter soon from you or the Count to say how you are going on—one must not write now of anything but *la pluie et le beau temps* I find. Give my love to your Husband and tell him I love him very much but shall love him more if he will write me word when you are brought to Bed. God bless you both—and your children.

Yours, Dear Mary,

D. B.

23d Nov. 1805.

I was too poor to go to Woolbeding this year. No Cards for Mr. Dundas and he is in dispair, nor has Lady Buck any!

My Dear Mary,

I am anxious to hear from or about you. My health is so bad that I can never write without great uneasiness—my spasms increase.

Thank God we may now have a little glimmering hope of Peace. Mr. Pitt§ being gone Charles Fox‖ and all my friends are just coming in I believe. When I

* Frederick St. John.

† Charles Beauclerk.

‡ Diana Herbert, afterwards Countess of Normanton.

§ After Pitt's death in January, 1806, the Grenville Administration of "All the Talents" came in.

‖ Charles Fox was Foreign Secretary.

say all my friends I only mean Ch: F. and my Brother Robert, for I know few of the others by sight—but they are reckon'd to possess all the abilities of this kingdom.

I wrote this a week ago but was too ill to finish. The administration is now settled. How I long for Peace! Mary is very well, stout and strong, and the liveliest creature I ever saw and yet perfectly manageable. I am not very well to-day so I shall say no more but write soon to the Count. God bless you all.

Ever your

9th Febr. 1806. D. B.

My Dear Mary,

I hope to hear from you soon to say how you and the Count both are. Tell your husband that his memorial is given, I gave it to Sir Fran: Vincent, Ch: Fox's Secretary. I cannot give any hopes at present for never anything equall'd the numerous requests and the hurry people seem to be in to get places &c: so that there is no pressing it now. My little Mary grows very tall rather too fast—she is so very thin—she is my companion my friend, my everything, in short my existence depends upon her, and I hope and have reason to believe her existence will not be the worse for your having trusted me with her, she has lost her beauty for the present by being so scraggy and changing her teeth, she must always have a fine animated countenance however. Di Herbert doats upon her (no bad thing), she is very handsome and good humour'd and very sure I think of being well married within a very few years. Little Bob is still at Harrow; now his Father is in England he passes his Holydays with him and his 3 half Brothers. I saw poor Mrs. Baily a week ago, she has lost all her fine children except one—she ask'd much after you. Mr. Dundas worries me about the promis'd Cards; I told him he has no chance now, as it was difficult to send anything. I am better and just able to crawl down into my Garden and sit there when there happens to be a very soft day but this is seldom. I do not let Mary write to you, because she has got into a way of scrawling lately, I keep her to copies only. My best love to your husband and kiss your children for me and Mary. God bless you all. I never go to London. My sister takes Mary for a day or two there, I cannot spare her longer—and she carried her one day to Marlbro's House on a visit! only think of that!! I foresee that Mary will make herself good friends wherever she goes and thank God for it.

Adieu my dear M.

Yours affect:

Richmond, *4th June*, 1806. D. B.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

My Dear Mary,

I hate to write when I have no good news to tell you. They say if you understood the thing you would see the impossibility of what the Count and you ask, the nature of our Government makes the difficulty and always has, as Mon^{r} Starhemberg also found. As for the Spencer's sending any thing to their Sister that is also out of the question as they have not one single shilling but what I believe is lent him. As Mrs. S: health is bad I do not tell her of it as it would make her very miserable to no effect poor soul. Charles Fox is better but I fear his complaint will be a lasting one in some degree, at least, if he continues working so hard day and night. I am better—perfect quiet is the only thing for me I find. Mary is well and the comfort of my life—she has fine animal spirits, thank God, and more sense and good feelings than any body—not so handsome as she was—grows very like her Grandfather Beauclerk and like your husband 'tho they were not alike and like Charles also (my Charles* I mean). Next Spring, if I am alive, I will carry her to London to have her get a Good Dancing Master. My hand begins shaking so I must leave off and rest. Mary has been to a Play here for the first time and so delighted! How I wish'd to have been able to go—Lady Cunnynghame and my good old Mr. Clark carried her—she grows too fast, it makes her so thin and it is that which takes off from her beauty—she has a fine animated Countenance and will be a very handsome woman I think. Di Herbert has the whooping Cough very bad so Mary and she have not met a long time—they are at Margate at present. Are you drawing now? I have began again to try my Eyes and my shaking hands in Drawing, I believe I have told you that Charles has 7 children and is building a House. I wish he could have a Place, but there are none to be had I fear, certainly not at present. Little Bob is with his Father. I have seen G:† and Lady B: she is not a beauty, but seems pleasing.

This is all the news I can tell you. My best love to the Count. How are his Eyes?

Adieu, my Dear Mary.

Ever yours affect:

Richmond, *Aug. 25th*, 1806. D. B.

Dear Mama,

Grandmama has been so unwell since the death of Mr. Fox‡ that she has not been able to write but she is better now. We wish there was any chance

* Charles Beauclerk.

† Probably her son, George Viscount Bolingbroke. He married, first, in 1783, Charlotte, daughter of Thomas Collins, and, secondly, in 1804, Baroness Hompesch. He died in 1824.

‡ The Right Hon. Charles James Fox died September 13th, 1806.

of Peace that we might see you, Papa and my sister. Grandmama says she has not heard from you this long time.

Dear Mama, I am your dutyfull daughter,

C. M. Jenison.

Sunday, 12*th Oct.* 1806.

I write a line because Mary has said I should 'tho I have a sad head ache. We have had no packet ever since the very first Cards you sent—and Mr. Dundas and poor Lady Buck have had none. Mary is in continual eargerness and guessing what the Frogs mean, not living ones we hope.

I cannot conceive what the cause can be of your husband not writing so well. The fact is true I own—it must be nervous. My best love to him and the Girls. God bless you all,

Yours,

D. B.

The funeral is over.* The whole Park of St. James's crowded as well as the streets and from high and low not a dry Eye! they say there never was so moving a sight and if anything can be call'd a consolation for such a loss, it was the exultation his friends felt to see the real grief of millions. I was sadly afraid it would have overset my Brother Robert again, but I saw him since and he looks well in health. Once more adieu, my Dear Mary.

My Dear Friend,

Having an opportunity of sending this to Lisbon, I write just to tell you that your little Girl is very well and the most sensible and the most amiable of creatures. As for me I never stir not even into my Garden. If I was younger and healthier I should wish myself with you and Mary.

G. and Lady B. are living at Lydraid,† the people round them are very civil and visit them—in this part of the world it is very different.

Little Bob has left school and is with his Father. His Marâtre—I will say nothing of. Fred: is very good natured but I don't think Bob happy. My Brother Robert is well. Your old acquaintance Mrs. Maxwell is handsome as ever—she is just brought to a bed of a boy.

Charles says he will make me come to him when his new House is ready, alas! he must then take off some years of my age. I wish I could, if it were only for my Mary's sake, for her time here is not pass'd merrily to be sure; indeed no Girl but her could bear it.

* Fox's funeral at Westminster Abbey.

† Lydiard Tregoze, Lord Bolingbroke's house in Wiltshire.

We have receiv'd no Packet, no Cards, no Frogs—nor have we had any message from any person coming from Stutgard. Ask Mary what she meant by Frogs, little Mary longs to know. My love to her, and Mary's love and duty and hopes to see you all here some time or other!

God bless you and yours,

D. Beauclerk.

Richmond, *Dec. 20th*, 1806.

Richmond, *March 17th*, 1807.

My Dear Count and my Dear Mary,

I have receiv'd your joint letter and therefore address this to both, for writing is not easy to me—old age and spasms weaken my hands, but what is the matter with the Count's hands neither of you have ever explain'd—pray tell me. Little Mary is quite well and is every thing I could wish her, she often longs to see you both and her sisters. I live a most solitary life, indeed I cannot do otherwise for I am not able to stir out at all. My Brother Robert comes when he can, and so does Charles,* but the latter lives far off and will soon have 8 children! He is amazingly fond of and kind to Mary. I need not tell you how much I long for Peace! I will write a few lines again soon. God bless you both.

Ever yours affect:

D. Beauclerk.

I hope this will reach you.

The Gentleman who sent me your letter is so good as to charge himself with this.

Richmond, *Dec. 8th*, 1807.

My Dear Mary,

I only write now least you should think us dead, it is a thousand to one that you get this so I shall say little. I wish my little Mary and I were with you and your Dear Husband and for many reasons.

I see hardly a soul, except my Brother Robert and my Dear Charles sometimes; poor Charles cannot afford frequent journeys I know, he has just built a House and has 8 children! and alas! I feel that I was but an ignorant guardian — nothing more painful. I know nothing (nor ever did) about Money!

* Charles Beauclerk.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

Charles is very fond of Mary and she of him which I am very glad of, as he may be of use to her when I die. I heard a great deal of good of you both from L^{d} Pem: 'tho he did not see you. Mary has been ill but is recover'd—she has an understanding equal to everything. God bless you both—love to Mary's brother and sisters she desires.

Ever yours affect:

D. Beauclerk.

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